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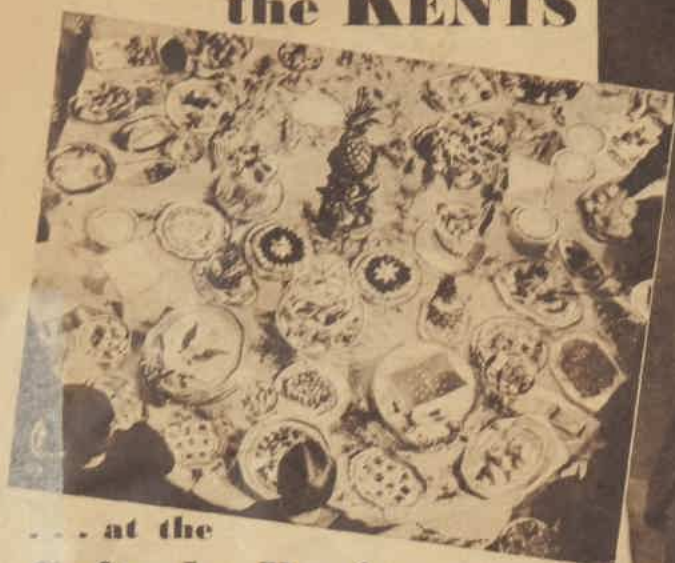
PRICE

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*Set Fair
for the
New Year*

Dining Out With the KENTS



... at the Cafe de Paris

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, by Air Mail.

If you had the good fortune to be a dinner party guest with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, you would almost certainly go to their favorite dining and dancing spot, the Cafe de Paris.

If you were not a guest in their party you might still like to dance on the same dance floor with them.

In either case your host needs a well-fed looking wallet in his pocket. If he takes his guests along on a gala night like New Year's Eve his wallet should look twice as well-fed and so, by doubt, will he.

The London dinner-out on one dinner at a smart restaurant or night club as much as the average housewife allots for her family's dinner for six months or a year.

A host who takes a party of four to dance and dine out, with a menu worthy of the women guests' model track, can spend £40 or £50 with the greatest of ease.

Roast lamb and mint sauce cooked at home for a few shillings becomes "agneau sauté mouton" when you're prepared to pay for your meal in guineas. Soft lights, swing music, cabaret turns, and the privilege of sharing the dance floor with Dukes, Duchesses, belted Earls, film stars, and playwrights soften the blow

when the waiter finally presents the bill.

At the Cafe de Paris the impressive menu which looks like an illuminated address, states guilefully, "minimum charge £1/1/-".

And a giftless at least the host with his party must eat, even if they order just one fried or hard dried eggs in your own kitchenette.

The charges increase according to

"Minimum Charge, £1/1/- per person"

how many dishes you eat, or how rare the ingredients, or how much time the chef must spend in preparing them.

If you order falcon casserole (Perigordine) (pheasant with subtle garnishings) or quail royale aux muscats (tongue cooked in wine with raisins), you need to be sure your escort loves you madly, is a big business man, or has had a good day at the races.

The main dish ordered is only the bottom story of the financial sky-

scraper the dinner-out builds for himself.

"Madam would like to begin with oysters?" suggests the French waiter looking low, and, of course, Madam weakly agrees. And oysters cost anything from 5/- a half-dozen, according to how they are cooked.

A small bowl of soup adds another story to the skyscraper. Extra fittings for the main dish—vegetables (legumes in this rarefied atmosphere), potatoes cooked in one of half a dozen ways—send up the figures.

While the band plays soulfully, "A Nice Cup of Tea," the drink waiter suggests special cocktails, a bottle of Cordon Rouge or Moët, for the price of a million cups of tea.

Sweets become entremets and the price rises accordingly.

A peach Melba or bananas braised in liqueur followed by a savory makes the imposing top-floor to the skyscraper.

But if you want a dizzy tower, or a filled dome on top of the skyscraper, accept the menu's apparently innocent invitation to eat some "fresh fruit." One fresh peach, admittedly a show piece of rare bloomy beauty, costs from 7/6 in season. If out of season there will be very little change left from a pound note.

Even if, like the Duchess of Kent, you prefer a light supper, it will cost the price of a smart new Paris hat. The Duchess usually orders a cutlet, fresh peaches and coffee, and I've already told you what happens to your finances when you order fresh fruit.

So, while the band plays "Thanks For the Memory," the host pays out £40 or £50, his wallet now looking as if it has been on the eighteen-day diet.

And that is the price of a pleasant but by no means spectacular night out—at the Cafe de Paris, where those charming people, the Kents, are regular patrons.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS arriving at the Cafe de Paris.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Popular Ambassador

MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY,

American Ambassador to Great Britain, and a close personal friend of President Roosevelt, is a popular figure in London. He has been acclaimed as a strong, steady personality, and has been better received than any other ambassador in London in recent years. He is keen to strengthen the ties of friendship and understanding between the two countries.

Mrs. Kennedy declares she manages their family on a card-index system, as it is not easy to keep tab of their nine children.



—Broadbent.

Expert in Dietetics

MISS BETTY WILMOT,

dietitian in the Victorian Railways for several years, has been appointed nutrition expert of the Federal Health Department in connection with pre-school child development centres.

Miss Wilmot prepared for her career as a dietitian by taking a science course at Melbourne University, and then the diploma of dietetics course.



British Civil Servant

MR. W. J. BROWN, secretary of

the British Civil Service Clerical Association, who is visiting Australia to confer with Civil Servants' Associations in all the States, is the first representative of the British body to be sent to the Commonwealth.

In England women have equal opportunities and equal pay with men, and this aspect of the service will be one of the subjects discussed.

The Duchess Chooses from this Menu

HORS D'OEUVRES

Whistable Natives (Oysters), Truite Fumee (Smoked Trout), Fattened Shrimps, Melon, Saumon d'Ecosse Fume (Smoked Scotch Salmon), Caviar du Volga (Russian caviar), Crevettes Roses (Prawns), Grape Fruit, Jambon de Bayonne (Bayonne Ham), Foie Gras Frais en Botte (Pate de Foie Gras on Toast).

POTAGES (SOUPS)

Soupe a l'Oignon (Onion), Consomme Madrilene (Clear Soup Hot or Cold), Tortue en Tasse (Turtle), Creme de Volaille (Chicken), Veloute St. Germain (Pea Soup), Creme Tomate (Tomato).

POISSONS (FISH)

Huitres Americaines (Oysters), Filet de Sole Palaise (Sole), Truite Meuniere (Trout with Meuniere Sauce), Supreme de Turbotin Ambassador (Turbot in Rich Sauce), Sole Grille Maitre d'Hotel (Grilled Sole with Butter Sauce), Haddock a la Creme au Monte Carlo (Creamed Haddock), Kipper Grille (Grilled Kipper), Filet de Plaise Frit Navarre (Plaice), Mayonnaise de Homard (Lobster Mayonnaise), Homard Thermidor au Mornay (Lobster Baked with Cheese Crust), Blanchailles Diabla (Devilled Whitebait), Goujonnette de Sole Frit Sauce Tartare (Sole with Tartare Sauce).

ENTREES

Perdreau Poelle Sautee (Roast Partridge), Medallion de Ris de Veau Argentille (Sweetbread Fritters), Faisan Casserole Perigordine (Casseroled Pheasant), Brochette de Foie de Volaille (Chicken Liver), Rogons saute Turbigo (Fried Kidneys), Supreme de Volaille Maryland (Chicken Maryland), Emince de Volaille a la King (Minced Chicken), Petites Saucisses au Vin Blanc (Sausages in White Wine), Tournefos Poelle Chasseur (Steak Cooked in Wine), Noisette d'Agneau aux Primeurs (Bottled Lamb with Spring Vegetables), Crepe de Volaille Cafe de Paris (Chicken Pancake), Gaille Royale aux Muscats (Quail with Raisins), Escalope de Veau Halstein (Veal Cutlet Garnished).

GRILLADES (GRILLS)

Cotelette d'Agneau (Lamb Cutlets), Rogons au Lard (Kidneys), Entrecote Minute (Minute Steak), Cambridge Sausages, Poulet Americaine (Grilled Chicken), Saucisses Francaises (Grilled French Sausages), Mixed Grill, Lamb Chop.

OEUF (EGGS)

Frit au Lard (Fried), Brouilles aux Tomates (Scrambled with Tomatoes), Plat Berry (Fried with Little Sausages), Poche Washington (Poached with Sweet Corn), Omelette Maison (Special Omelette), Cotelette a la Creme (Baked in Cream), Omelette Espagnole (Spanish Omelette), Omelette Ambassadeur (Asparagus Omelette).

LEGUMES (VEGETABLES)

Petits Pois Fraies (Fresh Green Peas), Haricots Verts (Broad Beans), Epinards (Spinach), Choufleur (Cauliflower), Laitues Braises (Braised Lettuces), Aubergines, Cœur de Bruxelles (Brussels Sprouts), Mais a la Creme (Sweet Corn), Chateau (Baked), a l'Anglaise (Boiled), Sautees (Fried), Souffles, Pailles (Straw), Frites (Chips).

ENTREMETS (SWEETS)

Glace Pannache (Mixed Ice), Coupe Montmorency (Fruit Sundae), Pêche Melba (Peach Melba), Poir Cardinal (Pear, Glazed with Liqueur), Banane au Kirch (Banana in Liqueur), Marron Glace (Candied Chestnuts), Crepes Coniture (Sweet Pancake), Macedoine de Fruits Fraies (Fruit Salad), Meringue Chantilly au Glace (Meringue with Cream or Ice-Cream).

SAVORIES

Welsh Rarebit, Laitance sur Toast (Savory Toast), Ange a Cheval (Angels on Horseback), Champignons sur Toast (Mushrooms on Toast), Scotch Woodcock.

COFFEE

FRESH FRUIT

How They Live When There Isn't Any Rain!

Brave Women in Homely Dramas of the Dry West

How would you like to have only a quart of water for your daily bath? What would Mr. City Dweller think of life if he had to fetch the water supply for the whole family each day from a rapidly diminishing dam nine miles away?

These are not pleasant thoughts, but they indicate the actual position in many Australian inland areas to-day. But is anybody downhearted? NO. Read what a special representative of The Australian Women's Weekly found on a tour of the country during the past fortnight.

By Our Special Commissioner

A HARD, red, sandy road, ring-barked pine trees, giant eucalypts and clouds of dust—these were my first glimpses of the country as we sped along in the car which had met me at the railway station.

And then we ran downhill towards the great plains, where the heat mirages shimmered and shook, danced and shimmered, and tried hard to gull me with their non-existent pools and lagoons.

Except for a few dirty puddles in what had once been a river bed, I saw no real water for the next few days, for the countryside for hundreds of miles in all directions was in the throes of drought.

Grass and herbage had long since disappeared. Shrubs were dying, their leaves pendant, twisted and gasping.

Birds were few, only the ubiquitous crow, some hardy parrots, and an apostle bird or two busily looking for insects being seen during our long journey.

And then, in the midst of this sad, disfigured, sun-tortured land, the homestead I was seeking appeared in the hazy distance.

Mrs. Bradford came out to meet me, a neat figure in spotless raiment.

I was tired, cranky, hot, very, very thirsty, and almost ready to pick a quarrel with the driver, who seemed to delight in following other fast-moving cars so that I could get their dust.

"Beautiful weather we are having, but a trifle dry," were my hostess' first remarks, and I felt ashamed at my inability to realise that the day was quite a normal one for the time of the year.

We sat down in her charming lounge, dust-free and cool, despite the heat of the day, and I swallowed quite a quart of her ice-cold lemonade before I found voice.

And then we talked about the weather, crops, wool clips, and fodder conservation.

"Only ninety points of rain in the last four months," she told me.

How careful they had to be of the precious store which was fast declining in the tanks.

But nature had provided them with a wonderful underground system, she said, and the stock had plenty of water, although it was unfit for more delicate humans.

Doled by Quart

LATER I pushed on to the nearest town, which was really drought-stricken.

Not a flower in any of the gardens, not a blade of grass on the municipal lawns—everything scorched off and dead.

At the hotel I was told that I could have a quart of water for a sponge down, nothing more.

I swallowed hard and took the jugful to the bathroom.

The jug had an inch of red sediment at the bottom—but the rest was undoubtedly water, and I removed some of the accumulation of local color.

That afternoon I saw people with buckets and tanks on wheelbarrows collecting their daily water rations from tanks which were filled by shire or municipal authorities from supplies at a distance.

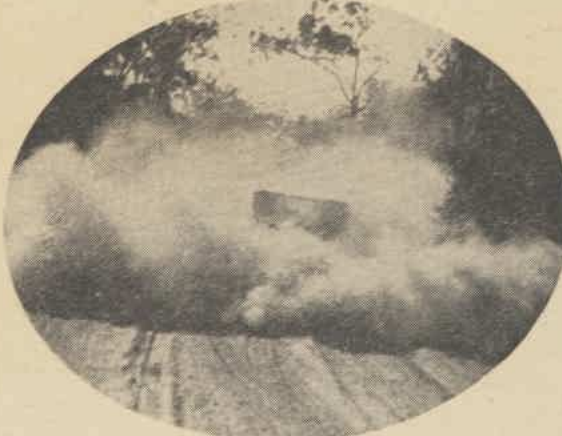
Butter was served at the hotel in saucers, and you spread it with a spoon. If you left it uncovered for more than a minute it became covered with a film of red dust.

Practically no meat except salted mutton and corned beef was obtainable, and that dried up rapidly in the heat-laden air.

On the farms I visited old kero-



WHEN SCHOOL RESUMES he'll have to take drinking-water—unless rain replenishes the school tank.



CLOUDS OF DUST, result of many rainless months, are stirred as cars rush along the dry roads.

some lamps added to the heat and caused flying pests to drop into the food.

Bread resembled the stuff that city folk eat during holiday periods. It dried out as you cut it.

The next day I visited a small farm some miles from the town. The inmates were bright and cheery.

Old man duststorms, scorching winds, two months of fiercely hot weather, and not a drop of measurable rain—and they could still muster a smile.

Grimy washing flapped in the faint breeze from a single strand of fence wire stretched across "the yard."

Dad had to fetch water nine miles every day from a dam that was rapidly running dry. It took him nearly three hours every day, including pumping.

Dad will be glad when the drought breaks, for he has to keep six horses, two cows, four children and three adults supplied with liquid.

Judging from the color of the clothing worn by everybody, washing days were necessarily few and far between.

On the road again, and we visited another farm—a show place. But the garden flowers had blown away.

An almost leafless choko vine clambered over a shed. Weeks of bath-water had given it indigestion, for that was all the moisture it had received.

A waterbag suspended from a rafter in a shady, brick-floored kitchen suggested that someone was preparing for a cool drink later on,

LAND OF HOPE

In the dry areas they do not call it a drought.

"Drought! Not on your life!" they say. "It's just another dry spell that has lasted a bit longer than we expected. It'll crack!"

"It'll crack." Think of the hope expressed in those two words. You need hope if you live in the dry areas. And courage—plenty of it.



SAVING THE LAMBS. Ordinary household chores must wait if the wealth represented by the sheep and lambs is to be saved during the dry weather.

that. "You should come here when it rains," they said.

And during the next day I crossed the bed of a river fifteen times as it wandered round the country, without seeing a drop of water.

Only the dried up bed and the signs on the little bridges that crossed it told of the existence of a river.

Another woman told me that they had had eight months of dry weather, accompanied by dust-

storms, searing winds, plagues of grasshoppers, and then grass fires.

"We fed our sheep for four months until the drought broke last June," she said. "There was practically no water for washing, and the dust was dreadful. We had to sweep it out of the house in heaps every day. It got into the food, into the beds, spoiled all the carpets and upholstery, and ruined my pictures."

Continued on Page 32

KEEP YOUR FEET IN GOOD TRIM At Work Or Play With Zam-Buk

LOOK how she is swinging along . . . light of step . . . and with happy, care-free feet. And there's not the slightest reason why you shouldn't be the same, for Zam-Buk will give you healthy feet, free from aching, blistering and soreness, during these long, tiring days.

First bathe your feet in warm water every night (and morning, if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Troublesome corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Use Zam-Buk regularly for healthy feet all summer.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



"I dreaded putting my shoes on, for the constant foot pain and soreness distressed me so. As my feet got no better I began to despair. Then I read about Zam-Buk and commenced rubbing my feet with this grand ointment every night."

"I got wonderful relief and the corns, bunions and other foot troubles have completely disappeared. Thanks to Zam-Buk I can now walk miles in comfort."

—Mrs. F. E. Ferris.

Jean Hersholt Meets "Quins" Again in Film



THE "QUINS" will soon have their first motor ride, cables reported last week. Here they are shown at their first effort at transportation—bicycles built for five.

Beautiful Fashions Selected For Five Young Stars

By Air Mail from Our New York Office.

Jean Hersholt, who played the part of the "Quins" doctor in their first film, "Country Doctor," has been renewing his acquaintance with them for their new film together, "Five of a Kind."

Jean says the changes in the Dionne "Quins" during the last two years are nothing short of miraculous.

"I EXPECTED the 'Quins' to be changed in the twenty-one months since I last saw them, but I never thought that the change would be so astounding," said the famous actor on his return to Hollywood.



JEAN HERSHOLT and the "Quins" during the production of their new film, "Five of a Kind."

Housewives speed up on washing-day . . . ease up on hard work NEW METHOD GIVES EXTRA WHITENESS



STOP THIS!

Stop rubbing clothes to pieces . . . boiling the life out of them . . . and wearing yourself to a frazzle on washing-day!



START THIS

Start the quick, pleasant, easy Rinso 2-minute boil method. The wash will be whiter—and you'll be brighter! Saves fuel, too.



QUICK? EASY? . . . BETTER THAN THAT!

THE PROOF of the Rinso 2-minute boil method is in the result—a brilliant, sparkling white wash, a wash to be proud of! No hard rubbing. No long boiling. No tiresome washing-through. Just 2 minutes at the boil instead of 30 or 40—with a big saving of fuel on every copperful! Give up drudgery and slow washing methods—

change to the Rinso 2-minute boil. Your clothes will be on the line hours earlier!

Protect SILKS, COLOURS, WOOLLENS with RINSO

Give them a few minutes' gentle run-through—without rubbing—in safe lukewarm Rinso suds, to keep them like new through wash after wash



FULL DIRECTIONS ON EVERY PACKET FOR THE SIMPLE RINSO 2-MINUTE BOIL METHOD

A LEVER PRODUCT 4.270.19

"Never have I had such fun with the five as on this last visit. Never have I seen them so deliciously mischievous, lively and full of pep.

"They seem to have developed a grand sense of fun. They take a positive delight in teasing people who can't identify them.

"I used to be able to tell Marie because she was the smallest. Now the difference is too slight to be easily noticeable.

"So I said, 'Who's Marie?' and with their ten eyes gleaming with joy they shouted in one breath, 'Je suis Marie!'

"They love to play pranks on a new nurse. They get into each other's beds and wait triumphantly for the bewildered young woman to discover the general mix-up.

"And they're natural coquettes!" exclaimed Mr. Hersholt. "Since I last saw them they have learnt to flirt, looking sidewise at you out of their brown eyes and even achieving winks.

"When I first saw them, their hair seemed rather dull and stringy and they were not so beautifully turned out as now. Dr. Dafoe was too busy looking after their health to think so much about looks.

"Now their brown hair is shining with auburn glints; the nurses curl it over their fingers each morning, and they look absolutely adorable in their fresh pretty clothes.

"Last time they had only a word or two, but now they have an excellent French vocabulary, and can speak a little English. Their nurses speak to them in French, while Doctor Dafoe usually talks English.

Great Imitators

"THEY are still in the imitative stage. I watched them at play one day. One had a handkerchief and a stick in her hand. She wiped her sister's mouth, then put the stick in it and pretended to examine her sister's throat.

"Then they changed parts, the patient becoming Doctor Dafoe for the second performance.

"I have rarely seen a lovelier sight than the five little girls kneeling and praying in French. It is something to make the heart grow warm.

"The 'Quins' are the happiest children I have ever seen. In all my visits to Callander, I have seen



TRAINS interest the "Quins" also. Marie wants to know what makes the engine go.

only one cry and then it was only for a few seconds."

Jean Hersholt confesses that his first meeting with the "Quins" gave him an attack of nerves.

He suddenly realised that he had to work with the five most famous babies in the world, and that the doctor he was impersonating was watching him.

"I was so nervous," he said, "that I blew up in my lines and spoiled the whole scene. All that were taken that day had to be re-shot about ten days later, but by then I had become quite used to working with the 'Quins'."

The Dionne Quintuplets become juvenile fashion leaders in their new picture, "Five of a Kind."

The task of designing their dresses was assigned to stylist Helen Myron, who has created many frocks for Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, and the adult stars of 20th Century-Fox.

The Dionnes will exhibit a small but comprehensive wardrobe of six outfits which carry the youngsters decoratively through every hour and contingency of a day.

Party Dresses

EACH has a morning dress, slack suit, bathing outfit, play shorts, afternoon dress, and—the dream of every little girl—a long party dress a la Sir Joshua Reynolds, even unto the picture hat!

Accurate measurements of each of the "Quins" were sent by Dr. Dafoe to 20th Century-Fox six months ahead so that Miss Myron could design the frocks, and have them made in time to leave for Callander with the production unit which left Hollywood to film the "Quins."

Miss Myron found that there was a maximum difference of a quarter inch in the "Quins'" sizes, with Yvonne the tallest and Marie the smallest by a fraction of an inch.

A plaster cast of a little girl of the composite measurements of the "Quins" was made for dummy fittings, and the casting office interviewed over a hundred youngsters until they discovered little Miss Samrich—who portrayed Ann Shirley as a child in "Stella Dallas"—as the human prototype of the "Quins" in height, weight, coloring, and measurements.

Colorful but intricate simplicity distinguishes Miss Myron's designs for Yvonne, Cecile, Emilie, Annette and Marie Dionne.

The little white-dotted red Swiss morning dress has a round Peggy-collar of white pique which extends down the front of the dress tuxedo-fashion, with tiny red buttons parading to the hemline.

The collar and tuxedo are edged with red-dotted white tabbing, frilled on.

The back of the dress ties in a demure bow at back, and like all the other costumes, the frock has attached little pants and a slip with a single zipper opening for all three, so that the youngsters may jump into the costume all at once like firemen.

Two of a FEATHER

In a duel of wits, sentiment may play a subtle part and win...

THE highwayman raised himself from behind the clump of gorse bush which showed the smooth yellow flowers bursting from the velvet pods in among the dangerous spikes. With a look of discontent on his face, which had been coarsened, hardened, and ever disfigured by a grim life and sundry hard fights, he grasped his heavy wooden-handled pistol, and looked up and down the long twist of road, that one way dipped to Portsmouth, and the other way rose over the hill to London.

On the summit of this hill, and clear against a disturbed, grey sky, stood the gallows. A skeleton hung there, tarred and in chains.

The whole of the Frinthead, and particularly this lonely sweep of road round the great hollow known as the Devil's Punch Bowl, had a very ill repute, and was not the fine hunting-ground for robbers and footpads that it once had been. Travellers from Portsmouth to London came in parties and armed; very few came at night, and fewer still alone.

The highwayman was reflecting on this with some bitterness as he cautiously hoisted his long body over the edge of the hollow and stood erect on the dusty road.

It was the big prizes that were

Black Harry smacked his lips at the prospect of such a prize.

As he was speculating thus, the coach, turning a bend in the road came into view. Black Harry dropped instantly back into his hiding-place.

As soon as it was out of sight Black Harry resumed his post of observation, and his dark eyes glinted wrathfully and keenly down the road.

Presently he gave an exclamation of relief and satisfaction, and, drawing from his pocket a greasy, shabby square of black crepe, in which two holes had been cut, fastened it over his face, tying the dirty strings at the back over his rough hair. Then pulling his torn hat down over his brows, he carefully withdrew into ambush.

His sharp, practised eye had seen a horseman in the distance coming slowly round the turning where the road twisted to the inn.

Black Harry waited patiently; his body was immobile, his mind active with murderous thoughts. He meant murder this time; if the traveller resisted or shrieked for help, Black Harry meant to knock him on the head or put a bullet through him.

Indeed, he was debating whether this course would not, in any case be simpler, when the traveller, seeing the loneliness of the road and wishing to overtake the coach, put spurs to his horse, and was soon alongside the milestone.

Lyric of Life

SEPARATION

That you can grow apart after so many years
Is unbelievable. To share so much in life,
Building so long that fine estate of man and wife,
To have children, sharing their growth, their joys and tears...

To build together that security and pride
On which our social scheme of things is firmly set
And then... to fill all your achievement with regret
In some alien waste where love and faith have died.

Here are you who have shared so much and passed the days
Towards a common end, now newly grown apart,
(Each one finding no recollection in the heart)
And take your solitary and divided ways.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

far to seek now—the hauls that made a gentleman of the road go like a gentleman, in velvet and a French peruke.

The ragged man now standing lonely in the autumn afternoon could remember when he had flung down his guinea for a pint of wine and his five-pound piece for the cards. He cursed himself at the recollection and gripped his heavy-handled pistol the tighter. He had not murdered yet, but his mood was near to murder.

He was known as Black Harry, from the great swarthiness of his skin, which, always dark, was now burnt bronze by wind and sun.

No one was in sight. The man pulled out of his torn waistcoat a stolen watch, and glanced at the time.

It was nearly the hour for the London coach; but that went armed and escorted, and was no prey for such as Black Harry. He awaited another victim.

His very good friend, the landlord of the inn down the road, had advised him of the arrival of a rich and seeming foolish stranger, newly landed at Portsmouth and returning home after long years abroad.

This gentleman appeared to have valuables in his possession, made a show of gold, had no servant, and travelled alone on horseback

BLACK HARRY, nimble as a youth, was out of his hiding-place, with his pistol presented at the other's head in a twinkling.

"Dismount!" he said curtly, and his eyes gleamed greedily at the stout valise strapped to the back of the stranger's saddle. "Dismount!" he repeated, and added a curse.

"Confound you for a fool!" said the traveller angrily. "What do you want?"

As he spoke he flung himself sulkily from the saddle. The highwayman was restored almost to good nature by the easiness of his victory.

"You are the fool," he answered "to be travelling alone round the Devil's Punch Bowl."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I meant to keep in the lee of the coach," he answered, "but was delayed in starting, and I was informed that the road here was perfectly safe."

"You would be," said Black Harry. He still held his pistol at cock and closely surveyed his victim.

Black Harry knew at once that he had seen him before, but could not remember where—probably in London, he thought, in his better days.

"Well, fellow, what do you want?" the traveller demanded with some hauteur.

"You carry it off well, I must say," returned the highwayman. "What do you suppose I want? All that you have, and you should be thankful that I don't slit your silly windpipe and send you down among

those gorse bushes, where better men have gone before you."

At these words the traveller turned pale, but preserved his composure.

"The game is yours," he said. "Take what there is—I pay for being a fool. I have been abroad so long that I have forgotten English ways."

Black Harry watched him with an expression of genial satisfaction.

"Been abroad long, have you?" he remarked. "Now, that's strange, for it seems to me that I have seen your face before."

"Scarcely likely, my friend," returned the other, taking the pin



Illustrated by WEP

The sense that he had not only known but been familiar with the other was troubling him.

from his cravat. "I have not been in this country since I was a lad. Landed at Portsmouth the other day."

"Going home?" asked Black Harry. The sense that he had not only known but been familiar with the other was puzzling him and filling him with a vague uneasiness.

"Home!" repeated the other, with a peculiar intonation. Then he added: "What are my affairs to you, you rascal?"

"They might be something," said

am from Kent myself. Any relatives there?"

"None."

"Where is your new place?"

"Near Rye, on the Sussex border."

As he spoke he was bitterly eyeing the other, who was untrapping the valise from the saddle.

"I do not remember any Somervilles in that part," said the highwayman, not pausing in his task, "and I know all round there well enough—or used to. Many a time I've played at highwayman on the marsh there. If your story is true, perhaps we played together there, and that is how I came to know your face. That would be a strange thing, would it not?"

"An unlikely one."

"Oh, I mingled with the quality then," said Black Harry.

The highwayman laughed, and still fondling the pistol, kicked the valise behind the milestone. On the top of it he laid the pistols he had taken from the traveller.

"To think of Kent, and Rye and Romney Marsh," he said in a kindly tone, "and you and I playing there as children, and never guessing that it would come to this between us!"

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Somerville, shortly.

"That would be telling! Yet if I said it, 'twould leave you no wiser, the same as you leave me foolish, talking of Edward Somerville. There

aren't any Somervilles in that part of Kent."

The conviction with which he spoke seemed to take the other man aback.

"You know that, do you?" he muttered.

Black Harry was still struggling over his identity.

"Who are you now—a Neve, a Curtis, a Martin, a Carter?"

"And who are you, in heaven's name?" cried Mr. Somerville in agitation.

"You are not a Burr," continued the highwayman. "There are only two of them, and one's dead, and I know where the other be—"

The traveller interrupted him. "Tell me," he said, "the meaning of this word—cuckoo-spit."

Each now regarded the other with great intensity.

"Cuckoo-spit?" repeated the highwayman slowly. "Why, this is a little flower that comes in the spring—a lilac flower on a slender stem. Grow in among the primroses, they do. Plenty of them in Kent and along those Sussex lanes by Romney Marsh."

"So many of them," returned Mr. Somerville, "that those boys playing at highwaymen there, and robbing coots' nests and hunting for plovers' eggs used them as a badge—"

Please turn to Page 28



Illustrated by VIRGIL

"What do you want with me?" Elida said.
"Who are you?"

THE SPYMASTER

Another thrilling instalment of our popular serial of international intrigue . . .

DURING war-scares and spy-activities in England, Admiral Guy Cheshire conducts a complicated official investigation of a man called Florestan, who is also Henry Copeland, to whom a dangerous letter has been sent, and intercepted. Shot fatally, a man is found left in Florestan's car, and the man later dies. Inquiries to Florestan's life avail officialdom nothing conclusive. During one period of this search Cheshire is attacked in Florestan's home and bundled into a cellar from which he later escapes by the aid of Rosa, a maid. Attacked again in the fog outside while she gets a taxi, the attacker is apprehended and taken to headquarters, and while there Rosa, waiting in the cab, vanishes.

The apprehended man later manages to escape. Sabine, no longer an agent, comes to the Club and talks with Cheshire, and later Elida comes for the same purpose, as she is taking Sabine's official place in the plot. Elida is given false papers by Cheshire after she remonstrates uneasily against the spy system. Upon leaving him she finds her taxi-man replaced and suspicion ends in certainty when she is bundled into the cab and taken to a grim secret club to be faced by the president, who is Florestan.

Characters you will meet in this story:

ADMIRAL GUY CHESHIRE, distinguished diplomat, who controls Secret Service Department of the British Navy.

LORD ROBERT MALLINSON, brilliant English General, and head of the Army Secret Service.

PRINCESS SABINE PELUCCHI, distinguished and beautiful foreigner, wife of

HENRY PRESTLEY, famous American banker.

COUNTESS ELIDA PELUCCHI, sister of the Princess Sabine.

SIR HERBERT MELVILLE, Deputy Commissioner of Police.

RONNIE HINCKS, A.D.C. to the Admiral.

GODFREY RYSON, also A.D.C., engaged in special research work at the Admiralty.

ANTONIO MACHINKA, who camouflages his secret service activities by posing as maitre d'hotel.

LORD FAKENHAM, Press magnate.

HENRY COPELAND, alias FLORESTAN, spy.

Now read on—

"I owe you apologies, Contessa," Florestan said, "for this crude method of obtaining speech with you. Our spheres of life are so far apart that I had lost hope of meeting you under ordinary conditions."

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"What do you want with me? Who are you?"

"I am an ardent sympathiser with your country," he answered evasively.

"I cannot think what you want with me, but was it necessary to have me forced into a taxi and brought here against my will?" she demanded.

"Only against your will, Contessa, because you did not understand," he remonstrated. "I am quite sure that my friend, Marius Ludini, would only have used force as a last extremity."

"I do not wish to discuss your friend, Marius Ludini," she retorted coldly. "I would only say that I have never been brought into contact with a more objectionable person. You say that you are an ardent sympathiser with my country," she continued. "If so, what are you doing here in London?"

"I am engaged in the same fashion as you are engaged," he replied. "I am a professor of espionage."

"What good do you expect to do by dragging me here?" she repeated. "Is it not always understood that people who are engaged in that sort of work should remain outwardly strangers to one another? If we are found here alone and one of us is suspected, the other one, too, is brought to trouble."

"If we were discovered that would be true," he admitted, "but why should we be discovered? I have three homes in London and two secret exits by means of which I can leave the country at any moment. I am living here carrying on vast operations and I am unsuspected. You have valuable friends in the British Navy with whom you have dealings. Are you suspected? I think not. Am I? Well, I may have to protect myself sometimes, but I still continue my work."

"What do you want with me?" she protested. "I do not know what you are doing. I do not ask. Why interfere with me? It is not your affair. The agents of our government with whom I have correspondence and dealings will bitterly resent it. They have probably never heard of you."

"That is going too far," he objected, shaking his head solemnly.

"Everyone has heard of Horace Florestan. The only thing is that just as I have all these abodes in England—also in France—so I have just as many personalities, just as many occupations. The real Florestan very few people know of."

"If they catch only one of you," Elida retorted, "it seems to me the others might be in trouble."

His smile was benevolent, almost saintlike.

"Must you assume," he asked gently, "that I am a bungler at my profession? Florestan, the merchant prince, is a very different man from the Florestan who perhaps might be accounted a gangster working in higher circles. The personality of one might be destroyed, but the other would remain. No, indeed, I am not a bungler. My doubles and

I, all working towards one end, are amazingly elusive."

"You are, no doubt," Elida scoffed. "a remarkable man. I hope that you are, as you say, a good son of my country. I am a Pelucchi, however, and there is no one of my country who should dare to treat me as you have. I wish to leave this place and be left alone to carry on the work I am doing."

"Anything that concerns our country," he said calmly, "is my business. If you doubt what I have told you, you will not doubt my credentials."

He slipped a watch, a thin, large, gold watch, from his waistcoat pocket, opened it with a spring, and showed her an inscription inside the gold case:

"Horace Florestan is one of my trusted band of patriots. He is to receive obedience from all the Sons and Daughters of our Country, B.M."

Elida stared at the engraved words incredulously. They seemed to grow larger before her eyes.

"The watch was a gift," Florestan went on. "There are only two others similarly inscribed in the world, and one of those is in America. Will you explain to me, if you please, Contessa, the new conditions under

"Do you not realise," he said, and now she felt the distance between them becoming only a matter of inches, and herself suffocating. "do you not realise that it is not you I want? I desire you to give me, of your own free will, that bag. If not, I must take it. I must see for myself whether this, the only Englishman whom our Naval chiefs fear, has really fallen. Afterwards—well, Contessa—we shall see."

There was nothing hurried, nothing passionate in his movement, yet she felt that his hand was seeking hers, the arm upon her shoulder was holding her in a grip of iron. Then there came a whirlwind change.

"What is it?" she cried.

He made no answer. It seemed to her that he had become invisible. Then she realised what had happened. The room was in darkness. The lights in the ceiling, the two or three around the walls, the shaded one upon his desk, had gone. At first she was terribly and mortally afraid. She cried out feebly, shrank back in her chair, felt herself surrounded with horrors. Nothing happened. There was a sense of emptiness around her. She stood up, stumbled towards the desk, filled the room with her cries. There was no reply. Gradually she realised that she was alone.

She was back in her chair when the door appeared suddenly to be miraculously open. There were half-a-dozen men in the room. The torches they carried seemed like pinpricks of fire, but their voices were gruff and reassuring. The lamp flamed out upon the desk. A friendly voice sounded in her ear. A middle-aged man in plain dark clothes was standing by her side.

"The Contessa Pelucchi?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"I am Colonel Partridge in charge of a squad from Scotland Yard," he explained. "We want this fellow Florestan. He was here a moment ago."

"Was it a moment ago?" she asked. "I was frightened, I scarcely remember."

"I think you must have fainted," he said kindly. "You don't remember how he got away?"

She shook her head.

"He was here, standing where you are. Then the darkness came."

Please turn to Page 34

Parted in the Middle

By Margaret
C. Banning

Complete Short Story

POLLY combed her customer's hair out of its heat-stiffened waves, brushed the end curls behind the ears, and anxiously regarded both her work and Mrs. Cooper's expression in the mirror, to see how they fitted together.

"Now, don't you think that looks just like you, Mrs. Cooper?" she asked.

Nina Cooper said, "Yes, it looks very nice." She didn't like to hurt the feelings of anyone who had been working for her, but she wasn't enthusiastic. It looked altogether too much like her, that brown, shining hair parted in the middle, the slanting, backward waves, and the finality of those familiar curls.

She was tired of herself, with the impatience that is worse than being tired of anyone else. She hadn't changed since she was a schoolgirl, except that then she used to wear her hair much longer. When she had been photographed with her wedding party, the bride, with her veil thrown back, had looked almost like the reflection before her. She was the same pretty young woman who had come into the hairdresser's two hours before; now she was more perfectly groomed and immaculate, but that was the only difference.

"I think," she said, "that while I'm in Paris I'll find another way to have my hair done. Something entirely new, altogether different from the way I've always had it done."

"I suppose they have wonderful hairdressers over there," answered Polly, with interest. "You'll come back and just astonish us!"

"Perhaps," smiled Nina, and hoped so. That was exactly what she intended, and one of the reasons why she was going away. She wanted to come back and surprise everyone—the people who were her friends and others whom she had never seen—to astonish them into admiration and fresh interest and emotion. She wanted to startle strangers, even Polly, and especially Keith. If he would look at her with amazement, worry about whether he'd lost her, it would be worth the journey. Perhaps he'd already lost her, or she him; but even recognising that would be better than this relationship that only just kept marriage alive.

ONCE Keith had said—it was one of the remarks she had put away and kept—that he would never grow tired of looking at her. But when he looked at her now, even when she knew she was at her best and quite lovely, it didn't make any difference. Not to either of them. Nothing made any difference. They did the same things over and over again. They were in a perfect marriage rut. There were times when Nina felt that she couldn't bear it if Keith had said again that the world was completely changed—and then went on doing something just exactly as he had always done it. She knew that she needed to get away from Keith for a while, and that it would be good for him to miss her a little.

"I was thinking that I might try parting it on the left," she said, thoughtfully, "or wearing it straight back off my forehead. Of course, it would have to be cut quite differently."

It was not herself, but herself as she might be, that she was considering critically in the mirror.

She put on her hat and added:

"I might even have it bleached."

"Oh," exclaimed Polly. "I can't imagine you as a blonde, Mrs. Cooper!"

Nina could. She wondered what the change would do to her psychology. People said that blondes reacted differently to everything, but that might just be talk.



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

She paid her bill, tipped Polly too generously, and said:

"That's to help you buy that breakfast set you've been wanting, Polly."

Polly was a married woman, too, though it was hard to believe it. In her lavender smock with her bare, undeveloped girl's arms, and her hair curled in an intricate pattern of ringlets, she looked too young and far too undomesticated to be married. But Nina knew that a husband and a flat were the background of Polly's life. She knew that Polly had married impulsively, without a trousseau or wedding presents, and now she was getting a supply of china and silver as fast as she could afford it. Every now and then she asked Nina's advice about the wisdom or good taste of some contemplated purchase, or dramatically described something she coveted, like the breakfast set.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Cooper," said Polly. "It really is the prettiest set I ever saw, that one with the buttercup pattern. Of course, Don thinks I'm crazy! He says that he doesn't see why we need special cups for breakfast. He thinks everything I do is extravagant anyway, because he's worried about his job."

Nina gave a slight exclamation that went in the direction of dismay, but did not get quite that far. "That's too bad!"

"Oh, well, I tell him he hasn't lost it yet," said Polly; and then, professionally, "I do hope that wave stays in, Mrs. Cooper."

"I'm sure it will," Nina answered.

"I hope you have a lovely time!" Polly said, with the perfect goodwill of one who didn't expect such things to happen to her. "And remember to bring us back lots of new ideas."

Nina promised again. Then she drove away to call for Keith at his city office. It was after half-past five, but as usual he wasn't ready to come home. Everyone else, even his secretary, had left the offices, yet there he sat, still working.

Nina had
always worn
her hair in this
style.

"Won't those things do when you get back in the morning?" asked Nina.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I wanted to get rid of them. There are more new rules than there is business at the moment. And they all have to be learned. I suppose it will all get straightened out in time. But we certainly are going through a bloodless revolution!"

He piled up the papers on his desk and collected his hat—a hat he had worn for three years.

"Why don't you give yourself a treat and get a new hat?" asked Nina.

"This is a good hat," answered Keith. "What's wrong with it?"

"You ought to have a new one to go with the revolution," she told him. "A tricorn!"

But she didn't go on criticising because she was going away tomorrow. Anyway, he wasn't listening. He was leaving some memoranda for next morning, and when he looked at her again it was with a smile that seemed as courteous and meaningless as if he happened to see a pretty stranger.

"You're looking very attractive," he said. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I've just had my hair done, that's all. Nothing new. I think that when I get to Paris or Vienna I'll have a real expert's advice on it. Over there they make an art of hair-dressing."

"I don't believe they can improve on you," said Keith.

It should have been flattery. But there was no life in the words. They were almost absent-minded. Nina suddenly felt herself ache for the days when even a short separation had hurt them so much, and they had resented every hour of it. Now she was going on a long holiday and was glad to go, and he wasn't suffering over it, any more than he did when the boys went back to school. He accepted her departure as he did theirs—as wise, beneficial moves.

He had been so ready to let her go. When she had told him that the Grahams wanted her to go over to Paris and perhaps to Vienna with them, he had said: "Good. You'll have a grand time. And Joe'll take care of you."

Joe was all right. He was Maud Graham's husband and a friend of

Keith's. Both the Grahams wanted her company. Nina knew it was because they always had to take somebody along with them, wherever they went, and they were always going somewhere. There were hints that the Graham marriage wasn't getting along too well. Nina guessed that Maud set great hopes on this trip. Well, it would be fun, anyway.

"I hope—" began Nina.

"What do you hope?" Keith asked, when she didn't go on. "What were you going to say?"

She didn't say what she intended. "I hope this wave stays in my hair until I get to Paris." That was a good enough substitute.

It did stay in, very well, in spite of sea breezes.

Paris was not a city with much of a welcome just then. On the day Nina arrived the taxi-cabs slid perilously around on black, wet streets, and the awnings of the buildings hung limp and dripping. The tables of the outdoor cafes huddled against their walls as if continually dodging fitful and violent attacks of rain.

Nina went to the Ritz, as was inevitable with the Grahams, and, of course, saw people whom she knew. But every time someone exclaimed, "Nina, you haven't changed at all. How do you do it!" she was annoyed instead of pleased. The others had changed amazingly. Clara Marston was worn, but far more elegant than ever before. Ted Colling had a new wife. Ellen Gates had made herself from a plump, young and shy person into an insolent sliver of a woman who now didn't care what she said or who heard her say it.

Nina had plans of her own. On the second day, when she slipped away from the lot of them and went to the shop of the great coiffeur, Pierre, she had a lift of excitement, a feeling that anything might happen before evening. Pierre's shop would change her completely. Pierre's shop was famous, and the work done in it was copied and photographed all over the fashionable world.

At the desk there were two women taking appointments and keeping them straight. They were a strange pair. The face of one had a kind of light, fairy beauty, not real, but fascinating because of that. It was a composition face, with etched eyebrows and a mouth made significant by a dark, startling rouge like rust. "I want some of that," thought Nina. The other young woman seemed out of place, for her plain brown hair was whirled into a careless knot, and her face had already been troubled and harassed and neglected into terrible lines. Yet she was not old.

Please turn to Page 18



In the garden of a small German restaurant she had one of the most miserable experiences of her life.

FASHION PORTFOLIO

First Page

The Australian Women's Weekly

January 7, 1939

BLOUSES ADOPT BRILLIANT COLOR



• TAILORED yellow suede blouse with chevron pocket and collar motif.



• BRIGHT green mottled blouse for this very soft, attractive shirred model.



• DUST BLUE crepe horizontally tucked. It mimics a knitted sweater in line.



• WITH piled-up hair comes a return of high necks. Here is a blouse with a smocked yoke, high neck, leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and all—just like mother wore when she was a girl. This model is done in deep cyclamen sheer crepe for extra chic.



• DONE in a pastel-pinky satin is this example of the softly-draped type of blouse, with a semi-pleum effect in front.

Russ

NIGHT MUST FALL...



● LEFT: After Mme. de Castiglione of the Second Empire—a house gown of palest eggshell-yellow, exquisitely appliqued with black velvet, in a Greek design. At the back, two great, regal flounces. Black velvet buttons and buttonholes of the period. Helene Yrlande model.

● TOP RIGHT: White wool cheesecloth negligee, with full petal skirt and pert sleeves. Lined and piped with vivid matrix turquoise satin to enhance the frivolous Empire mood. Model by Annek.

● ABOVE LEFT: Nightdress in peach satin, designed by Derry and Toms. It is trimmed with fragile drifts of beige lace.

● ABOVE RIGHT: Like a Holbein painting of a Dutch baby—this high-waisted nightie of yellow wool voile, in the Lady Bessington style. Notice the intriguing draped sleeves. Model by Helen Yrlande.

—Air Mail photos from MARY ST. CLAIR.

THESE WERE the SEASON'S BEST SELLERS

Leading London Designers Pick Their Winners

By Air Mail from LUCY MILNER:
Sketches by ROBB.



Victor
Stiebel
Model



Created
by Digby
Morton

THE fashion business is always two jumps ahead of the rest of us. By now, when you and I are probably still trying to decide about our summer clothes, the designers have taken stock of the successes and failures in their summer collections, and are hastening on to their autumn ones.

In every big collection there is one winner; one frock or coat or suit which beats the selling records. A good look at these plums ought to give away the secrets of their success in time to make them our success.

Here are the season's best sellers from three big London fashion houses—Digby Morton, Norman Hartnell, and Victor Stiebel.

A glance will tell you one thing they all have in common—simplicity. It's the old, old story again, which seems worth framing and hanging up once and for all: Dress simply and you will dress well.

Each of these has its own distinction. The afternoon frock gets across with its clever draping, the suit with its subtle detail, the evening frock with its classic line. They have all got a 1938 personality but they don't shout it at you.

Captions on this page detail the

● THERE is nothing startling about this ebony-black silk jersey frock from Victor Stiebel—but everything flattering. The neck is fashionably high, and caught by two little ebony bands. Two or three lines of shirring round the waist lead into a remarkably full skirt—but the fullness is draped firmly to each side. (Extreme left).

● THISTLE tweed is what Digby Morton calls this three-piece suit. The skirt is made with pressed flares to give it fullness, edged with a tartan hem; the tartan jacket is long, buttoning with four pockets. Topcoat hangs straight from the shoulder, with revers edged with a tartan band. (Left).

● THE topless bodice is made in an entirely new way on this burgundy-red crepe romaine frock of Norman Hartnell's. A long piece of the stuff, in one with the dress, crosses from the back at the right side, comes tightly over the arm on the left, is firmly caught with a large peony rose, and hangs down as a scarf. The tension of this holds the dress up. (Right).

points; maybe they will underline for you some of the rules that can turn a Cinderella of a frock into the belle of the season.

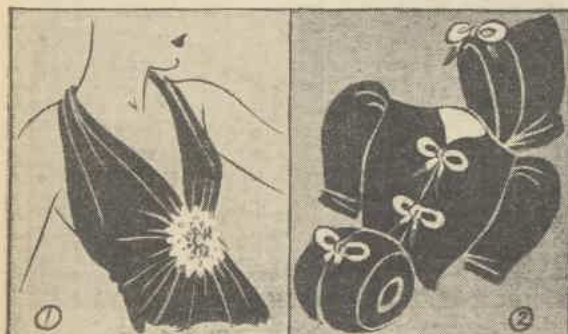
By day, colors are soft, Scottish—and becoming—all the blues, greens, and purples of thistles. Details are smart, but never fussy. Long, slim-fitted jackets offset with loose, straight-hanging topcoats are immensely becoming.

All the designers are generous in their praise of jersey, for it is a lovely, supple stuff, which drapes perfectly, and even when made in the most simple style it will look flatteringly feminine.



From Norman Hartnell

PARIS SNAPSHOTS



By Air Mail From
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by PETROV

● The centenary of Louis XIV, "Le Roi Soleil," has influenced the mode (1). This black evening gown is solely adorned with an immense sun of brilliants from which the drapery radiates.

● Hood, muff and jacket to match (2). Of velvet, these three are matched with bows of ermine tails.

● The new streamlined glove of revolutionary pattern (3). Of fuchsia suede with insertions of matching grosgrain ribbon on the sides.

● Still the draped waistline (4). In this case a band of

satin adorned with the year's numerals encircles the waist of a sweater with matching skirt.

● Sandal novelties (5), (6), (7). Platform model in white suede, adorned at the sides with appliquéd daisies. Braids of cellophane intricately laced and crepe and silver kid combined. The fabric minutely ruched around the sole.



Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

SUMMER NIGHTIE

WW2700. — A very charming and dainty design nightdress for summer wear. Sizes, 32 to 36-in. bust. Material required, 3 yards and 2 yards lace, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

EVENING CHIC

WW2701. — Contrasting back and bodice of this charming evening gown make a very smart ensemble. Sizes, 32 to 38-in. bust. Material required, 6½ to 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Cool Summer Styles with Fashion Interest

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.

PLEATED SKIRT

WW2703. — Peter Pan collar and pleated skirt make this smart afternoon mode. Sizes, 32 to 36-in. bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

HOUSE COAT

WW2702. — Simplicity and charm combine to make this smart house coat. Sizes, 32 to 38-in. bust. Material required, 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Our Special Concession Pattern



OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Our Concession Pattern this week features three (1) smart blouse and an inverted pleat skirt. Sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust. No. 1—BLOUSE: Requires 7½ yards, 36 inches wide. No. 2—BLOUSE: Requires 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. No. 3—BLOUSE: Requires 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. No. 4—SKIRT—Requires 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.

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Coupon available for one month from date of issue. To obtain a concession pattern of garments illustrated on this page, fill in coupon and post 1 sh. together with 3d. STAMP, clearly marking an envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Specify size you want. 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra.

Post your order to the address in your State as under—

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Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 4200YT, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 103, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney Office.

Should you desire to call for pattern, please see address of office on Page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

STATE

SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 7/1/39.

SPECTATOR SPORTS

WW2704. — Inverted pleat skirt and shirt-maker top fashion this smart spectator sports frock. Sizes, 32 to 38-in. bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BOLERO SMARTNESS

WW2707. — You will feel very well dressed in this charming bolero frock. Sizes, 32 to 36-in. bust. Material required, 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART MATRONS

WW2706. — The not-so-young fashionables will appreciate this very smart style for daytime occasions. Sizes, 40 to 46-in. bust. Material required, 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SOPHISTICATED

WW2705. — Two-tone frock, with long sleeves and high neckline, gives a very smart appearance. Sizes, 32 to 36-in. bust. Material required, 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Complete Long Story *NORTH* for the

*Emotions are raw where
life and the weather are
raw as well*

IT was a warm wet night. That was all you could say for it. The Vancouver flying field was damp and slippery.

But Bill Grant stepped off a plane that had come straight out of Southern California—and liked it.

He'd been born here, raised here, and played for the University. This was the way he liked it at this time of year. As he walked across the landing field he saw Lund—good old Lund, who'd been with the old man for all of 25 years. Bill waved and smiled, and as quickly dropped his arm and let the smile fade. Odd that the old man had sent down Lund at this time of night. Of course, the old man wouldn't come out in a downpour like this any more but . . .

Bill hurried through the gate. As he got nearer Lund he saw the slim Norwegian manage a smile of greeting.

"How are you, Bill? Glad to see you."

"It's mighty good to see you, Nils. How's the King?"

"He's at the hospital," Nils said slowly.

Bill swallowed hard. "Is he—how is he?"

"It's a rest cure," said Nils evasively. "It's nothing—serious. But he wanted to see you. That's why I wired you at Santa Monica."

The two did not speak again until Lund's car had cleared the airport and was splashing through the pavement puddles.

Finally Bill said, "I'm not surprised he needs a rest cure. But I'm plenty surprised they got him to take it."

"He's been coming to it for quite a while. Bill, I noticed it weeks ago and tried to get him to stay away from the office, but he wouldn't listen. Then this morning he had me send the wire. When he did that I knew he felt pretty bad, so I got the doctor. Something's been worrying him," Nils said. "That's what it is."

"But things look all right, Nils. Even the price for Chums—"

"Yeah, I know. But something's bothering him. Something he wanted to tell you."

"He'd tell you about it."

IFIGURE it the other way, Bill. I figure that it must be something worse than anything that's happened in all the time I been with him and he's told me everything.

He's right, Bill thought. It wasn't like the old man. "King" Grant they'd dubbed him years ago, after the biggest, fightin'est salmon that swam—and the name had stuck. He'd been close-mouthed, yes, but he'd never kept anything from his family or Nils Lund.

"Another funny one," Nils said. "He didn't want you to go to Chester Bay this year."

Bill started. "He said that?"

"Yeah. He was figuring on getting someone else to manage the cannery up there."

"But I thought he liked the way I've been doing things at Chester Bay."

Bill looked at Nils. "That is queer. Because if he hadn't liked the way I've been doing them he'd have told me plenty fast."

"I know it." Then Lund closed his mouth in a grim line.

The hospital seemed almost deserted at that hour. But Doctor Seavers was waiting for them. He shook Bill's hand warmly and said, "He's up in four—twenty, Bill, waiting for you."



*Bill struck hard
and fast. It was
effective.*

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

On the way up in the elevator Bill tried to imagine how King Grant would look. He had never seen the old man laid low in a bed. "If he's still alive," Bill thought, "he won't be lying down."

And the King wasn't lying down. He sat very straight against the head of the bed, his white hair bristling angrily. He saw Bill's head and shoulders above the screen that shielded the bed from the doorway. "It's about time you got here, fellow," he said. But his voice held none of the old gruffness, was too weak to heighten the humor that showed in the old man's eyes.

"What's all this?" said Bill huskily. "They can't do a thing like this. Yet as he stood there he realised that at last they could do it."

"Sit down, son," the King said. "Enjoy yourself in California?"

"Sure."

"Sorry to call you back."

"A man gets tired of sitting around half-baked in the sun. And the colors are too darned bright down there."

"No mix-ups with girls?"

"Nothing that merits going into the report." It was difficult to see the old man's face in the reflection from the lone dim light. "Are you sure it's all right for you to talk?"

"Of course it's all right. Seavers said so. Not that I care what he says."

"But—"

"Don't be a nincompoop, Bill." The old man paused a moment. "Did Lund tell you that I don't want you to go to the cannery this season?"

"Yes, but I can't understand why."

"Why take the trouble to go north, Bill? You're young yet and you want to play around. Run things from the office this summer. That's the way these young squirts do it now. Why, Sam Blake's got fellows over there that've never been aboard a purse-seiner or seen a fish trap—except in pictures, maybe. No sense in the—the head man being north?"

Bill laughed. "But the head man won't be. You're going to stay here."

"You know what I mean."

"But you don't believe in the white-pants way of doing business. You never did."

"I'm telling you it won't be child's play this year, Bill."

"Why?"

"Because somebody's out to make it hot for me—and they'll do it through you. They—I—"

The old man tried to sit straighter, and Bill said, "You're tired."

"Well—maybe so. Maybe you better go on, Bill, and I can finish it

some other time. But if it—if it slips my mind, don't forget what I've said now." The old man turned his head slightly, as if he were ashamed of being tired. Bill said good-night and left the room.

Nils Lund was still waiting in the lobby downstairs, but Bill sent him home. Then he walked down through the rain toward the College Club because it wouldn't be like returning home to let himself into the big house overlooking the sea—not when the King wasn't beside by the fireplace.

He turned into the College Club at the side entrance. The panelled room off the hall was ablaze, and Bill heard mixed laughter.

"Bill! Bill Grant!"

It was Pete Carruthers.

"Glad to see you, Pete."

Mary Carruthers disengaged herself from the babel inside the room and joined her husband. "Why, Bill!" she exclaimed. "Bill, you're just in time. There's someone I want you to meet."

"He was trying to sneak by," Pete accused. "What's the idea of not telephoning us? Incognito from a jam in California?"

Bill shook his head. "Matter of

fact, I'm just off a plane, and I'm sort of all in. Thought I'd roost here to-night. I'll see you later. I . . ."

But Mary had reappeared with a girl at her side. A very special girl.

Bill noticed vaguely that the others had ranged themselves behind Mary and the girl, and he felt somehow that they were watching expectantly.

"This is Bill Grant, Ann," Mary glanced up proudly for Bill's approval. "Ann Clark . . ."

"How do you do," Bill said. His head ached a little, and all he wanted just then was to go to bed.

"Oh . . ." the girl said. Her eyes opened wide, and her words seemed to be directed to herself. "I'm disappointed. I'd heard so much . . ."

"Sorry," said Bill quickly. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll say good-night."

Mary Carruthers stared at Bill's broad and departing back, her red mouth parted comically. "Why—I never saw him do that before."

"If I thought you had," said the tall girl, "I'd kill you. I was all set to beat him to the punch and he climbs over the ropes. He lets me swing at the air. I suppose it serves me right."

KING

By
Nard Jones



BUT Pete followed Bill down the hall and into the men's lounge. "Say, what's wrong, old man?"

"Nothing..." Bill pressed the bell and sat down with his damp overcoat still around him.

Bill looked at Pete across the table. "You hear what's going on. Anything floating around about Grant Packing Company?"

"I haven't heard a thing. Except about the offer, of course."

"The—what?"

Carruthers looked silly. "I guess it was just a rumor, then." But Bill's puzzled expression persisted, and Pete went on: "It was going around that Consolidated was wanting to buy out your Chester Bay plant. I guess it was just a lot of booze, if you didn't know about it."

"I guess so," said Bill. He did not say any more. So Pete got up. "I'd better get back to the gang, Bill. They'll be busting in here any minute."

"Sure, Pete. Good-night."

When Bill had finished he started for the lobby to engage a room—but the tall girl was standing just outside the doorway.

"Is Pete in there?" she asked.

"No," Bill said. "He left to join you." Then he would have gone into the hallway, but the tall girl just stood there, looking at him.

"A second glance," Bill said, "will only sharpen your disappointment."

"It wasn't very nice of you to walk away and leave me."

"I'm never nice," Bill said. "And if you'd be so kind as to take just one tiny step to the right—"

"You'll walk away and leave me again?"

CHOICE

Who plants her feet on foreign soil
Is never bound by lock or chain.
But having left a better land
Is free to travel there again.

A useless thing for those who come
All uninvited to the fold.
And having clasped the welcome new,
Perpetually crave the old.
—Fronne Webb.

"Why not? You're disappointed."

Bill did not wait for the answer. He edged his bulk between her slender shoulder and the door frame, then strode into the lobby.

Upstairs he went to the window and watched the gang piling into Pete Carruthers' car. The tall girl's hair looked beautiful in the rain, thought Bill resentfully.

He turned from the window and began taking off his clothes, letting them drop anywhere.

Hours later he shot upright in bed, fully awake. As he reached for cigarettes and lighted one, his hand trembled. The cigarette was not quite half gone when the telephone rang. It was the hospital.

"Yes..." said Bill dully in answer to the news they gave him. Then he realised that he had been sitting there smoking all the while knowing that the phone would ring. He knew, now, that he had been trying to fool himself on that walk down to the club. The King had known, too.

And less than two weeks later Bill was at Chester Bay.

There had never been a season when advance preparations had gone so smoothly. Atop this luck, the market showed promise of fair profits if the catch turned out well.

"Just the same," Nils had said. "I'm going to Chester Bay with you."

"You can't do that," Bill told him. "I need you at the office."

"Not until later in the season, you don't. If I don't go north, I quit!"

Nils was bluffing, and Bill knew it—but nevertheless Nils went along aboard the Diesel-powered cannery tender, Sea Glory. It was an uneventful voyage, but when Bill chugged into Chester Bay he got a surprise.

As the boat rounded Beggar's Point, Bill stared unbelievably from the pilot-house window.

"Look there, Nils!"

What Nils saw popped his eyes from that seafaring squint common to many of his race. He saw the old Chester Bay Cannery, owned by Harvison Fisheries and idle for many

"And unfortunately," Bill said, "there are no facilities for visitors."

seasons past. But it was no longer deserted or dilapidated. Moored to its docks were two big cannery tenders, and more than half a dozen men were splashing paint and driving nails. On the warehouse wharf there were trap materials piled high.

"Harvison can't be operating this year," Nils said. "Somebody must have leased it." He turned to Bill. "But who?"

They hadn't long to wait for the answer. Mike Harvison, who lived near and came to Chester Bay every season to get things in shape at Bill's cottage, blurted it out the moment the tender came alongside the dock. "Sa-ay, Consolidated's leased the Harvison outfit! Can you beat it?"

"I can't," Lund said. "Funny we never got wind of it in Vancouver."

"Thoughtfully Bill gazed across the cold blue bay. "Who's in charge, Mike?"

"Fellow named Overby. He's from Wrangell. Near as I can get it, they wired him from the East and gave him cart blanch or whatever you call it."

"Hope you haven't told him much, Mike."

THE big Irishman looked hurt. "You know me better than that, Bill. Ain't I been with the old man for all these years?"

"Sure, I know," Bill gripped the other's hand.

Mike took Bill's two suitcases and led the way to the cottage.

"The bunk houses are all ready," Harvison said.

"Good boy, Mike. I expect there'll be a load of men in on the supply boat to-morrow or next day."

The boat slipped in the next afternoon, and Bill went down to meet the men who had come north on the steamer, then transferred to the less pretentious vessel.

A hundred yards from the water he stood still in his tracks. A girl was coming briskly up the path. When she got nearer, Bill experienced a sinking sensation.

"Good morning!" she greeted him.

"Good morning," answered Bill coldly, no recognition in his glance. "My name is Grant."

Ann Clark smiled. "How do you do? You know, I think I've met you before somewhere."

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you could possibly be doing here."

"Oh, that's comparatively simple. You see, I was on one of those tourist cruises out of Vancouver. The boat dropped a propeller or something, and there was going to be some delay. I found out we were near Chester Bay. The captain was very nice. He put me in a power tender and transferred me to the pretentious vessel just arrived."

"I'll be glad to show you what I can in an hour. The boat leaves then."

"But I don't want to go back on that tourist boat. I'd much rather see how fish are caught, and how you pack them, and—"

"I'm afraid," put in Bill, "that's impossible. We won't be under way for several days—maybe weeks. And unfortunately there are no facilities for visitors."

She put down her suitcase.

"But I—that is, I understood that Mary and Pete Carruthers stayed up here several days last season."

"They did. But that was in my cottage."

Ann Clark flushed. "I see."

"They used the one bedroom and I slept on the couch in the other room. But this year one of my office men happens to be with me."

"Well," she smiled brightly, "I'll make out somehow."

Bill's jaw dropped visibly. "Look here, you'll really have to get back to the boat within an hour."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because this is no place for a woman." At his remark Ann burst out laughing, and Bill heard himself demanding, "What's so funny about that?"

"It's—it's—" So great was Miss Clark's merriment that she found

speech difficult. "It's what they always say in these air-cooled outdoor stories. Big man in whipcord breeches tells white lady to go back to her tea and bridge."

"It's good advice."

"But this white lady likes neither tea nor bridge, and she can take care of herself. And—it may have been Bill's superior smile which prompted Ann to continue—"and she is not afraid of the man in the whipcord breeches. You know very well that nothing ever happens up here except that you pack fish. And now that I've started this side trip I'm going to see it through."

"I wish," Bill said with effort, "you wouldn't be silly. There's no place for silliness here, and no time for it. You'd better get back to your steamer tour."

Ann turned just a bit white and her eyes met Bill's squarely. "If you'll show me your property lines I'll gladly keep clear of them. But I'm staying here until I'm ready to leave."

Bill glared savagely. Then, without a word, he grabbed the suitcase from her hand and started up the path. Reaching the cottage he flung open the door and slid the suitcase inside.

"You can use this room for the rest of the day, and to-night I'll furnish you with a sleeping bag. One night under the stars ought to cure your romantic urge. There's a load of cans coming up to-morrow and you can go back on the boat that brings 'em."

Ann nodded brightly. "Thank you so much. I'd heard so much of the warm hand-clasp of the West—and here it is."

"You can save that. It sounds better in the College Club."

He left her standing there in front of the cottage. Down the path he met Nils Lund, regarding him suspiciously.

"Who's that, Bill?"

"A pest," young Grant told him fervently. "Friend of Pete Carruthers. Wants to see how we get the fish to swim into the cans."

"How long she gonna stay?"

Please turn to Page 20

An Editorial How You Can Distinguish a Japanese From a Chinese

JANUARY 7, 1939

GOODWILL CAMP



TEN thousand Scouts holding their jamboree in Australia are teaching us a seasonable lesson in goodwill.

They've come from all parts of the world to go into camp with their Australian hosts.

And our young folks at home are showing them an authentic picture of Australia in an atmosphere of bushland and good companionship.

Here the future citizens of a dozen races are getting to know us, and themselves as well.

Out of this knowledge must grow a friendlier attitude to the other fellow's viewpoint, his problems, and his general outlook on life.

Here friendships will be made—colorful contacts with people from other parts of the world which may be of lifelong duration.

Baden-Powell, founder of Scouting, has turned the adventure spirit of the young into pacific channels. Scouting youth doesn't face its counterpart over the barricades of misunderstanding, but expresses itself in rollicking camp choruses and the mateship of free and easy outdoor life.

A French Scout from Noumea shows his Australian companion how to launch a native canoe; a boy from Hungary shares his dixie of stew with a lad from Brisbane; an Indian Scout holds the campfire spellbound with the story of a tiger hunt.

Thus are sown infinitesimal seeds of goodwill which flourish long after the camp has folded its tents.

A youth from Arkansas, U.S.A., carries home stories of the amazing hospitality of Australians—someone from Kenya recalls a kindness and a warm spot of goodwill is kindled in another part of the Empire.

It is a fine idea, this. No highfalutin' talk about world brotherhood—just a friendly meeting and getting together.

Putting into practice a precept of brotherliness which is as old as Christianity itself.

—THE EDITOR.

Physical Differences of Races That Wage War in the East

THE Japanese and the Chinese—age-old enemies, yet people of the same root stock, so much alike that very few Europeans can tell them apart.

Even they themselves sometimes mistake a Japanese for a Chinese, or vice versa.

Yet there are differences, not only in character, but in appearance, if you study them closely enough.

The problem should be easier in Australia than elsewhere, because the two countries send us different classes of people.

Most of the Chinese population of Australia is made up of market gardeners and small farmers. California and Hawaii have thousands of Japanese farmers, but we have none.

So if you see a yellow man who looks very weatherbeaten, very sunburned, gnarled of hands and bent of back, with a look of the soil about him, it's a safe bet he's a Chinese.

If you see a Mongoloid woman, the odds are she's Chinese, too. Reasons: Many Chinese women came here before regulations forbade the immigration of women from the Orient. Few Japanese did so.

Wives Stay Home

IF a Japanese or Chinese woman comes here now as a visitor, her husband must put up a £100 bond, so few come.

For the same reason, most of those who do come are of the wealthier classes. So a poor-looking Mongoloid woman is probably a Chinese, who came here before the ban, or whose parents did so.

Again, most of the Japanese here are not here to make a permanent home; they are here on business or in some official capacity, whereas most of the Chinese are Australians by adoption. So, naturally, few of the Japanese bring their wives.

However, there are some Japanese women here, so here's how to tell them.

The Japanese women of the type who come here are all small, mostly slender, fair-skinned, petite of features, and dainty in walk and manner. They have rather small mouths and eyes set fairly straight.

The Chinese women are inclined to be a shade taller, almost always a little bigger-boned and often inclined to fat.

Their faces are broader, their features are marked, their mouths larger, though mostly pretty and well-shaped, and their eyes chiefly a little oblique.

Their expression is less "self-contained," but at the same time more placid than that of the nervous Japanese.



LITTLE JAP schoolboy. He carries his books slung over his shoulder in a case, much the same as schoolboys the world over. His stilt sandals will be discarded when the schoolroom is reached.

If your yellow man is very tall, stake your all on the bet that he's Chinese. There are very few tall Japanese, but the Northern Chinese are tall, sometimes huge.

Judging the nationality of the hundreds of Mongoloid business men to be seen in our cities is more difficult.

Among these there is no obvious difference of class or occupation, dress or circumstances to help us. We must judge on physical appearance alone.

Our first consideration is stature. Quite apart from the notably tall Northern Chinese, the Chinese people as a whole average considerably more in height than the Japanese.

Smaller Japanese

THE Chinese average ranges from about five feet four to five feet six or more. The Japanese is rarely more than five feet three high—usually less than that.

Now build. The Chinese is rangier, slightly larger-boned, sometimes even "knobby" looking, which the Japanese never is. Even when the Chinese is fat, his build is looser, less compact.

Pick the small, neatly-built man as a Japanese. Of course, there are Chinese like that, but not so often.

It is necessary here to point out that the Japanese are of two marked

physical types. One, the "coarse" type—it's an anthropologist's term, and conveys no reflection on the gentleman's morals or manners—is short, broad-shouldered, and thick-set—often very thickset.

In this type the face is broad and rather flat, the skin dark, even brown, the eyes always slanting.

The other type—much commoner in Australia—is the "fine" or "Daimyo" type, and is supposed to be Korean in origin.

This type is slender of build, frequently to the point of apparent fragility (but don't try to wrestle one of them). The features are fine and small, with arched nose and sometimes straight eyes.

The skin is fair, often as light in color as a European's, but always with the yellowish tone as opposed to the European pink tone.

The Japanese build, as compared to that of the Chinese described above, is always small and compact, whether broad or slender.

Head Contrasts

JAPANESE are usually well covered with flesh, but it is firm flesh; they are rarely paunchy, whereas Chinese occasionally are.

Neither Japanese nor Chinese have very long heads like some white races. But the Chinese head is the narrower—not quite as broad as it's long.

The Japanese head is round, or even broader than it's long.

This naturally gives a broad face to the typical Japanese, but another characteristic common among Japanese is the long face—which goes with a head that is unusually high from neck to crown.

The height of Japanese heads in proportion to their bodies is considerably greater than that of Europeans, and somewhat greater than that of the Chinese.

Another measuring point is the breadth of the nose. In both races this is greater than the European average, but the Chinese nose is broader than the Japanese, as a rule.

Sometimes, too, it is a trifle flat-tish, whereas the Japanese is often thin, and sometimes arched.

The eyes of both races are characterised by the "epicanthic fold"—fold of skin turning down from the eyelid over the inner corner of the eye.

This is occasionally absent in Japanese, but not often enough to be much help. The narrow, slit effect of the lids is also common to both races, and both frequently have slanting eyes, though straight eyes are a little more frequent among the Japanese.

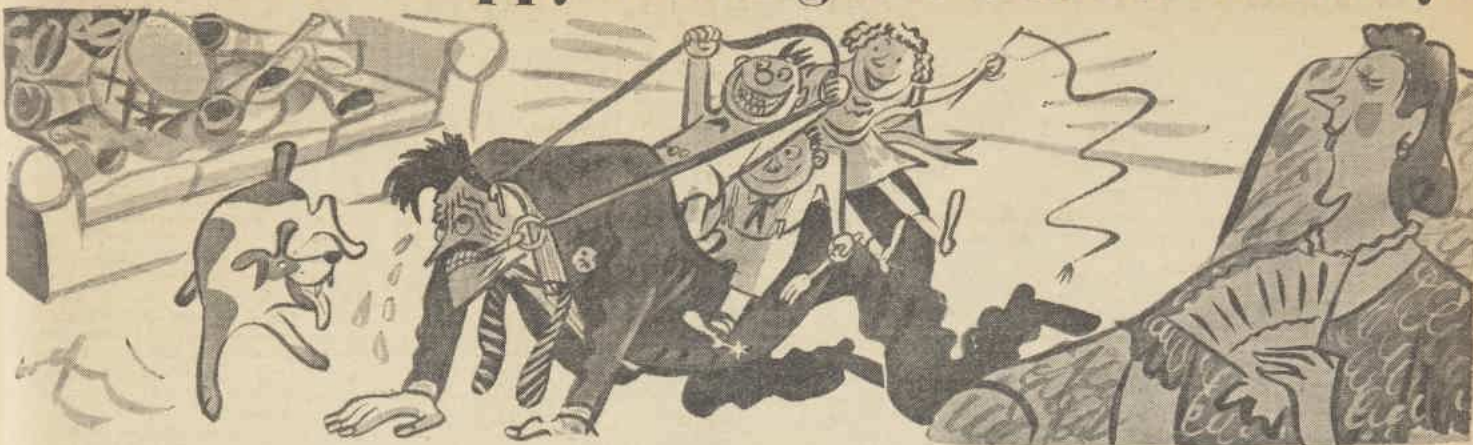
Chinese eyes are inclined to be a shade smaller, but this, too, is unreliable.

More important are the general contours of the face. The Chinese features are inclined to be a little more rugged than those of the Japanese, with marked cheekbones and large mouths. One expert says the Chinese features are "looser"—they look less as though neatly modelled in wax.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



How To Be Happy During the School Holidays



"With the Kiddies at Home, Remain at Work," Says L. W. Lower

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
WEP

Well, the holiday season is in full swing.

Or it is for some people. Other poor devils have to keep on working, and working, and working.

THERE'S a certain poor gentleman — handsome and dashing and extremely clever — who at the present moment has to sit down and write while other people are lolling about on beaches. It's not fair.

Still it has its compensations. For one thing, the kids are home from school, and as I am at the office most of the day I have a good chance of getting through the school vacations

without murdering them or becoming a nervous wreck.

Anyway, holidays are all bunk unless you can go for a trip to Honolulu or some place like that. What's the use of having nothing to do if you've got nothing to do?

"Get out of the kitchen, I'm busy! That's right! Put your cigarette in the ash-tray I've just polished! Why don't you go for a walk?"

Go for a walk. Bah!
"Daddy. Come and play buck-jumpers with us and you be the horse?"

Oh, yeah? I've had some of that. When your back is broken in four different places while being a horse, your wife comes in and says: "Get up off the floor! Just look at your new trousers! You ought to have more sense."

That's about the time you think that going for a walk might be a good idea.

I'll tell you what happened last Christmas holidays. I'd just been tossed out of the house and told to go for a walk and I was nearing the front gate when I saw Uncle William and Aunt Jane with their two brats heading straight for the house. It was only a matter of seconds before I was over the back fence and down the lane.

It was with a sigh of relief that I pushed open the bar door and walked in. Jones was there.

"Hullo, Jonesy!" I said. "How are you enjoying the holidays?"

"Holidays!" he scoffed. "Look at my blistered hands!"

"What did it?"

"The lawn-mower!"

"But what did you want to mow for?"

"Ah, she kept at me and at me about it—you know how it is. How did you manage to get out?"

"Back fence. We've got relations visiting us."

"So've I. I'm supposed to be buying tea-cake. That reminds me. I must put that money in a separate pocket so I'll remember. Two more lemonades, please, miss. Tell me, Lower, have any of your kids broken their necks yet or burned the house down?"

"Not yet, but they're doing their best. Jimmy's got a septic thumb through trying to tie his sister up with a piece of rusty wire, and Freddie broke his ankle jumping off the roof of the fowlhouse, but so far they're doing pretty well."

"I'll be glad when the schools open again."

Unheeded Warnings

"WHAT about that tea-cake? Hadn't you better get it now? Then you won't forget it."

"I'll get it later. There was something I wanted to ask you about. Do you know of a cure for family picnics?"

"I do," I replied. "It's simple. You just let 'em all romp in the sunshine on the beach while you go to sleep in the shade. The next day all the kids are so badly sunburned that they have to be put to bed and the wife's nose starts to peel. Then she says, 'Never again!'"

"I never thought of that. Good idea."

"Anyhow, thank Heavens, I'll be back to work in a couple of days."

"Wonderful how it piles up during holidays, isn't it?"

"My word, yes! I was only saying to our ledger-keeper the other day—"

It is then that peace descends. One can talk about work; what a bound the boss is; the cynicism of the new typist, export prices, and the exchange on New Zealand currency.

"Up at home they're probably talking some piffle about how to make pumpkin jam and Elsie's new baby, and all that tripe, I'll bet. It's a pleasure to have a bit of intelligent conversation."

"Listen. It's nothing to do with me, of course, but if I were you I'd go and get that tea-cake. She didn't say anything about bringing it home, did she?"

Playing buckjumpers with the kiddies is not all it's cracked up to be, says L. W. Lower.

"No. 'Go down the road and buy a tea-cake,' was what she said."

"Well, if you buy the thing, you've done what she asked. You don't have to take it home, because she never told you about that part of it."

"But what am I going to do with the thing?"

"Give it to the girl behind the bar."

"Well, that's that," said Jones on his return. "My conscience is clear. I have bought the tea-cake—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Jones, but there's a lady outside asking for you."

"I'm not here," said Jones in a panic-stricken whisper. "You go and see her, old man."

So I walked outside and said: "Oh, hello, Mrs. Jones, how are you enjoying the holidays?"

"Have you seen my husband?"

"Let me think. Yes. I saw him a couple of hours ago as I passed the cake-shop. He was inside buy-

ing something. He waved to me as I passed."

"You haven't seen him since?"

"No. Hasn't he come back? I hope nothing's happened to him."

"Nothing would happen to that beast. Just wait until he comes home!"

Then I went back to Jones and said: "Boy, you're for it. She's real mad!"

"I don't see why she should get annoyed over a little thing like that," grumbled Jones. "You know these women spoil a man's holidays. He can't relax."

"You'd better buy another tea-cake and say that you had to wait while it was cooked."

"Yes. I could do that. You know, if it wasn't for these holidays all this wouldn't have happened."

Jones tells me that that tea-cake is still discussed in the home.

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UNDER THE...

THE KING does The Chestnut Tree Song with actions



... EACH year the King visits an English camp where public school and factory boys meet on equal terms ... He joined with the boys in singing "The Chestnut Tree" ... At certain verses, actions replace words ... It's a new rendering of the lines about the Village Smithy.



SPREADING...



CHEST...



NUT...



TREE

...and Inspires a Dance Craze to Rival the Lambeth Walk

● The man who launched the Lambeth Walk as a ballroom dance believes the "Chestnut Tree" will succeed it and be even more popular . . . He is Mr. C. L. Heimann, and he says: "The 'Chestnut Tree' will outshine everything."

Here is the ballroom adaptation of the "Chestnut Tree,"



UNDER THE . . .



SPREADING . . .



CHEST- . . .



NUT . .



TREE

Continuing Parted in the Middle

from Page 7

YET she was not old. Nina looked from one to the other as she told them what she required. It was odd that the plain woman hadn't done something about herself, for surely something could have been done to improve her appearance in a place like Pierre's.

She understood her business, though. It was she who looked Nina up and down, seemed to know the exact cost of her clothes, and suggested the name of Rene to the other. The answer was no, that Rene had an appointment in half an hour. There was a clatter of French and that was all changed, waved aside, managed somehow. Nina had said she must have an excellent operator, and she was to be taken care of by Rene.

She had expected that he would study her appearance, ponder over the shape of her head, and then become drastic and temperamental about changes and improvements. Instead he poised the comb and said in English:

"Madame parts it in the middle?"
"Do you think that suits me?" asked Nina. "I have always done it that way, but—"

"It is excellent," answered Rene, and pulled the comb swiftly through her hair to divide it. He began to cut it at the neck, snip the sides, "Madame remains in Paris long?" he asked.

"Only a week."
"And do you find Paris gay, madame?"

"It seems too wet and cold," she said. "Don't you think so?"

"Ah, for me," he apologised, "it is a city of work. Hard work! You see, I am ambitious—not so much for myself, but for Julie. I want to be a success for her sake. She is worth it."

"Who is Julie?"
"She is my wife, perhaps you have seen her at the desk outside?"
"I'm sure I did," said Nina, remembering the exquisitely pretty girl.

"She is a wonderful woman. Without Julie—" He shook his head. "To-day a man must have a good wife. Times are hard. But with Julie one has no fear; she would go with me through anything."

He spoke with great pride and Nina didn't wonder at his feeling. The girl was certainly lovely, though Nina could hardly imagine her going through a bad time with anyone.

"Is it as madame likes it?" asked Rene, handing her a mirror. She stared at herself. She shouldn't have let him part it in the middle. It looked almost the same as when Polly did her hair. She felt very disappointed.

"Very pretty," observed Rene with content, "is it not?"

The plain, dark-haired, almost unkempt young woman came hurrying through, bringing a message to another operator, and she stopped at Nina's cubicle a moment.

"Ah, Julie," said Rene, turning at sight of her, and said a few words swiftly and softly in French.

Nina saw their smile, which was

neither the woman's nor the man's, but something shared and reflected from one to the other. She saw, too, that the unrough mouth of the woman was generous and passionate. So that was his Julie—not the pretty one! Rene faced his customer, the professional hairdresser again, but his whole face was changed by that brief moment.

"Madame is satisfied?" he urged her to agree.

"It's very good," answered Nina. But she wasn't satisfied, and it was not just because of the way her hair was done.

Of course, as Maud Graham said when Nina told her what she had been doing, Pierre's was just a factory.

"It's been spoiled by English women," said Maud unpatriotically. "Wait until we get to San Remo. There's a man there who is absolutely marvellous. They say royally goes to him."

San Remo was full of sunlight and such order that one could almost hear it tick. Joe was in a very good temper. He had made money at Monte Carlo, and said that it was because Nina had brought him luck. Here he wanted her to play golf with him. But she had an immediate errand of her own.

"I've got to get my hair done. What is the name of that man you told me about who is so wonderful, Maud?"

"Let me see," said Maud. "I can't think just now. I must have written it down somewhere, but I can't lay my hands on it. A woman in Paris told me about him—that beautiful ash-blond we used to play bridge with. Surely they'd know who the best hairdresser is if you ask at the desk downstairs. He's famous."

At the hotel office the concierge recommended a man named Giovanni. He was an excellent hairdresser, and worked at a fixed price, so they told Nina. She sought out the place.

"I want my hair done in your best fashion," she said.

He bowed and regarded her thoughtfully. Not she felt with too great admiration, but as if she were his income and his duty. Then he parted her hair in the middle with an air of triumph.

"So it is the best," said Giovanni with authority, "for all women."

"But all women don't want to look alike," objected Nina.

Giovanni again inclined his head. He, also, she was quite sure, meant by that lift of his eyebrows that it mattered very little how they wanted to look, for God and their husbands and hairdressers would decide what was best. She was silent until he spoke again.

"Madame is travelling abroad?"

"Yes."

"You like Italy, yes?"

"Yes."

"And your husband likes it also?"

He inquired, eyeing the wedding-ring.

"My husband is in England," said Nina.

"Ah, the poor husband!" said Giovanni. "That is a misfortune."

"A lot he knows about it," thought Nina. "Everything he is thinking is wrong. Is it my fault that I'm travelling without Keith? Why couldn't he come? Or ask me to stay at home?"

"Madame likes it?" asked Giovanni, indicating his almost accomplished work, wet and smooth. She shook her head.

"It's too ordinary, commonplace. It's the way it always is."

Patience he made a concession.

"I shall make some little curls behind the ears," he said, and imitated Polly.

She went away, feeling lightly regarded and very defensive. And at dinner Maud asked: "Did you have your hair done?"

The weeks slipped away. They all spent quite a few days in Venice and at the Lido, where they browned and occasionally swam.

Sometimes it seemed to her that Joe Graham's attitude towards her was changing. He had always been easily affectionate with her, at home as well as on this trip, and she wondered if it was all in her imagination. Maud didn't notice anything; Nina was sure of that. But when they were in the car, sitting close together, or relaxed on the sand on the beach, Joe sometimes made her uncomfortable. She was glad when they left the Lido and went on to Vienna.

At the Lido she had worn her hair tied up in a bandanna all day and brushed it into its usual waves for evening, but in Vienna she knew it must again be cut and shaped and

waved. There was a famous beauty establishment near the hotel, and she began to think of the magic charm of the Viennese, and wonder if perhaps Vienna wasn't better than Paris this year. She made her appointment; and in the outer room three girls looked at her eagerly while the one in charge asked: "Is there anyone in particular madame requires to serve her?"

Obviously, pathetically, it was a matter of commission. They courted her. The girl called Hilde who finally attached herself to Nina did not set the hair or cut it. That was done by a man who did not talk at all.

"Yes, I tell him you must have something original—most chic—not for others. Stephan will do it. He is very wonderful."

Hilde herself was enchanting. She was much too thin, but at her age it did not injure her charm because her bones were young and beautiful. She loved to talk. She could not help talking. It was very important to have an English customer, and she evidently felt that friendliness was part of the bargain. She praised Nina's suit, her blouse. She envied her hands and explained that she herself had a love for bright nail polish but it was not permitted to wear it in the shop.

"But when I wear my evening dress I do my nails. I use this red enamel." She touched the bottle. "My evening dress," she spoke respectfully of it, "is black. When one must wear the same dress to all places, it is best to have a black one."

Nina nodded.

"Of course, for a lady with many evening dresses, it is different. Madame has many?"

"A few."

"One perhaps of gold cloth?" She said it yearningly.

Nina had ordered one that very day; she wanted to take a few unusual clothes back with her. "Do you like gold cloth?" she asked Hilde.

"I would wish for a dress of it for myself, but what is the use? Not in Austria now. And my black is good. It has been well made for my figure. It will last as long perhaps as I am interesting to him. And what good would it be after that? Even the gold dress?"

"Are you married?" asked Nina, thinking of Polly, who looked quite as young.

The girl's face hardened. That was the way she would look when the hope went out of her, thought Nina.

"If I should marry I would starve," Hilde said. "I have my family, my grandmother even. He has his family who are poor. No, we do not marry."

She forgot for at least two unguarded moments that she should be more interested in her customer than herself. But Nina did not mind. She was sorry. And also she was sorry for herself. The girl's frank words had opened up her mind. "As long as I am interesting to him, and what good would it be to me after that?"

The hairdresser spoke to Hilde.

"Stephan wishes to know if you are pleased, madame?"

Nina inspected herself. It might be very chic and different, but it looked singularly like her usual hair style. Perhaps it was higher on the sides. But who would know the difference? What good was it to her?

"Yes, it's quite all right," she said. Perhaps it was her own mood that was responsible for what happened a week later between her and Joe Graham.

She was trying very hard to be gay and she may have overdone it. Joe at any rate took it for something else—took it, as he told her, for the sign he'd been waiting for, the indication that she was happy when she was with him. When he said good-night to her one evening she thought that he seemed almost unhappy, so she was more friendly than usual. But that was no excuse for his asking her to lunch and letting her think Maud was coming too. He'd not even told Maud where they were. And in the garden of a small German restaurant she had one of the most passionate and miserable scenes of her life.

Joe was obsessed. He was ready for anything. It was all possible because he couldn't stand it any longer. She tried to forget what he had said, because it seemed dreadful to have a man's frustrations pour out of him like that; but she could not forget how he looked, with his usually good-natured face twisted by

hope and desire, and so wretched at her resistance.

"But if I could make it all right with Maud, and I know I could, why wouldn't you marry me? Keith would let you go, and I love you. We'd get custody of your two boys. I'd like the boys, you know, Nina."

It went on like that for a long time. And the worst of it was that she could speak only for herself. Not for Keith. When Joe finally believed she meant it, they had to pick up the pieces of what had been a friendly relationship this morning and now was an ugly, torn thing that couldn't be patched.

"But I can't go on travelling with you and Maud now!" protested Nina.

"We'll have to, I'm afraid. We'll have to put up a front till we get back now. I'll tell you alone if you say so," promised Joe.

But he didn't let her alone. He couldn't. His feeling was in his eyes when he looked at her and more obvious when he avoided her. Maud knew, or guessed. She was watching both of them for some lapse, and wanted to know where Nina was going whenever she went out. Nina made up errands, went to galleries, shopped, anything, to get off by herself. One day in Berlin, when Maud wanted to come along, Nina said she was going to the hairdresser.

"They say this man Franz is wonderful," she told Maud. "I want to get him to do my hair just once."

Franz's place was deep in a German hotel. It was characterised by that mixture of good equipment and stubborn use of old tools and methods which is true of any workshop where distinguished work is being done.

Franz took Nina's wet hair in his hands and shaped it experimentally.

"Is it so?" he asked abruptly.

"No," she told him. "Some new way."

"The new way," he grumbled. "So! We shall see." He tried again, and suddenly Nina saw herself really look different, become a woman she wasn't familiar with, hair swirling up. Did it make her look younger? Or older?

"You like that?" he inquired like an accusation.

"Do you?"

He grumbled a volley of denials at her.

"So it suits you. So it has grown to know you."

And without asking any further permission he parted it in the centre and smoothed it down, as if he did the same to her.

"There is a way for everyone," said Franz, "and so is there a life for everyone. Not too much change. It is not good. We think we want the new hairdress, the new fashion, sometimes the new husband. All foolishness. The old one is better."

Please turn to Page 20

"So that's what keeps you so fit"



ANDREWS IS FAR MORE THAN JUST A SALINE!

All that a healthy outdoor life can do for you is more than offset by the evils that come from neglecting inner cleanliness. To correct a digestive system disordered by wrong eating, neglect of bodily duties or the lazy functioning of liver and bowels you need the natural, safe assistance given by Andrews Liver Salt. The refreshing effervescent bubbles of Andrews soothe the lining membranes of the bowels and intestines, its mild stimulus to the liver aids digestion, its gentle laxative action ensures the inner cleanliness that is so vital.

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Pen names are not permitted. This is in accordance with the decision of readers in a poll taken on this page.



LETTERS WELCOME

Now that Christmas is over, write and let us know any new ideas you culled during the festive season. Everybody is welcome to write. For address, see top of page 3 of this issue.

PARENTS' CHOICE

IN these easy days of divorce and separation, one wonders if the times when parents chose a girl's life-partner were not best after all.

They did not act impulsively, but brought calm, matured judgment to bear, giving proper consideration to breeding, character, and necessary means.

Young romantic girls look for those very qualities which do not lead to lasting happiness: a charming face and manner, an easy flow of conversation, and a willingness to pay for amusements.

Too often a girl finds herself tied for life to a young man whose surface charm departs in the face of life's realities—but whose liberal spending powers remain turned in a different direction.

For this letter to Sylvia Mooney, Moonshine, via Cabramatta, N.S.W.

GIVE PRAISE

MANY people go on performing the endless and unimpeccable tasks, and no one ever thinks to give them any praise. It is not surprising that they become discouraged.

Why are we so disinclined to give praise? It does not make a person conceited. In fact, sincere praise has a humbling effect; and also spurs on the recipient to do even better in the future. It is often just as necessary for the spirit as food is for the body.

Mrs. H. G. McGurk, 2 Tully St., East Geelong, Vic.

GOOD MANNERS

A DISPLAY of rudeness in a child calls forth stern reprimand, yet it is amazing how rude adults are to children.

They do not hesitate to doubt openly the child's statements, and speak to them as if they were not capable of ordinary human feeling.

If adults expect courtesy and good manners in children, they should set the example.

Mrs. M. C. Fitzsimmons, P.O., Tully, North Qld.

WOMAN'S WORK

I AM often amazed to hear married women with their own homes complaining that housework is boring, and wishing they were in business with the freedom that accompanies it.

To my mind it is far more irksome to be working in a business where one must constantly work to time, and do what somebody else tells one to do.

Though looking after the home is as much a job as any other, the fact that it is one's own makes it much more pleasurable.

Miss L. Hermanson, c/o Mr. B. Cannon, Morongla Creek, via Cowra, N.S.W.

COURAGE COUNTS

EDUCATION and physical fitness are two qualities widely recognised as attributes necessary for the successful tackling of life's problems, but so few people realise the necessity for moral courage.

And yet of what use is a perfect body and a well-trained mind if the latter cringes from the difficulties that inevitably arise?

Courage is something that can be acquired. Children should be taught from babyhood that a spirit of quiet confidence will carry them safely over the rough patches. The ability to face trouble without losing faith in oneself is something to be prized above worldly wealth.

I would like to see written in shining letters in every schoolroom in the land these words of Hugh Walpole: "It isn't life that counts; it's the courage you put into it."

Miss D. Dexter, Box 1362M, Elizabeth St. P.O., Melbourne, Cl.

Value of Radio Homilies to Children

I AM in complete agreement with Mrs. Virgil (17/12/38), who condemns the practice of reading lectures to children over the wireless, along with birthday announcements.

Such public humiliation, and especially on a day which should be a joyous one for the children, is cruel, and parents who sponsor it should be ashamed of themselves.

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Ave., Kew E4, Vic.

Good Is Done

SOMETIMES much good is done by a reprimand over the air. Whether the child is hurt or not depends upon the radio personality. If the announcer said, for example, "Peggy is such a good little girl and isn't going to tease baby any more," Peggy would automatically strive to live up to the opinion the Radio Uncle had of her.

I do not think it is a reflection on the parents, because most children, I believe, take more notice of an "outsider" than of someone they see every day—as regards remedying their little failings.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 29 Cobden St., Belmont, N.S.W.

Hate Publicity

TO ask Uncle Announcer to work in a lecture with a birthday greeting is needlessly cruel to children.

If parents desire their child to be called over the air, at least they should see to it that the greeting is cheerful and free from all homilies and humiliation.

Many youngsters suffer enough sermonizing in their private lives without the added injury of publicity for their alleged wrongdoing.

Mrs. E. Kellie, 18 Caulfield Ave., Reade Park, Adelaide.

Teased at School

MRS. VIRGIL is right. It is hard for a child to be admonished in the hearing of many of her fellow scholars on the radio.

I have often heard children reminded to wash behind their ears, and so on. What a time they must get at school next day!

Mrs. Henry Pearce Ave., Belmont, N.S.W.

Excellent Influence

MRS. VIRGIL thinks it is very cruel on the part of parents to ask the radio announcer to reprimand a child when putting over his birthday call.

But has she considered the undoubted influence for good such calls have upon a child?

I have known a correction meted out by a favorite radio uncle to work wonders with a naughty child where chastisement and verbal reprimand had had no effect.

Mrs. Brown, Onslow St., South Perth, W.A.

Not Fair Play

WHENEVER I have listened to children's birthday calls accompanied by little lectures on misdeeds, my sympathy has gone out to those



Very hurtful.

poor, unfortunate children who were listening.

Such parents must indeed be lacking in understanding and fair play.

It must take a long time for a child to forget such a hurt, especially if he is sensitive, as are most children.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Parade, Alderley, Brisbane.

Do Australians Really Lack Stability?

A. SCOTT (17/12/38) sweepingly says that Australians never strike a happy medium.

I think it is unfair to suggest that they are either too generous or too mean, too drowsy or too drowsy.

Such generalising might apply to any national group.

Every people has its contrasts of types.

The only observation that might be in order would be to suggest that Australians generally conform to type.

Mrs. L. Parsons, 22 Tyne St., Gilberton, Adelaide.

Unjustified!

A. SCOTT complains that Australians cannot "strike the happy medium" in anything they do.

I think the condemnation is unjustified.

Human nature is the same the world over, and in any country you will find people of the type she mentions.

I see no reason to criticise Australians as a whole. They are a fine race, not without their faults, but with many virtues.

Miss J. Beale, 30 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Fault of Age

WHILE agreeing with A. Scott that Australians go to extremes in most things, I cannot believe that such is a purely Australian trait.

Don't you think that this is an

Acknowledge

Your Gifts

WHY are people so lax in acknowledging parcels, letters, particularly birthday gifts? It seems to me that many little courtesies between friends and relations are being disregarded.

So many people omit writing a letter of thanks for hospitality or other favors.

The lame excuse often proffered is: I meant to write, but I have been so busy.

The women of a generation ago, with large families and no labor-saving devices in the home, seemed to find time to perform these little friendly courtesies which so many of us neglect to-day.

Mrs. F. W. Shultz, Johnson St., Wingham, N.S.W.

age of exaggeration? Even in our speech we cultivate it. There is no middle path.

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

Still New Country

TO one who has never left Australia, or seen other nationalities in bulk, A. Scott's views on Australians as never "striking the happy medium" are intensely interesting.

I, too, have noted that we seem over anxious to copy current vogues and customs from other countries. Young people particularly adopt the latest vogues from overseas without thought of suitability.

I suppose it is only natural for a comparatively new people to be influenced by the longer-established nationalities.

Miss Perkins, Stannington Ave., Marryatville, S.A.

Very Impressionable

A. SCOTT certainly appraises Australians correctly in their inability to strike a happy medium.

Our basic trouble is that we have not yet formed a national tradition and, in consequence, are very impressionable.

Being generally independent and radical in outlook we choose, irrespective of effect, the most prevailing radical customs, fashions, and vogues of other countries which most appeal at the moment.

Olive Woods, Epremont, 213 Liverpool Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

When Girls Most Eagerly Pursue Young Men

IN reply to Mrs. P. Johnson (17/12/38), I quite agree that the years between 25 and 30 seem to be a veritable danger period for most girls—and men.

Hovering over girls' heads seems to be that horrible fear that they



Frightens him off.

are old maids, and, in consequence, in a final desperate attempt to secure a husband they take on the character of a silly, giggling little "deb," in a vain hope of attracting the elusive male.

In adopting this foolish pose, they sacrifice all their natural poise and dignity which any man finds infinitely more attractive than labored attempts at flippant wise-cracking.

If they could only realise it, they are ruining their chances of matrimonial bliss.

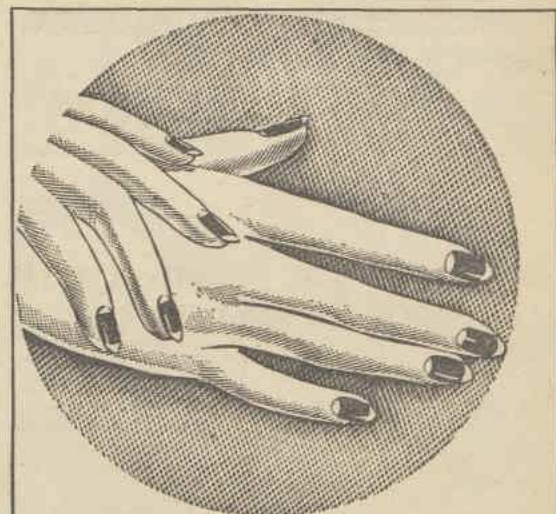
Mrs. Cole, Leake St., Bayswater, W.A.

No Particular Age

THERE is not a certain age when young women "positively throw themselves at young men's heads," as Mrs. Johnson suggests. There is a certain class of girl who always does it.

No matter what her age—be it 17 or 37—she seems to think that unless she does her utmost she will be left on the shelf.

Miss Emmy Wiseman, Morren P.O., N.S.W.



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CUTEX CONTAINS POLISH FOUNDATION WAX

North for the King

Continued from Page 13

"I THINK one night ought to fix it. I'm giving her a sleeping bag and a nice tree."

The remainder of the afternoon Bill filled with work, and there was plenty of it.

At dinner time as he and Nils trudged towards the cottage, Bill confirmed that he could, with a good deal of ardor, consume a horse stew. But when they reached the cottage they saw Cook Hartigan perched disconsolately on the bench outside.

"Hey there, Mike! Going to feed us cold from the can?"

Hartigan looked up, puzzled and injured. "I ain't feeding you at all. The dame is putting on the feed."

"Who said so?"

"She did."

"Don't you know who's running this outfit?"

"I never," mentioned Hartigan, "argue with a woman. You tell her who's running it."

Bill opened the door with that in mind—but so savory were the steaming dishes on the table that he was stopped just beyond the threshold. Ann hurried from the kitchen, bearing a coffee-pot.

"Sit right down," she invited pleasantly. "And tell Mr. Hartigan to come in. He was pretty angry with me a while ago—but I think his bark is much worse than his bite."

"I think this was hardly necessary," said Bill.

Ann went on pouring the coffee. "I've had a snack," she explained, "so if you'll excuse me I'll take a little walk."

"We'll excuse you," said Bill. "And hereafter Mr. Hartigan will prepare the meals—just as he's done for the past twenty years or so."

"Yes, sir." The answer was a fine balance between respect and mockery. As Bill's blood pressure rose he heard the slam of the outside door from the kitchen.

Nils was a lightning eater. Long before his companions had finished dessert—succulent apple pie with a slice of yellow cheese—the Norwegian was filling his pipe. He hitched his chair towards the window, smoking thoughtfully, his eyes on the Harvison plant.

The three turned in early after their arduous day, and still Ann hadn't returned to the cottage. Bill was wide awake when he heard her footstep on the gravel path. For

hours Lund and Hartigan had been sleeping.

Slowly the door opened. Bill drew one arm from the covers and pointed to the end of the cot. "You'll find your sleeping bag there," he said.

"Thank you." She took up the bag and turned directly to the door.

"She's got nerve," Bill thought. After a moment he tiptoed across the room and peered from the window until he spotted a small dark figure. Then, setting his jaw, he went back to bed.

How long he slept he did not know, for when Nils Lund shook him violently he had to answer "no" to the latter's excited question.

"Bill! Bill, did you hear that down at the plant?"

Grant shot upright. "No! What was it?"

"Hell broke loose for a minute. It's stopped now."

Bill was into his flannel shirt and grabbing for his trousers. "What did it sound like?"

But Nils was out of the door, his bare feet flashing along the path and his nightshirt trailing out like the tail of a comet. Running headlong after this apparition, Bill collided with something light and yielding. It was Ann Clark.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know yet..." He thrust her aside and plunged on. Part of the cannery building was lighted now, and men were tumbling from the bunkhouse. When he reached the dock he saw Martin, the foreman, run to the wide doorway and stop dead still.

"Somebody busted hell out of the iron chinks, boss."

SOMEbody had, very effectively and simply. Hard metal scraps had been dropped against the big cylindrical gears; and then, with a touch of the button on the wall, the butchering machines had been started up. Hardly a tooth remained in any of the gears now.

"It's started," old Lund said in a whisper.

"You mean—what the old man said?"

Nils nodded. "That's what I mean."

Bill felt a soft breathing behind him, was conscious of Ann staring at the wreckage. She gave a little sound of dismay, and angrily Bill turned around. "Maybe you can

see now that this is no place for you!"

"But it—it won't stop you, will it? I mean, you can butcher the fish by hand. You don't need iron chinks, do you?"

Lund faced her, his eyes thin slits of ice. "How do you know what those machines are for—and how do you know what we call 'em'?"

"Why, I—I've heard the men talking about them."

"You'd better get back to the cottage," Bill told her shortly. He turned to Nils. "I'll try to get through to Vancouver and order some parts up by plane. Better check the machines over now and see what we need."

He strode through the darkness to the little shack where the radio-telephone equipment was housed.

It was early morning when he stepped from the shack, tired and nerve-racked from his session with the controls. But he'd got through to the Vancouver office, and the parts for the iron chinks would start on their way at noon.

He snapped the padlock on the door and turned down the path. Before him stood a large man whom Bill did not recognise as belonging to the outfit.

"My name's Overby," he said, holding out a beefy hand. "I'm in charge across the bay."

"Yes..." Bill took his hand.

"I'm Bill Grant."

"I know. Hear somebody jimmied your iron chinks?"

Bill's eyes narrowed a little.

"News travels fast up here," he said, trying to keep his voice on an even keel.

"We might be able to bring over some of our machines if the run don't come too fast on us."

"Thanks, Overby. But I think we'll manage. I've got parts coming up by plane. And if they don't get here in time, then we'll just have to butcher by hand."

"You'll need a lot more men than you got if you butcher by hand."

"I'll get them," said Bill, wonder-

ing how he would. "Anyhow I appreciate your offer, Overby. I'm glad we're going to have company on the bay."

Overby laughed. But there was something about his laugh that Bill didn't like.

Nils joined him in the clearing, but the Norwegian had found nothing. "I been asking questions, and snooping all over the place, Bill. I can't figure it... I see you talking to Overby."

"Yes. Who went over there from our outfit?"

"Nobody that I know of, Bill."

"It's blamed funny he knew about the chinks being smashed. He came over to offer some of his machines."

NILS made no comment, but before they reached the cottage he stopped and touched Bill's arm. "Wait a minute, Bill. I want to talk to you."

"What's up, Nils?"

"You remember what the girl said last night? She knew what those machines were for, and she called 'em iron chinks."

"She probably heard the men talking."

"Maybe. But I want to tell you something else. Yesterday while you and Hartigan were eating, I got my chair over to the window. She went from here over to the Overby plant. I saw her."

Bill's face clouded. "Sure, but—well, there's nothing suspicious about that, Nils. We haven't shown her around any, and she's just a curious female."

Lund's silence was his comment, and it was plain to Bill. But when Grant saw Ann before the open blaze on the cottage hearth he told himself how absurd the old Norwegian's suspicions were.

"Is everything all right now?" she asked.

"I hope so."

"I trust you're sorry for your unpleasantness last night."

Bill stared. "Unpleasantness?"

"Oh, it's all right. I forgive you. After all, you were under a strain."

STREET

I love my quiet street.
I walk into it several times
a day
And softly, deeply to myself
I say
"It is a lovely thing to know
complete content about a
street!"

He dropped to the fireplace bench wearily. "Have you known the Caruthers' long?"

"Not terribly long. I think they're nice, don't you?"

"I do," Bill said.

"You should think so. They make a sort of god of you. They— A shudder snapped suddenly against the side of the cottage. Ann started. "What was that?"

"Wind, probably. It comes up rather suddenly sometimes."

Nils came in from the other room, obviously ignoring Ann. "Looks like a blow."

Bill nodded. "Is the pile driver moored in good shape?"

"I had a look at her yesterday," Nils told him.

Ann joined Bill at the window. "What time does my boat get in to-day?"

"Hard to tell exactly," Bill said slowly. "I was thinking—if it kicks up some weather it might not be pleasant going out on that little freighter."

Old Lund coughed loudly. "She's beamy enough to stand any weather," he remarked.

"Does he mean me?" laughed Ann as Nils stalked out the door.

"He means the boat... But to tell the truth, Nils doesn't trust you."

"I gathered that. But why?"

"Because..." Bill's voice changed, took on a thin edge. "He doesn't trust Overby at the other plant across the bay. And he saw you go over there yesterday."

Please turn to Page 22

Parted in the Middle

Continued from Page 18

HE grumbled on, arranging her hair as if it would never change, almost as Polly arranged it, and Rene arranged it, and Giovanni and Stephan had done. He treated her like clay.

Maud was waiting for Nina at the hotel when she got back.

"You might have spared yourself the trouble of making yourself beautiful for Joe's benefit," she said bitterly. "Joe's gone back to Paris and I'm following him to-night. I know what's been going on. I've had enough of it."

"Nothing's been going on," said Nina.

But, of course, that did not stop Maud. She said it all. She said it with poison. The words haunted Nina. She tried to get rid of them on the boat going home, walking up and down the deck and letting the wind blow them away. But all the water and wind in the world couldn't rid her of them. She wanted to get back to Keith. That was the only way.

She hadn't let him know that she was coming back earlier. She wanted to surprise him. But when she opened the door of her own house at breakfast time it was to find it empty except for the servants. Keith wasn't there.

"Where is Mr. Cooper?" she asked the housemaid.

The housemaid didn't know. He'd been away for a few days. Nina rang his office. His secretary didn't know where he was. Or was it that she wouldn't tell? He would be back late this afternoon, she said. He had said he'd be in the office at five. He hadn't expected Mrs. Cooper.

"Yes, I know," said Nina. "I returned unexpectedly. No, don't leave word for him. I'll come down and call for him in the car. I'd rather surprise him."

There was nothing to do but wait. Nina unpacked her clothes without feeling as if she were home, and gave directions to the servant with a queer unsettled feeling of not being sure she belonged there. When she looked in the mirror at noon she saw that she showed the effects of travelling. Her hair was untidy and out of curl. Her eyes were tired.

There was a light in Keith's inner office when she went in, and nobody in the outer room. She opened the door. He looked tired. She saw that first. Tired and thoughtful and

—and distant. Her heart sank.

"Why, Nina!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't expecting you back for another week."

"I wanted to surprise you," she said.

"Well, it is good to see you," he said, kissing her. "Did you have a good time?"

"I had a grand time. How about you? Where have you been?"

"It was a business trip. Bad business, too. Things haven't been so good at the mills, and I went down to look them over. Running a business is a different proposition now. Times aren't so good as they were. But I needn't bore you with that."

"Don't—" she said.

He looked up anxiously. "I'm sorry to have begun on the low note. I only did because you took me by surprise. You're looking wonderful, Nina."

"Keith," she said. "Are you tired of me?"

"Tired of you? Why, darling, I love you—"

"Then couldn't you be my husband?"

He stood there staring at her, waiting, his face very queer.

"Really my husband. Asking me to do things, making me help carry the load? Let me show you that I've got courage. I want you to like me if I'm good-looking or if I'm ugly. It shouldn't matter. If there's trouble, why shouldn't I know? Other wives aren't afraid of trouble. Neither am I."

He was looking at her with amazement, but she didn't remember that was what she had hoped would happen when she came back. That she had wanted to make him see her as somebody different.

"Darling," said Keith. "It's been so lonely. It's been awful. And I didn't know you'd come back like this—so wonderful, so beautiful. How you've changed!"

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Cuticura Soap
MEDICINAL PREPARATION

Your finest safeguard against BLEMISHED SKIN

Soothing as cream, renders coarse red skin smooth and supple as velvet

Mildly antiseptic—purifies the pores—clears away muddiness, blotchiness, black-heads

Being a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to the sun, and the weather; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap today—it

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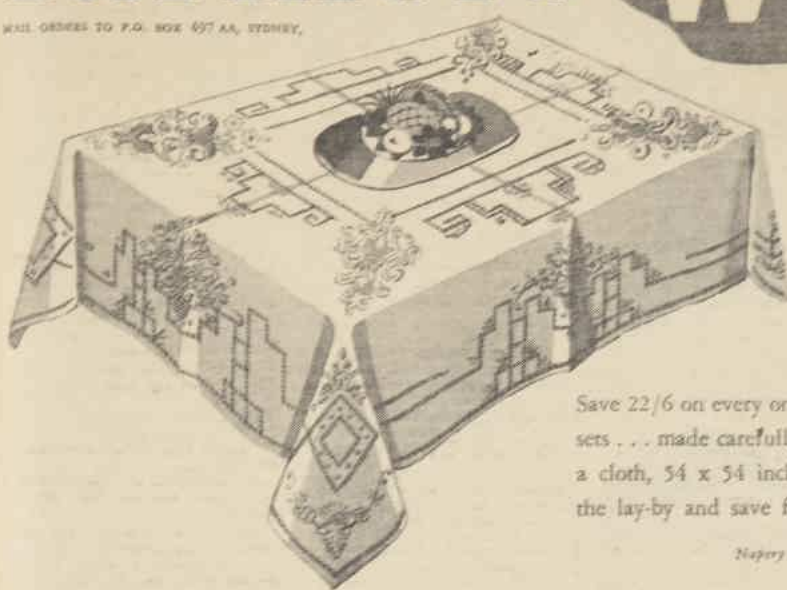
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Save 22/6 on every one of these beautiful florentine luncheon sets . . . made carefully by hand from fine linen. Comprising a cloth, 54 x 54 inches with six serviettes to match. Use the lay-by and save for later, while the price is only 37/6.

37/6

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AT A SPECIAL NEW PRICE

For those who are preparing for a new home, or replacing their old furnishings for the new year, there's no wiser investment than a few dozen yards of this fancy curtain marquisette, at 1/- a yard. 500 yards in beige and ecru, all 36 inches wide. **1/-**

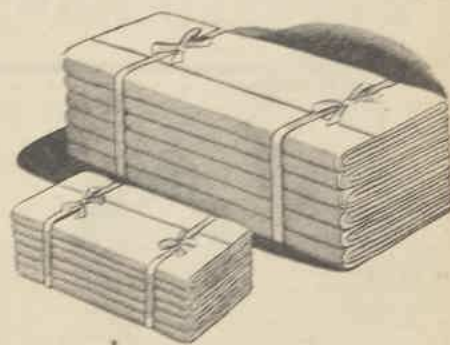
Escalate to the First Floor.

English Towels

FINE QUALITY WHITES GO

USUALLY 3/11 EACH. Farmer's clinches a scoop purchase of English white towels, all selling at a fraction of their real worth. Size 24 x 48 inches, all with carefully hemmed ends. Lay-by a few for later. Each now priced at **2/10**

Escalate to the First Floor.



"AQUAMA" SILK CREPES, YD., 10d.

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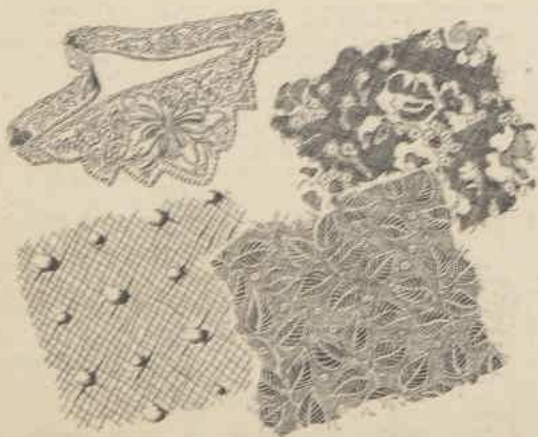
A special selling of WHITE "Aquama" silk, for all types of sportswear or lingerie. Laundered perfectly, remaining always as white as snow. At 10d. a yard you're paying about half the price it's really worth. Be early and lay-by your share of the 1960 yards till later. Stocks reserved for early mail orders only.

*Only 1/- in every 5/- deposit to make an easy Farmer's lay-by!
Escalate to the First Floor for Silks.*

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USUAL 22/6 PAIR. Huge sacrifice of sheets at a not-to-be-missed sale price. Just 150 pairs to be at a saving of 8/8 on every pair. Large double-bed size, (80 x 100 inches) every pair beautifully hemstitched. Make use of Farmer's lay-by, and save for later. Price, per pair, now only **13/10**

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AMAZING LACE SALE

1/6 SLIP TOPS. Good-looking needlework tops, all ready for you to attach yourself to your slip. These are in beige only. Save happen on every one. Each is now at 1/-

5/11 21/- SILK NET. Make frocks, redingotes, blouses or boleros, from silk net. Printed floral, beaded or embroidered sprays and spots, mostly on black. 5/11

Laces on the Air-conditioned Ground Floor.

5/11 10/6 FLOUNCINGS. 54, 36 inch lace flouncings, mostly soft Chantillys, and all very charming. They make cool party or evening frocks. Below fifth price at 1/11

VEILINGS . . . In blacks, browns, navies and all the colours of the rainbow. Spot and mesh designs . . . veilings are the most prominent fashion note of the season. 1/11



Glove Classics FOR ALL YOUR SUMMER OCCASIONS

To pay your hands the prettiest compliments of the New Year . . . slender glove classics in styles to suit the mood and the hour, from intriguing new fabric creations to tapering kids and doeskins that are soft as rose petals.

Gauntlet glove in a new fabric; self-coloured cord trim. Brown, beige, 3/11

Novelty fabrics, cool and boasting the new self trim, brown, beige, navy, for 3/11

Real kid pull-ons are trimmed with fancy cording on back; brown or beige, 10/4

Gloves on the Air-conditioned Ground Floor.

The Movie World

January 7, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 TYRONE POWER as diplomat de Lesseps woos Loretta Young as Eugenie.

2 POWER tells Napoleon's fortune with sarcasm, is overheard, and transferred to Egypt.

3 MOHAMMED ALI, (Maurice Moscovitch) and his son, Prince Said (J. Edward Bromberg).



4 ANNABELLA, sergeant's daughter, disguises herself to follow Ferdinand on a desert tour.

5 A ZOBAN-HAH, devil wind, threatens the construction camps and water tanks during the building of the canal.

6 THE EMPRESS EUGENIE decorates de Lesseps, both sighing for lost love.

MOVIEDOM GOSSIP

From JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, New York and Hollywood.

Cronin Impressed

ROSALIND RUSSELL may indeed be flattered. Dr. A. J. Cronin, author of "The Citadel," is so interested in her talent that he has written a special screen story for her. They became good friends while she was making "The Citadel" in London. When she left for Hollywood he settled right down to the task of creating another vehicle for her. It is the first time Dr. Cronin has essayed a story for the screen, and it is more than likely that Metro will snatch it up for Rosalind.

Sleuth at Work

WHEN starting work on "There's That Woman Again," in which she portrays an amateur sleuth, wife of a famous detective, Virginia Bruce was presented with a compact little "detective kit" by leading man Melvyn Douglas and Director Al Hall.

The kit included magnifying glass, ink-pad and small rubber roller for fingerprint recording, and a pamphlet entitled, "How To Be a Detective," specially written by Douglas. Now Virginia's favorite between-scenes pastimes is fingerprinting innocent visitors.

Coote's Cat Passes!

COMEDIAN Bobby Coote says his cat ate two pages of one of his picture scripts, and died the next day! Probably one of those B class pictures!

Age of Truth

A RARE woman is Billie Burke, who looks you straight in the eye and admits to 52. Billie needn't, either, because she looks easily ten years younger.

Her only beauty secret is that she drinks oceans of water. She eats meat once a day, and for the rest enjoys fruits and uncooked vegetables.

Crawford "Under Fire"

JOAN CRAWFORD narrowly escaped face and body burns when a flashlight bulb exploded and set fire to her clothes. The photographer was so quick that he stifled the blaze before Joan was hurt.

Joan was unnerved for the moment, but recovered her poise quickly. She finished posing and went home as usual.

Ginger's New Film

A NEW and different story has been bought by RKO for Ginger Rogers' next solo starring vehicle to give her a change from the usual musical comedy. She will do an American version of "Little Mother," a French film which was very successful in Europe.

Evidently the success of Walter Wanger's "Algiers," a re-make of the French picture, "Pepe Le Moko," is inspiring other producers to buy American rights to European hits.

Another Cinderella

A BEAUTIFUL young sales clerk in Hattie Carnegie's shop found herself a movie actress overnight. It was her lucky moment when Pandro Berman, producer No. 1 at RKO, walked into the shop to purchase a purse for his wife.

Ethel Howard displayed the bags, and unwittingly her beauty. Mr. Berman walked out of the shop with the bag on one arm and Miss Howard on the other.

She is now in Hollywood ready to begin her first picture, and in it (surprise!) she will play a sales clerk.

Deanna Does Her Bit

DEANNA DURBIN is interrupting her vacation to star in a one-reel short which will be released by the American Red Cross as part of its annual drive for funds. Deanna's job will be to speak a few words in praise of the Red Cross, and to sing a specially-written song.

Barrymore Relents

ELAINE BARRIE has never been accepted as a member of the Barrymore clan, in spite of her devotion to John and her good influence on him.

But Lionel's reserve finally broke down when Elaine went to the hospital for sinus treatment. He sent her story books and flowers with a gracious note.

Elaine was so touched and thrilled that she had a recording machine brought to her bedside, and thanked Lionel in her own voice for his thoughtfulness.

Romantic Version of Building the Suez Canal

"Suez" is the romantic epic, made by Fox, round the building of the great canal. From brilliant scenes in the Paris of 1850, the story shifts to the sands of Egypt, where Ferdinand de Lesseps, Tyrone Power, dreams of joining the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. In Paris he has a tender affair with Loretta Young, who later becomes the Empress Eugenie, and out in the desert Annabella loves him truly. You won't perhaps find this exact version in the history books, so the film must be judged as entertainment. It is a lavish production, dressed to tease the feminine eye and mounted to dazzle the whole audience.

Of Possible Interest

ANDREA LEEDS and James Bryant spend most of their evenings together.

At 15, Binnie Barnes was a milkmaid in England.

Alan Mowbray has never gone to see one of his own movies.

Martha Raye and her bridegroom are living in a simple apartment, while Martha's mother is occupying her daughter's elegant Coldwater Canyon house.

Shirley Ross sprained her ankle in a screen fight with Madeleine Carroll.

Shirley and the "Quins"

FANCY the youngest generation's delight at the prospect of seeing Shirley Temple and the "Quins" in one picture! The combination is being seriously considered.

The idea is to have the combination come as a sort of climax at the peak of Shirley's career as a little girl actress. After that Shirley's roles will be of the sweet, school-girl type.

A Second Chance

RONNIE SINCLAIR, 13-year-old New Zealand actor, whose marked resemblance to Freddie Bartholomew has held him back in Hollywood, despite his talent, will have another chance to make good in an important role in the screen version of Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

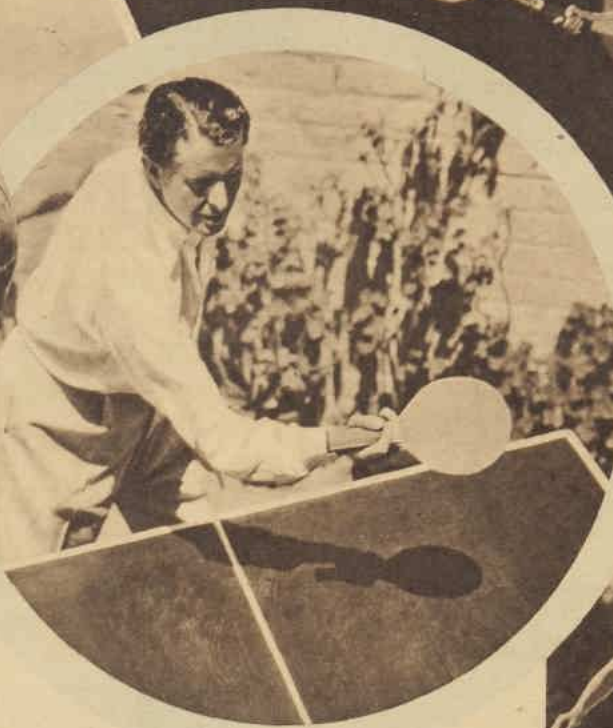
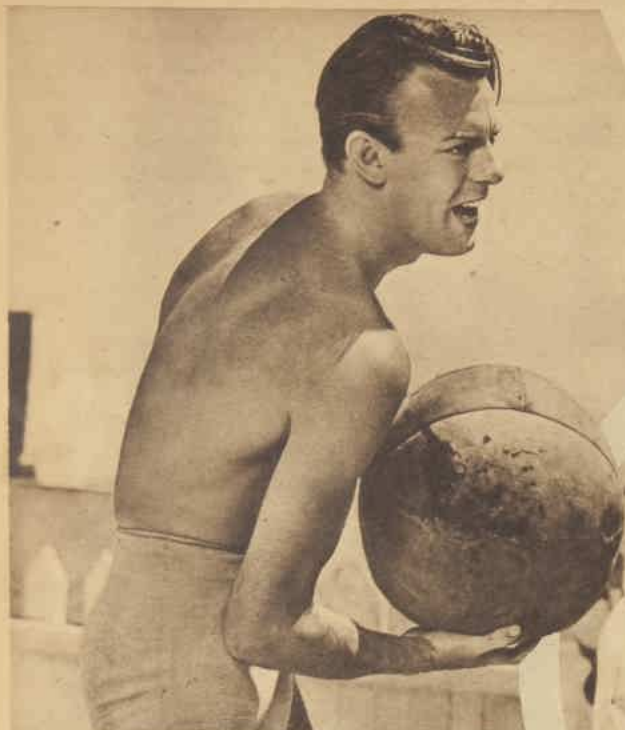
Ronnie (his real name is Ra Hould), replaced Freddie Bartholomew in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" when Freddie was in the midst of his court troubles last year. Now he returns to the same studio—MGM—for another attempt at screen fame.

Perfumed Hair-do

THIS is how Nancy Kelly keeps an elusive but unmistakable odor in her hair.

At the beauty parlor she has the wave in her hair set with her favorite perfumed toilet water, full strength. Then she sits under the dryer until the perfume is weakened to her taste. The perfume persists, unchanged, in her hair until her next visit to the hairdresser.

Accent On Health



● Reginald Owen, expert ping-pong-ist, playing in the grounds of his home. He is appearing as Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol."

GAMES PROVIDE THE PERFECT TONIC TO OFFSET HIGH PRESSURE EXISTENCE OF MOVIE PLAYERS.

IT'S sunshine that puts the glitter into Hollywood stars!

They find that to twinkle under the arc lamps they must perspire under the sun.

So they go out and play games.

Temporary or phoney vitality is no use to them, living as they do at the crackpot pace and pressure of Hollywood.

They need the genuinely tonic effect of play in the sun and fresh air, which provides a better restorative to frayed nerves and jaded minds than gymnastic jerks or massage or the tricks of a rejuvenation parlor.

The finest private swimming-pools, tennis and badminton courts, skating alleys, stables, and other such playgrounds are to be found round the homes of leading players.

C. Aubrey Smith, the veteran English actor, and a youthful 75-year-old, even has a cricket field laid out on the plateau above his mountain-top home.

This home of his is the result of Smith falling in love with a mountain. Morning and evening, as he drove along a certain road to the studios, he watched that mountain in the light of sunrise or sunset, and at last he couldn't resist it.

He bought it, built a home on it, and then on the plateau above laid out his cricket field where all the English in Hollywood gather round his famous striped blazer for a knock at the wickets.

Richard Greene is one of the English members of Smith's team, as well as being an excellent performer in the water.

One of the most famous sporting spots of Hollywood is, of course, the

Racquets Club, run by Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell.

The horny folk are to be found in leisure hours out at the Marwyck ranch, run by Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx.

Marwyck raises some of the finest horses in north-west America, and, as well, trains and cares for horses of other riders among the players. Need we mention Bob Taylor is the most regular caller? He and Barbara spend most week-ends in the saddle.

Loretta Young keeps her horse there and spends her week-ends riding when not yachting.

Another fine horseman is George O'Brien, who has his own "Iron Horse Stable." He's an all-round athlete, neither drinks nor smokes, and has medals and trophies galore.

From BARBARA BOURCHIER In Hollywood

Annabella never needs a double for swimming sequences. She's an expert and has had to swim in several films, including her latest, "Buck."

Bobby Breen's a swimmer, and holds school championships for it, and another is Sonja Henie, so she'll never mind if the ice melts.

Among the polo players are Lucille Ball and Joan Crawford, who play in a women's polo team.

Men who swing the polo stick well include Walt Disney, Spencer Tracy, Victor McLaglen, and Allan Lane.

Fred Astaire puts his surplus rhythm into golf, and swings no mean stick with a score in the low seventies.

● Eleanor Powell roller skating for exercise—as if she didn't get enough! Her new film is MGM's "Honolulu."

● Top right: An unusual glimpse of Norma Shearer practising tennis shots on the court at her beach home.

Another dancer-golfer is Ruby Keeler, and during her recent 18 months' absence from the screen she gave her golf such serious attention that her score shrank into the low eighties.

As a result of Tyrone Power's location trip for scenes for "Thin Ice" he became a ski-ing enthusiast, and Charles Boyer is noted at the Swiss winter resorts for his ability on skis, and at the helm of a racing bob-sled. In Hollywood he gets his exercise as a crack tennis player.

Gary Cooper's favorite fresh-air excursion is a shooting trip. He recently returned from a "big" game hunt in Idaho with nothing more impressive than a bag of ducks, but said a good time was had by all just the same.

His wife, Brenda, has caught the craze, and is nearly as good as he. In a recent short shot, she topped the scores by cracking 24 out of 25 clay birds.

Clark Gable is another of the crack shots of Hollywood.

But for sheer endurance we give you Miss Jane Withers!

In the past few years, in addition to her movie-making and schooling, Jane has studied the piano, French, Spanish, singing, dancing, riding, ice-skating, and swimming.

She ought to be a nervous wreck—but no. What a constitution!

● Robert Young, putting some vigor into a serve on the private court at his home.

● Top left: Dennis O'Keefe, pausing for breath during energetic exchanges with a medicine ball on the beach of his Malibu home.

In Debt to Their Mothers

MANY A FILM CAREER OWES MUCH OF ITS SUCCESS TO MATERNAL HELPING HAND.

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

"SEND for mother!"

That's a familiar message anywhere in the world, and it's no less familiar in Hollywood than anywhere else.

Lots of players point to their mothers as the corner-stones of their careers and others say the maternal helping hand is as much needed now as during early struggles.

Look at the lovely Joan Fontaine, pictured on this page. She might have been wilting in an invalid chair instead of flying to location, had it not been for her mother.

Joan Fontaine was a very delicate girl. Illness marred her childhood, and she owes her health to her mother's unremitting care.

To compensate her daughter for other things she missed, Joan's mother encouraged her to take an interest in art, music, and drama.

With health established, she pushed Joan's interest in amateur acting, and so the career began.

Helen Broderick's little tale is very different.

She hates the stage, and only just tolerates film work, in spite of her success as a comic—the "hey you" girl, they call her. She owes the hate and the career to her mother.

It happened this way. Mother was a comic opera star, and the whole house revolved round her career and the stage. Helen ran away from home while quite young because she just couldn't stand her mother talking about the stage any longer!

Alas for impetuous youth. The only people she could run to were stage folk, and the best they could do for her was to find her a job in the chorus.

Incidentally, Helen is now a doting mother herself, and much more interested in the film career of her son, Broderick Crawford, than in her own.



Dancer's Foot Trouble

FOOT-EASE is the superlative gift that Eleanor Powell owes to her mother. The dancing star has had foot trouble right through her career, and at times after intensive dance practice she could hardly walk.

Her mother devised treatment for those crinkling feet that makes it possible for Eleanor to continue her brilliant stepping.

Jane Withers' mother must take full responsibility for the "holy terror's" film career. Before Jane was born, her mother determined to make her a film star.

For Ruth Withers had thwarted ambitions of her own. She belonged to a family who wouldn't approve of the stage or the films, so she transferred her hopes.

She chose the name Jane for her baby because she thought it a good stage name, and brief enough to look well on bills and headlines!

And as soon as Jane could toddle she was sent off to dancing and singing classes, and in no time the locals down in her Georgia hometown began to tell Mrs. Withers that "that youngster ought to go to Hollywood."

Mrs. Withers took her courage and her daughter to the film city, and, though it was more than two and a half years before Jane was given a chance, she has had enough success in the four years since to make up for her mother's blighted hopes a dozen times.

Herman Bing—remember him as the r-rolling, yodelling porter of "Romance for Three"?—must have been an awful disappointment to his mother.

She, an opera singer, raised her boy to be a singer, a "Pagliacci" performer, and what did she get? A comic gentleman with such a peculiar accent—actually a speech impediment—that it became his meal ticket. And he can steal any scene he splutters through.

Mamma lives with him now in Hollywood in a household that also includes his daughter, two sisters, two nieces, one cook, and one woman manager. His wife died some years ago.



● Joan Fontaine, attractive young RKO player, who owes both her health and her career to her mother's care and interest. Picture shows her arriving by plane on location.

The broad human burlesque of Patsy Kelly's line of humor is there to amuse us because her mother took in washing.

The Kellys were terribly poor, eking out a hand-to-mouth existence in one of the less pleasant parts of New York, and Mrs. Kelly couldn't bear to think of her children playing in the streets.

So she took in that washing to earn enough to send Patsy to dancing classes in play hours, and it was the dancing that gave Patsy her first show chance, and the Kelly family budget its first lift in years.

Sandy Powell, one of the highest-paid actors in the British studios, was brought up in the music-hall. His mother, Lillie Le Main, had a marionette show and trained him for the stage. When he was seven she had him booked as a separate act on the bill with her.

The mad Marxes had one of the greatest mothers of all. It is no exaggeration to say that the late Minna Marx was the most remarkable of a remarkable family.

Alexander Woolcott, the noted American writer, said of her: "None knew better than

her sons that she had not only borne them, brought them up, and turned them into successful play-actors.

"She had done much more than that. She had invented them. They were just comics she imagined for her own amusement. They amused no one more, and their reward was her ravishing smile."

She came of a family of barnstorming German entertainers, and when business was slack in that line she crossed to America to work as a lace-maker and later married the little tailor, Sam Marx.

As her boys arrived one by one she calmly prepared to train them for the occupation traditional in her family.

She gave Chico 50 cents a week for piano lessons, and he managed to find a teacher

at 35 cents a lesson, and saved 15 cents for himself. She saw the other lads trained up the way they should go, exploiting Groucho's voice and Harpo's musical talent.

They did one act in sailor suits, and when the act went on tour Mamma Marx used to make them wear their sailor suits and hand the conductor half-fare tickets.

It went on record that one lugubrious conductor came round to complain that one of her little boys was shaving, and another smoking a cigar!

She was never half as interested in their big successes as in the grand uphill beginnings when she pushed them on stage.

The Ritz Brothers lost their mother some three years ago. Apart from cheering on her riotous sons, she had a great passion for charity work. In her memory the boys support the charities she worked for generously.

They lavish affection now on Papa Ritz, who wanted them to go to college instead of the stage.

"I was sorry once," he says, "now I'm proud."

PRIVATE VIEWS

[Alphabetical Guide to All Films]

Adventures of Marco Polo — Gary Cooper good in pasticheboard spectacle set in medieval China.

♦♦♦ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD** — Smashing action drama in technicolor. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland.

♦♦ **Alexander's Ragtime Band** — Irving Berlin's tunes share stardom with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, and Don Ameche in orchestra story.

♦♦ **Algiers** — Brilliant and sometimes brutal drama of French criminal in African hide-out, with Charles Boyer and beautiful Hedy LaMarr.

All-American Sweetheart — College row to victory.

Always Good-bye — Mother-love drama for Barbara Stanwyck.

Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse — E. G. Robinson mixes science and crime.

Arsene Lupin Returns — Good acting by fine cast saves poor production.

♦♦ **Bad Man of Brimstone** — Rousing Western, stars Wallace Berry.

Baroness and the Butler — Annabella disappointing in plushy story of Hungarian politics. Powell grand.

Bar 20 Justice — Hopalong Cassidy saves gold-mine.

Between Two Women — Franchot Tone makes popular choice.

♦♦ **Big City** — Spencer Tracy, taxi-driver, and wife Lulie Rainer get tough spin from racketeers.

♦♦ **Blockade** — Vivid scenes of Spanish war suffering, plus routine spy drama, with Madeleine Carroll.

Blonde Cheat — Good comedy for Cecil Kellaway.

Blondes for Danger — Gordon Harker cannot save added thriller.

Blotto — Laurel and Hardy release.

Boo-Boo — Monkeys and melodrama.

♦♦ **Boy from Barnardo's** — Freddie Bartholomew fine as spoilt brat. Mickey Rooney reforms him.

♦♦ **Boy of the Streets** — Jackie Cooper as adult, sensitive actor in telling melodrama of slum life.

♦♦ **Boys Town** — Spencer Tracy fine as padre who establishes settlement for homeless boys. Mickey Rooney, as tough kid, overacts. Sincerity makes this absorbing.

♦♦ **Break the News** — Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan in comedy of publicity-seeking chorus men.

Breaking the Ice — Another for Bobby Bren's fans.

Bride for Henry — Slight comedy romance with Warren Hull.

Bride Wore Red — Stilted Continental romance, with Crawford, Tone, and Robert Young.

Bringing Up Baby — Cary Grant, Hepburn, and leopard. All crazy.

Broadway Musketeers — Three orphanage girls meet melodrama.

♦♦ **Brother Rat** — Escapades of three youths in American military



• AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY a candid camera expert saw ice-creams being served to Margaret Sullivan, Melvyn Douglas, Joan Crawford, and Cesar Romero.

academy provide enjoyable comedy and rather charming romance.

♦♦ **Buccaneer** — Swashbuckling pirate adventure in old New Orleans, for Fredric March, Akim Tamiroff, and newcomer Francisca Gaal.

Bulldog Drummond in Africa — Barely average sample of series.

Call of the Yukon — Don't bother to answer.

Campus Confessions — Adolescent jumble of music and basketball.

Cassidy of Bar 20 — Poorest of series.

♦♦ **Challenge** — Alpine adventure, based on first Matterhorn ascent. Magnificent thrills and photography. Chaser — Newcomer Dennis O'Keefe in racket drama.

♦♦ **Cocanut Grove** — Attractive comedy of a dance-band Hollywood-bound. Fred MacMurray with baton. **College Swing** — Mediocre musical for J. Cogan and real-life wife.

Command Performance — "Street Singer" sings well in bad film.

Condemned Woman — Frank, rank, and effective crime melodrama.

♦♦ **Cowboy from Brooklyn** — Musical fun for a comic Dick Powell.

Crackerjack — An aged Tom Walls as modern Robin Hood-cum-Raffles.

Crime of Dr. Ballet — Mediocre melodrama of tropical medicine.

Crime Ring — Exposure of racketeer methods in the fortune-telling game.

♦♦ **Crowd Roars** — Tough, exciting boxing drama. Bob Taylor as a fighter from the slums.

♦♦ **Dad and Dave Come to Town** — Bert Bailey goes to town in modern, streamlined plot to mix city business with his own rich brand of humor.

Danger on the Air — A murder to mix.

Devil's Party — Gangster plot for Vic McLaglen.

♦♦ **Divorce of Lady X** — Saucy comedy of London scandal, involving Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

♦♦ **DRUM** — Thrilling frontier adventure, with Indian star Sabu, excellent English cast, and A. E. W. Mason plot.

♦♦ **Edge of the World** — Heart-breaking beautiful film showing the struggle of a simple community on one of the Shetland Isles to live the life of their fathers.

Escape by Night — Country life reforms crooks.

♦♦ **Fast Company** — Debonair detective and laughing lady in slick comedy thriller.

♦♦ **Firefly** — Big, glamorous, tuneful operetta for Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones.

Flight Into Nowhere — Jack Holt controls plane.

Fools For Scandal — Pointless Parisian romance for Carole Lombard.

♦♦ **Four Daughters** — Life and loves of a charming household, with the Lane sisters and two newcomers—engaging Jeffry Lynn; brilliant John Garfield.

♦♦ **Four's a Crowd** — Uproarious

comedy spices a romantic change of partners involving impudent Errol Flynn, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland, and Patric Knowles.

Freshman Year — Feeble little fantasy of American college life.

Gallant Defender — Better than average Western; has P. B. Kyne plot.

Gangs of New York — Melodrama ending in defeat of four gangs by one policeman.

Garden of the Moon — Rowdy musical set in luxury hotel.

Gateway — Detained immigrants provide several interwoven dramas.

Girl of the Golden West — Weakest lavish MacDonald-Eddy musical.

Girls on Probation — Different type of crime melodrama.

♦♦ **Girls' School** — Sentimental romance trips to tearfully happy ending.

♦♦ **Gladster** — Funny Joe E. Brown in funnier farce, with Man Mountain Dean.

Glamorous Nights — Musical romance with gipsy setting.

★★ Two stars—
above average
★★★ Three stars—
excellent

Go Chase Yourself — Joe Penner, more or less comic.

Gold Diggers in Paris — Rudy Vallee sings three hit tunes, and Hugh Herbert tosses in gorgeous fooling.

♦♦ **Gold Is Where You Find It** — Stirring saga of ranchers against gold-miners in old California.

♦♦ **Goldwyn Follies** — Technicolor musical with brilliant fooling by Ritz Brothers, dancing by Zorina.

Good-bye Broadway — Average comedy drama struggles between laughter and tears.

Great Garrick — 18th century satirical comedy features Brian Aherne.

♦♦ **Great Waltz** — Attractive musical moves to the haunting lilt of the famous waltzes by Johann Strauss. Fernand Gravet plays the composer, and Pollah Miliza Korjus, glorious coloratura soprano, sings.

Gun Law — Gunplay way out West.

Hard to Get — Patchy madcap comedy of hetress and garage-mechanic.

Headin' East — Buck Jones employs Western tactics on racketeers.

Her Jungle Love — Ray Milland, Dorothy Lamour and a chimpanzee in technicolor.

Highway Patrol — Crime thriller with petrol price-cutting the theme.

Hold That Co-Ed — Politics and college football. Grimly unfunny.

Hold That Kiss — Pleasant romance with comedy trimmings.

♦♦ **Holiday** — Romance involving two wealthy sisters and one poor young man. Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn likeable stars.

Hollywood Stadium Mystery — Usual

murder ingredients competently mixed.

♦♦♦ **HURRICANE** — Exciting and tender story of a South Sea island fugitive culminates in the screen's biggest and most breath-taking storm.

I Am the Law — Edward G. Robinson entertainingly prosecutes crime.

I'll Give a Million — Good farce idea concerns a Riviera search for a millionaire in tramp disguise.

Invisible Enemy — Beautiful spy disturbs peace of fishing lodge.

It's a Grand Old World — Exuberant Lancashire comedian Sandy Powell makes poor film passable.

♦♦ **It's in the Air** — Fine, boisterous fun, spiced by George Formby's skillful ukulele, broadly comic songs, and loud laughter. Comedian joins R.A.P. by mistake.

♦♦ **Jezebel** — Bette Davis superb as the callous belle in old and lovely New Orleans, who is conquered only by yellow fever.

Josette — Simone Simon's last Hollywood picture, and least.

♦♦ **Judge Hardy's Children** — Loveable comedy from well-known series.

Jury's Secret — Not worth hearing.

♦♦ **Kentucky Moonshine** — Laughs and lunacy from Ritz Brothers, who burlesque everything, from hillbillies to Snow White.

Kidnapped — Freddie Bartholomew in sugary travesty of Stevenson.

Last Gangster — Edward G. Robinson again plays gunman.

♦♦ **LADY VANISHES** — Super thriller with tight-rope tension covered by a constant ripple of laughter. Crisp, witty dialogue combines with plot of wizard ingenuity. Michael Redgrave grand new star.

♦♦ **LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA** — Paul Muni's penetrating and brilliant biography of the great French novelist and Dreyfus case.

(Continued on Next Page)

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There's many a slip!
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Kayser . . . and slips
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answer to every maid-
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ALL CHEMISTS

PRIVATE VIEWS

Alphabetical Film Guide
Continued

♦♦ Little Miss Broadway—Shirley Temple displays her song and dance talent, supported by veteran comedians.

♦♦ Little Miss Thoroughbred—Sentimental story introducing new child star, Janet Chapman.

♦♦ Little Tough Guy—Fair drama of New York slums.

♦♦ Live, Love and Learn—Lovely acting by Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery in comedy mood.

♦♦ Love Finds Andy Hardy—Latest and best in Judge Hardy series. Mickey Rooney tangled in romance.

♦♦ Love, Honor and Behave—Betty Davis and Leslie Howard take a slap at concealed stage-stars.

♦♦ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Deanna Durbin, singing "I Love to Whistle," and sharing delightful comedy romance with youthful Jackie Moran, veterans Herbert Marshall and Arthur Treacher.

♦♦ Making the Headlines—Jack Holt talks through his teeth while murder is done.

♦♦ MARIE ANTOINETTE—Norma Shearer, lovely, emotional, charming, returns in a blaze of glory and a stupendous period drama. Film follows career of French Queen from girlhood to guillotine and lays forceful emphasis upon romance, realism, and human appeal.

♦♦ Maytime—Lovely songs for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in sheer romance built round faded love of famous opera singer.

♦♦ Men With Wings—Thrilling saga of winged progress often obscured by sentimental romance.

♦♦ Michael O'Halloran—Emotional stuff with Stratton Porter novel.

♦♦ Miss Fix It—Jane Withers with more sugar than usual. Plot creaks.

♦♦ Mother Carey's Chickens—Just misses being another "Little Women." Has humor and charm.

♦♦ My Lucky Star—Sonja Henie a dimpled dream in gay, tuneful film. Grand holiday entertainment in American college setting.

♦♦ Nancy Drew, Detective—First of new series; should be last.

♦♦ Nurse From Brooklyn—Sally Eilers efficient in tolerable melodrama.

♦♦ Overland Express—Buck Jones as pioneer rider of the pony express.

♦♦ OWD BOB—England's best for some time, this staunchly human sheep-dog yarn is set in the Cumberlands. Will Fyfe outstanding as a wily Scots shepherd.

♦♦ Parnell—Unfortunate attempt to put Gable and Loy in period drama.

♦♦ Partners of the Plains—Fifteenth of "Hopalong" series, and a good one.

♦♦ Passport Husband—Stuart Erwin pleases, but story does not.

♦♦ Peg o' My Heart—Revival of one of Marion Davies' successful pictures.

♦♦ Perfect Specimen—Joyful tale of sheltered heir with Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell.

♦♦ Port of Seven Seas—Human story of Marseilles waterfront. Unusual cast headed by Wallace Beery.

♦♦ President's Mystery—Henry Wilcoxon scores in ingenious story.

♦♦ Pride of the West—Fine example of Canada series gives new twist to old coach-robbery theme.

♦♦ Professor Beware—Harold Lloyd in slapstick farce, funny in spots.

♦♦ Rage of Paris—Introduces captivating French Danielle Darrieux in

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



gay comedy, supported by Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., and Mischa Auer.

♦♦ Rascals—An irrepressible Jane Withers plus gipsy band.

♦♦ Renfrew of the Mounted—James Newill lifts a rich baritone.

♦♦ Reported Missing—Aeroplane adventure for William Gargan.

♦♦ Return of the Pimp—Barry K. Barnes in unfortunate sequel.

♦♦ Rich Man, Poor Girl—Aimless comedy romance; Lew Ayres scores.

♦♦ ROMANCE FOR THREE—Delightful comedy set in Alpine resort, with mistaken identity the plot, and Frank Morgan the genial lead. Robert Young and Florence Rice handle the romance.

♦♦ Romance of Limberlost—Crude melodrama, with Jean Parker.

♦♦ Room Service—Marx Brothers caper, through rousingly funny

★★ Two stars—above average
★★★ Three stars—excellent

farce, based on a New York stage hit. Unexpected situations, frank, snappy dialogue.

♦♦ Rosalie—Lavish but heavily-moving musical, with some compensations.

♦♦ Rose of the Rio Grande—Swashbuckling musical, with John Carroll as Mexican Robin Hood.

♦♦ Safety in Numbers—Jones family outwits visiting swindlers.

♦♦ Sailing Along—Attractive musical with English river background. Jessie Matthews dances.

♦♦ Saint in New York—New type of detective thriller, based on the Leslie Charteris books.

♦♦ Scandal Street—Small-town characters played by competent actors in routine murder story.

♦♦ Scrapper—Mickey Rooney sincere in sentimental small-town drama.

♦♦ Screen Test—Film on Hollywood try-outs, with Australian section added.

♦♦ Sea Racketeers—Coastguards trail smugglers and romance.

♦♦ She Married an Artist—Comedy concerning artists and art of loving them.

♦♦ Shopworn Angel—Polignant drama of actress and idealistic private in 1917 New York. Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullivan fine.

♦♦ Sing, You Sinners—Pleasantly mad tale about pleasantly mad family of Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, and Elizabeth Patterson.

♦♦ Sky's the Limit—So's this musical.

♦♦ Slight Case of Murder—Broadly funny burlesque of gangsters. E. G. Robinson takes off himself.

♦♦ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Walt Disney's first feature-length cartoon, based on the well-known fairy tale, is sheer enchantment—and a new milestone in screen history.

♦♦ Sons of the Legion—American flag-wagging.

♦♦ South Riding—Sincere drama of English provincial life makes Ralph Richardson new star.

♦♦ Spawns of the North—Friendship and feud in the fishing industry in Alaska provide lusty adventure film with superb photography.

♦♦ Stolen Heaven—Novel drama set to classical music has jewel-thieves reformed by an old concert pianist.

♦♦ Strange Boarders—Tom Walls blends impudent entertainment with thrills of stolen political documents.

♦♦ Submarine Patrol—Action, lusty comedy, and youthful romance combine in lively drama of American submarine-chasers during great war.

♦♦ Sweet Devil—Feeble English comedy.

♦♦ TEST PILOT—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in drama which zooms from romance on ground to thrills in the air. Fine shots of plane adventure.

♦♦ Texans—Struggles of Southern cattle-ranchers after the American Civil War on grand, exciting scale.

♦♦ THAT CERTAIN AGE—Chuckling comedy of adolescent love, starring Deanna Durbin in captivating entertainment for all ages.

♦♦ There Goes My Heart—Familiar plot of heiress and reporter reworked to make enjoyable light entertainment. Virginia Bruce and Fredric March play leads, with robust comedy by Patsy Kelly.

♦♦ There's Always a Woman—Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas entertain in slick comedy thriller.

♦♦ Thoroughbreds Don't Cry—Futuristic comedy plus race-track drama. Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney lift picture.

♦♦ Three Blind Mice—Synthetically sparkling comedy of three girls staking a millionaire. Blinnie Barnes steals show from Loretta Young.

Latest Releases

Border G-Man—This is a George O'Brien Western that justifies its claim to be different. G-man George is this time fighting modern villains, the kind who have a radio transmitter at their disposal. And their racket is modern, a violation of the U.S.A. Neutrality Act in exporting guns, men, and horses.

The film is Western enough to demonstrate joyously that a lasso is a handy thing to have about when the ammunition runs out, that a spur is perfect for cutting the rope binding your buddy's wrists, and that for rousing the fans no pitched battle with guns is equal to a man-to-man fight with fists.

Refreshingly lovely scenery in this Western, with a glimpse of surf-bound coast thrown in.

Extortion—This is another of those crime-on-the-campus films which make an Australian wonder if American seats of learning can really be like this.

The college proctor is murdered, and the roll-call of suspects includes one professor, three students, one football coach, and two co-eds. And, of course, the hard-boiled detective has a softer side to his nature, and a strange willingness to follow false clues. Mildly entertaining.

Mr. Wong, Detective—Boris Karloff, the ex-horror king, in a heavy Oriental make-up, and a heavy detective mystery. The slight humor in a slow tale of poison-gas murders by international spies is provided by the blundering detective, Grant Withers. And ex-star Evelyn Brent makes a depressing appearance as an assistant villain.

Historical Note: "Mr. Wong" is intended by his studio, Monogram, to be a rival in series entertainment to Charlie Chan and Mr. Moto. For the present these gentlemen can remain calm—Mr. Wong is a sleepy amateur by comparison.

Riding Wild—A range war between the big cattle ranchers and the small "nesters"—squatters to you—is solved by veteran star Tim McCoy, with the aid of an oft-flourished gun and a galloping white horse. F.A. Western fare, with riding and herds above the average, and acting far below it.

♦♦ THREE COMRADES—Beautifully haunting performance by Margaret Sullivan in heart-shaking drama of youth lost in a post-war world.

♦♦ Three Loves Has Nancy—Breezy comedy of two New York men and one country girl. Gaynor scores.

♦♦ Time Out for Murder—First of "Boving Reporter" series with crisp, thrilling action.

♦♦ Too Hot to Handle—Also too long, too loud, and too improbable, though entertaining. Gable grand as newsworld cameraman, but plot is fractured.

♦♦ Tovarich—Suave comedy of Russian exiles in Paris, starring Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

♦♦ Toy Wife—Luise Rainer as frivolous belle of old New Orleans, who coquettes herself into tragedy. Tearful entertainment.

♦♦ Tropic Holiday—Gay Mexican tunes and settings for romance. Add riotous comedy.

♦♦ Valley of the Giants—Peter B. Kyne's story adapted to red-blooded drama of timber-stealing.

♦♦ Vivacious Lady—Comedy of young marrieds with new fans for Ginger Rogers and James Stewart.

♦♦ Wallaby Jim of the Islands—George Houston sings and sloshes through peering melodrama.

♦♦ We're Going to be Rich—Robust drama with song, set in Australian and African goldfields, with Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen.

♦♦ Who Goes Next—Finely acted, grimly exciting drama of British officers' escape from German concentration camp.

♦♦ Who Killed Galt Preston?—Nobody wants to know.

♦♦ Woman Against Woman—Mary Astor as snake in domestic grass.

♦♦ Wrong Road—Improbable fairy tale of youth and stolen money.

♦♦ Yank at Oxford—Bubbling comedy made in England with Bob Taylor.

♦♦ Yellow Jack—How they conquered yellow fever down in Cuba, with Irish comedy from Robert Montgomery.

♦♦ Youth Takes a Fling—Joel McCrea enlivens charming romance of girl who goes wooing her man.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

Xmas Greetings were extended in this column by many of the stars of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now those stars (Lionel Barrymore, Freddie Bartholomew, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Fernand Gravel, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Mary Astor, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Luise Rainer, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullivan, Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy) and Leo, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, join these other popular M-G-M players in wishing readers of these pages a

Happy New Year

LEW AYRES (soon in "Young Dr. Kildare")

VIRGINIA BRUCE (now in "Woman Against Woman")

BILLIE BURKE (soon in "The Wizard of Oz")

MELVYN DOUGLAS (soon in "The Shining Hour")

BUDDY EISEN (now in "The Girl of the Golden West")

JUDY GARLAND (soon in "Lionel, Darling")

ALLAN JONES (now in "Everybody Sing")

MILIZA KORJUS (now in "The Great Waltz")

HEDY LAMARR (soon in "I Take This Woman")

FRANK MORGAN (soon in "Sweetheart")

DENNIS O'KEEFE (soon in "Vacation from Love")

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN (now in "The Crowd Roars")

REGINALD OWEN (now in "Three Loves Has Nancy")

WALTER PIDGEON (now in "Too Hot to Handle")

FLORENCE RICE (now in "Fast Company")

MICKEY ROONEY (now in "Boys' Town")

JAMES STEWART (now in "The Shopworn Angel")

LEWIS STONE (now in "Love Finds Andy Hardy")

ROBERT YOUNG (now in "Rich Man, Poor Girl")

And all your other friends who appear in M-G-M Pictures!

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How to Get Happy Relief.

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need flushing out.

The kidneys are the great filters of the blood. All day long the blood is passing through the 15 miles of kidney tubes to be strained of acids and wastes. Healthy persons should pass 3 pints a day and not get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the kidney tubes become clogged, bladder passages are scanty, burning and smarting. The acids and wastes that should be passed out of the body, stay in the blood and become poisonous. This condition causes nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lameness, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS—used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

THEATRE ROYAL

Nightly at 8. Matinee, Wed., Sat., at 2.

Covent Garden Russian Ballet.

Magnificent Repertoire. Full Symphony Orchestra, supporting a distinguished company of versatile artists.

Dance! Drama! Music! Colour! Spectacle!

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EVERY AFTERNOON 2-30
PANTOMIME
ALADDIN
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TIVOLI
PROFESSIONAL GEORGE HARRISON
OFFERED THEATRE SEATING
LARRY ADLER
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35 INTERNATIONAL CELEBRITIES
120 STARS ON STAGE!

XMAS PANTOMIME REVUE
EVERY EVENING at 8
"SWING IT"
PLANS FOR THE HOLIDAYS
TIVOLI (in 6 acts)

BLACK Harry Inter-

rupted.

"By heavens, so they did! Wore them in their caps and in their lapsels, and the password was—"

"Cuckoo-split," finished Mr. Somerville.

"It was—so it was."

"And when the little flower was over—for 'tis a bloom of earliest spring—they wore a lilac sating—a ribbon or a thread."

The highwayman peered eagerly into his face.

"Which were you?" he demanded. "Which of those boys? It is over twenty years ago, but I knew at once I had seen you before."

Mr. Somerville appeared moved and agitated.

"Answer me a question, and I will answer yours. You remember John Burr, the leader of the boys?"

"Yes."

"You said just now one of the Burrs was dead, and that you knew where the other was. Now which is dead?"

The highwayman grinned.

"It isn't John—he is alive."

"Frank, then. Frank is dead?"

"This ten year and more."

The traveller smiled, then said, coolly:

"You have been sadly misinformed. It must be John who is dead."

"That he isn't."

"No more is Frank, my friend."

"How do you know, to be so sure and positive—eh?"

"I am Frank Burr, that is why. I'm Frank, my good fellow."

"And I am John, and so we meet. I thought you were dead."

He pulled off the dirty black mask and the two brothers stared at each other.

"A strange meeting," said the younger, drily: "an unpleasant meeting! When I returned to England I did not think to find my own brother clapping a pistol to my head!"

John looked sullen. He lowered his weapon, but he did not cast it away.

"How did you come to this?" added Frank.

"That is a long story."

"It must be a strange one."

"No stranger, maybe, than the story of how you came to be a fine gentleman with a horse and broadcloth, and gold in your pocket and a buckle to your hat."

"I have prospered," returned the other, composedly. "I have worked and saved—sugar-planting in Jamaica."

"That is vague enough. How did you get to Jamaica?"

"I worked my passage."

"But there was a man wrote

Continued from Page 5

from London you were dead fifteen years ago."

"By my request, that was. I wished to be dead to all of you."

"Why?"

The younger brother replied with some fierceness:

"Because of the bad blood in us, that was coming out in you all—you with your ill name for a rogue, Kitty going as a strolling player, another sister running off to London with a squire's son, the little farm falling to pieces. You know, John, why I left home!"

The elder man looked abashed, his glanced travelled uneasily from his own ragged attire to the neat elegance of the other.

"Well, you have done better than any of us," he remarked sadly. "Poor Kitty went off in consumption, and Nan died in Bridewell, and for me"—he jerked his head towards Gallows Hill and the gibbet—"I suppose there is that!"

Frank made a gesture of horror. "Do you mean to persist in your miserable life after this? Has it given you no shock to think you might have had a brother's life to answer for?"

John shuddered; he remembered that he had contemplated murder when he had gazed up and down the lonely road, waiting for his victim.

"You were always cleverer than I," he answered. "I'll not deny that I've made a failure, but I've had my fine days, my pleasant times."

"Will you not repent?"

"Repent? Best forget me, Frank. I'll not disgrace your name, for none knows who I am. For the matter of that, you have changed it, too."

"Because of you," returned the other sternly. "Because of you, and Nan and Kitty!"

"No need to be afraid of us," said John sombrely. "Take back the honest name of Burr and make it respected; I shall not trouble you."

The younger man raised his hand and let it fall with a gesture of despair; his head sank on his breast, and he stood like one humiliated.

"A fine home-coming for me," he said—"a fine home-coming!"

John kicked the valise back into the middle of the road.

"Take it," he said.

Frank smiled sadly.

"It contains but a few papers, some mementoes, my little savings. I am in your power, if you like." He shrugged his shoulders. For answer, the highwayman lifted the valise and restrap it on the saddle.

"You had the password," he answered. "Cuckoo-split," eh? Those who had that sign did not rob each other."

BRIDAL VEIL

(Leura)

Bridal Veil of Mountain wed
to Stillness,
Yard on yard of foaming
silver lace,
With the gurgling of the
bridesmaids' laughter
As they drop the long veil
into place;
Bright-winged birds to peal
the songs of glad-
ness,
Sacred altar carpeted with
fern,
And upon the altar in the
shadows
Candles of pure sunlight
dimly burn.
—Dorothea Dowling.

He unpouched the personal belongings of his brother and thrust them into Frank's hands.

"This shows good in you, John; you are not wholly hardened or lost. Take some of this money." And he held out his purse.

The highwayman spurned the proffered gift with the back of his rough hand.

"This honest money; keep it to spend honestly. As for me, forget me; that is the only service I ask of you."

"Can I not help you, for the sake of old days, in any way?"

"In no way," responded John fiercely. "Get on your road to London before the dark comes."

For a second the two men looked at each other, then the highwayman picked up the other's pistols and handed them to him.

"Good luck!" he said shortly.

The younger brother held out his hand in silence. John did not take it; he turned away abashed, then stopped and looked back over his shoulder.

"You might—sometimes—pray for me," he said jerkily, and then plunged hastily down the sides of the Devil's Punch Bowl.

Frank Burr mounted and, putting his horse to the trot, disappeared in the autumn dusk that was gathering over the London road.

John went down and down among the gorse bushes until he reached the very bottom of the great pit, where he could no longer see the gibbet on Gallows Hill.

Sunk in gloom, he seated himself on a boulder and turned over in his mind the difference between his brother and himself. In that moment he wished that he had led a virtuous life, that he was honored and respected, like Frank. Very passionately he wished it; he began even to think of God, and to reflect very uneasily on some of the ugly deeds of his ugly career.

He was aroused by the appearance of a gaunt companion, who came hurrying through the brushwood and heath.

John eyed him with distaste. Russet Tom he was known as, and his dirty and villainous countenance seemed typical of all the combination of the outcast's life.

"Well?" said John sourly.

Tom was panting with haste and excitement.

"Silim Dick is due to pass here!" he gasped. "Got a little portmanteau full of gold and jewels—alone—our chance!"

John was interested now. Silim Dick was a thief and swindler, a gentleman rogue far beyond in craft and cunning such as himself.

"Silim Dick near here?"

Russet Tom explained rapidly. "Heard this morning. Been all day getting to know the rights of it. He is here, at the inn, travelling as a private gentleman. All the booty of his last deal in gold and diamonds in a little valise. Bow Street runners after him. Going alone to disarm suspicion. You and I could lighten his load—eh?"

An awful look came into John's eyes.

"What does he call himself?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Mr. Edward Somerville. Just landed from Jamaica, he says."

John remembered the valise he had actually had in his possession, the watch and chain and purse that he had returned, his abasement before his brother—his brother who was Silim Dick!

"What is the matter with you?" cried Russet Tom, angrily. "Come along and waylay the prize!"

"He has gone!" groaned the highwayman. "Gone! Frank always had the luck." He stared before him amazed; then he added, in the tone of one confounded: "And I asked him to pray for me!"

(Copyright.)

Loses 18 Pounds of 'Ugly Fat' In 2 Short Weeks



The Fat Girl Loses Out, She Looks Older. The Wise Girl Loses Fat and Looks Younger.

Reduces Bust 4 Inches
Reduces Hips 3½ Inches
Wears Dresses 4 Sizes Smaller



Mrs. Frank Cole

New Safe, Pleasant, Reducing Treatment
Takes Off a Pound a Day—on a Full Stomach!
Quick Loss of Weight Guaranteed—

"I am so grateful for what BonKora has done for me that I want to shout it from the housetops. I have already lost 18 pounds in 2 weeks, taking only 2 bottles. Have reduced from 186 pounds to 168. I have lost 4 inches in bust and 3½ inches in hips. I used to wear 42 dresses; now I wear 88. My indigestion and headaches are gone too. I feel fine, never tired any more. My friends ask me what I have done for myself. I tell them I owe it all to BonKora."

(Full address on request.)

Mrs. Frank Cole

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?

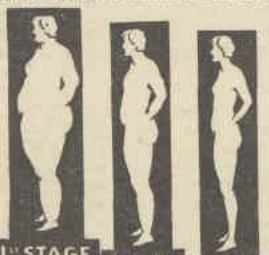
5 pounds? 7 pounds? More? How many pounds would you like to lose altogether? 5 pounds? 20 pounds? 30 pounds? More? Then use BonKora, the new safe, pleasant Reducing Treatment.

Don't despair if other methods have failed. Some people write that they had tried baths, exercises, diets, medicines—all in vain. They thought they had some kind of fat that couldn't be reduced. Then the BonKora Treatment

ment took off a pound a day; 10 to 30 pounds in 3 weeks. One woman lost 41 pounds in 5 weeks. Another lost 67 pounds.

Some who were fat only in spots, saw these ugly bunches of fat go while retaining their desired lines elsewhere. Others, fat all over, reduced everywhere. Got rid of heavy chins, bulky shoulders, busts, waists, and limbs.

Every ingredient of BonKora definitely contributes to good health. BonKora tones the system without reducing fat in the quickest and most natural way. It does not cause wrinkles or folds as your weight reduces. There is no more than a light, warm, pleasant feeling. Start the BonKora treatment to-day and see how your health improves as your figure becomes slim and graceful. BonKora does not contain thyroid.



1" STAGE 2" STAGE 3" STAGE

Why "3-stage" Treatment
Takes Off Pounds So Quick

BonKora Treatment takes off fat the new "3-stage" way. Triple action; triple results. That is also why it reduces fat when other methods have failed. All this is explained in BonKora package. You will understand why this treatment reduces fat and wish you had known of it before.

Don't starve. Never have a hungry moment. Just take a little BonKora daily to help body function properly and to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues. And EAT BIG MEALS of the tasty food combinations outlined in BonKora package. Reduce faster or slower, as you wish, as shown in directions. But don't get too thin. Stop reducing when you reach the normal and healthiest weight. Then hold your new slender figure.

BONKORA — AND ORANGE JUICE

TAKE 2 TEASPOONFUL OF BONKORA IN A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE 3 TIMES DAILY

Sufferers from obesity who have taken BonKora in this pleasant, healthful way have not only lost excess weight safely and quickly, but have regained their ability to SLEEP RESTFULLY; they have been freed from the pains of rheumatism and the penalties of constipation. Orange juice is known to medical science to be rich in those vitamins which are essential to health and the correction of the disorders associated with an obese condition. BonKora, allied with those vitamins, constitutes an amazing rapid treatment; safe because it is natural and drugless; certain because it is in accord with proven medical principles. Mail Coupon for Free Sample.

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

WORLD AGENCIES
IS HAMILTON ST., SYDNEY.

Please send me FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment. I enclose 2d. in stamps.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose Postal Note for 6/6 and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a bottle wrapper. WW 7/1/39

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were teenagers. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"No wonder you women are called birds — you are always chirping!"
"But that is because of the worms we pick up."

Blood's Back



KIT: Have you met John's pretty wife?
KAT: No! Is he a bigamist?

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



PASSENGER: You're going too fast.
DRIVER: But I've got to get her past that bend quickly—it's dangerous.



"Here's a biscuit; now clear out, that's all you're going to get!"



"Waiter, what sort of soup is this?"
"It's bean soup, sir."
"Yes, but what is it now?"

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CUSTOMER: Waiter, I can't eat this stuff. Call the manager!
Waiter: It's no use, sir, he won't eat it, either.

SMALL BOY (in hosiery shop): I want a collar for Dad's birthday present.
Assistant: One like mine?
Small Boy: No, a clean one.

DOCTOR: Have you told Mr. Brown he's the father of twins?
Nurse: No, he's shaving.

"NOW, Billy dear, what will you say at the party when you've had enough to eat?"
"Good-bye."

"DID you take your husband's temperature this morning?" asked the doctor.
"Yes," said Mrs. Smith. "I borrowed a barometer and put it on his chest and when it showed 'dry' I gave him a pint of beer. After that he returned to work."

"SO Turner has made a fortune?"
"Yes. Invented a chocolate bonbon with a lettuce centre for women on a diet."

"AND how is your husband this morning?"
"Not too well. When I came down to breakfast he hit me on the head with his spoon and kissed his egg."

TOURIST (to oldest inhabitant): But don't you ever long to see some of the sights of the city?
Oldest Inhabitant: I do see them. They come here hiking.

BILL: How much does one pay for a marriage licence?
Jim: A few shillings down, and your salary for the rest of your life.

SEE GERMANY for YOURSELF

BECAUSE

No country in Europe has the same wealth of varied natural beauty, such fascinating contrasts between Past and Present, or a like provision of entertainment and recreation to show her visitors. Austria and Bavaria afford the finest winter sports facilities there are. Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden are the only Baden spas where modern amenities are met by the finest of old German architecture. The history of Opéra would be a slender volume without the contributions made by Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, Salzburg and Bayreuth. Modern Germany is unusually adapted to every form of sport, game and exercise. The opportunities for engaging in these are, accordingly, manifold and unparelleled. The reader of the *Illustrated Germanic* gallery contains matter which from every school of European painting. The history of Opéra would be a slender volume without the contributions made by Vienna, Berlin, Leipzig, Salzburg and Bayreuth. Modern Germany is unusually adapted to every form of sport, game and exercise. The opportunities for engaging in these are, accordingly, manifold and unparelleled. The reader of the *Illustrated Germanic* gallery contains matter which from every school of European painting.



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TRAVEL MARKS



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WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG



Amazing
Discovery
ENDS
LINES

WOMEN
OF 50
CAN LOOK
35

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TEST!

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous Doctor at the University of Vienna. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. This extract, called "Biocel" is now contained in Creme Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Creme Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

See how they remove corns, pain and itchy factors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries corns and calluses, too, and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-softener and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle sizes usually mailed. The chemist refunds your money if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

Power and Misery of "Midas Touch"

Strong Human Drama in Story of Man Who Made Millions

The gift of making money—exhilarating to those who have it, terrifying to those who are their victims—provides Margaret Kennedy's theme for her new novel, "The Midas Touch."

For those who have not "the Midas touch" it is comforting to reflect, when you have read her book, that "Money isn't everything."

CORRIS MORGAN, a Welshman, made his millions out of steel and bootlaces. The business interests of Morgan and Berringer, his partner and only friend, were so vast that of the more than two thousand people who worked for them every day "the charwomen had by far the clearest notion of what they were about."

Morgan's colossal wealth gives him brutal power over his silly, frightened wife, Ellie, who takes refuge in pathetic love affairs; his weak son, David, who hates him and who dreams of a world governed by "aristocrats" in all walks of life, who would work for humanity instead of their own gain; his colorless friend, Dorrie, a former waitress; his inhumanly-treated servants; and a likeable, unscrupulous old clairvoyante, Mrs. Carter Blake, and her family.

Evan Jones, a charming, self-assured young man, also has "the

Midas touch." Son of a missionary in China, his imagination awakened to the power of money when as a tiny child he procured money by various means and buried it in the garden.

He regards his fellow beings as pigeons to be plucked. He remarks: "Money! I can get as much of that as I want, any time."

He understands the driving force of Corris Morgan. "For what was the wealth of Corris? Not gold locked away in cellars. Not fields of corn or mills or ships. He had these, but it was not those which dazzled the world. It was his credit: the power to get money for nothing, to conjure up fortunes from the void."

But Evan has another sensitive, roving self which carries him off to other countries and other people when he is on the verge of exercising "the Midas touch."

This other side of his character involves him with Lydia Jekyll, the beautiful, discontented wife of a good but middle-headed "country gentleman."

A guest in the harem-like luxury of Ellie's house, Lydia reflects bitterly, "How has it happened that I should think so much of maids and bathrooms? It shows how empty my life really is."

"For I have nothing. Nothing to occupy my heart and soul. I could love, but I have never loved anybody. I have brains, but what good are

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, January 4: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, "Maison Rouge," by Dumax; Music, and The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, January 5: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, 10 minutes' Music, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

FRIDAY, January 6: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, and Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, January 7: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Continental Nights, Wide Range Continuity.

SUNDAY, January 8: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, January 9: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, "What's New," "Things That Happen."

TUESDAY, January 10: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, Music, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

they? I am beautiful, but nobody really cares for me.

"I have no work. Tom bores me and I have no children. If I had had children, how different it would have been."

Her brief happiness with Evan and the drastic changes in her life that follow make a moving drama of the heart, a drama of money.

The younger generation in the book represent most of the varied reasons why people want money.

Mrs. Carter Blake's son, Sandy, for whose University career she carries on her risky and (to him) shameful profession of clairvoyance, wants enough money to enable him to get away from poverty and meet "brilliant, worth-while people."

His friend, Edwin Arnold, wants only to retain his present social



MARGARET KENNEDY propounds the theory that "money isn't all" in her latest book, "The Midas Touch."

standing, to make enough money to lift the load of debt from his family's lovely old home and estates in Wales.

His beautiful young sister, Rosalie, wants escape from the boredom of her sheltered existence. Sandy's sensible business girl sister, Sylvia, wants independence and freedom from the family.

No Money Sense

DAVID MORGAN, who has so much money that he has no money sense, would ease his conscience by giving away all his father's wealth for his ideal of the world ruled by "aristocrats."

Widowed when her four children were young, Mrs. Carter Blake exploited her slight natural gift of clairvoyance on credulous, wealthy women.

Her life is a battle between her conscience and her determination to give her children a better place in life than she had.

Her candid, cynically humorous soliloquies give an insight into the minds of fake clairvoyants, and the perpetual strain under which they live.

"The strain . . . the awful strain . . . always being so frightened of . . . well . . . not being found out, exactly, because I am genuinely clairvoyante (sometimes) it's been proved. I've proved it to myself. I have seen things. Yes . . . and I've seen the future."

"But all the same, there is a risk, what with the days I can't see anything, and guessing and bedging. It's a good thing they tell me so much more than they think for."

Books Recommended

"WOLF AMONG WOLVES," by Hans Fallada (Putnam), pathos and humor of Germany fifteen years ago, before the Nazi regime. A long book, but intricate plot and many types of people hold interest to last page.

"Royal Escape," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann), picturesque history—Charles II's escape to France from the Jacobites.

"Collected Essays," by Prof. Walter Murdoch (Angus and Robertson), entertaining comment on topical subjects.

"... and Tell of Time," by Laura Krey (Collins), swift-moving drama and dangers in lives of settlers who moved from Georgia to Texas after the American Civil War.

"Thrice a Stranger," by Vera Brittain (Gollancz), continues her life story, some of it with American background.

"Feelinand," by Munro Leaf, illustrated by Robert Lawson (Hamish Hamilton), a bull who was a failure in the bull-ring because he preferred his paddock and the scent of flowers, charming story for those four years old or forty years young.

THIS IS THE FRIEND YOU SEEK!



The famous European Astrologer, Professor SAHINUL LAKAJAJ. He will state who are your friends, who your enemies, if success and happiness await you (in marriage and speculation); also information regarding your future.

travels, illness, happy and unhappy times, and a great deal more interesting details. ROYAL FORTUNE TELLING HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED AT THE WOMEN OF THE GREAT KNOWLEDGE.

Write him to-day your proper name and address, the day, month and year of your birth, sex, if married or not, enclosing also a small lock of your hair for testing purposes. YOU WILL THEN RECEIVE A HOROSCOPE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Postage to Holland is 30. (Kindly enclose 11d. stamps for postage and handling). No horoscope sent to anyone under 13. His address is:

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Captain is not just salmon . . . but the choicest juicy Rich Red steak from sockeye Salmon.

Dainty nutritious sea food, rich in oil, that can be served so economically in so many different ways—and puts a new zest in your daily bill of fare. Can be served for luncheon, dinner or supper. Buy a tin to-day!

Obtainable in 1lb., 1/2lb. & 1lb. tins.



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hand it to your grocer with your order for CAPTAIN SALMON and you will receive a tin of CAPTAIN SARDINES (full 3 1/2 lb. size) FREE!



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MAKE FRIENDS WITH 'CAPTAIN' CRAB TOO!

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Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, goes to Hollywood and signs up with Granite Studios. After making screen tests with **MARILYN DAWN:** Famous film star, he gets on friendly terms with her. She, however, mystifies him by appearing extremely friendly on one day and barely recognising him the next. Marilyn, however, afraid of

crowds, is secretly employing **NETTIE:** Identical in looks with her, to make all her personal appearances, and it is Nettie who has been snubbing Mandrake. Nettie attends an important convention for Marilyn, makes an impressive speech, and upon her return sits brooding in her bedroom, because, although like the famous Marilyn in every particular, she is herself only a nonentity. **NOW READ ON—**



What Does 1939 HOLD FOR YOU?

Ancient Chinese Astrologer **LI-AH-FU** tells your **BIRTHDAY LUCK** in English for the first time!

Sydney man has startling luck after buying Horoscope!



Mr. G.W., of Latimer Laboratories, Annandale, writes: "I purchased on Dec. 17 Li-Ah-Fu's Chinese Astrological horoscope, and by following the numbers and colours at Roushill Races on Saturday last, I was able to select the winners of six races!"

The Chinese system of natural Astrology, revealed by Li-Ah-Fu (from which the Greek system has been copied and altered) is the ONLY system that agrees entirely with Astronomical fact.

Learn your 1939 luck and your 9 Fortunate Pathways of the Moon. Advice on LOVE, MONEY, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS, SPECULATION, and many other interesting hints.

Simply send a 1/6 postal note and 3d. stamp (or 1/2 in stamps) with your name, address, and birthday in Li-Ah-Fu, Dept. C, Box 486W, G.P.O., Sydney, and you will receive your sealed horoscope by return.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

Tattersall's meeting found me among the sadly broken punters

By BETTY GEE

I went to Randwick on Saturday for the passing of the old year. And saw some of my new-issued currency pass into the hands of the bookmakers.

Tattersall's meeting has been called a "bookies' benefit." Well, it ran true to form, and threw punters to the lions.

It began with Grafin at 25 to 1 in the Maiden.

I was on Retort, who ran second, ridden particularly well by little W. Lappin, who is the sweetest and most efficient among the new apprentice jockeys of Sydney. I had £8 to £1.

I'm not going to growl because Retort was beaten a neck.

I know that young Lappin went for his life and you take my tip, this little apprentice of Mickie Polson's is going to win a big race in the very near future.

In the meantime, I hope he wins a lot of little ones, because I'm going to keep following him.

Naturally I couldn't miss Femina for the second Maiden division. I'm a member of the club.

But books knew as well as I did that she was "a good thing," and I had to gather my skirts and hasten to the harvesting of 3 to 1.

She started at 9 to 4, so I scored there, because she won very easily, and here's another I'm going to

keep following. Mark my words, she's good.

Of course Bel Oiseau was a good thing for the Juvenile Stakes. Beautiful bird is the translation of this French appellation. Well, of course, the owner is just asking for short odds, isn't he, when he gives a horse such a high falutin' name?

But I took £2/10/ to £2 and he had no difficulty in landing the money.

Bel Oiseau is another who will win more races.

He belongs to Bill Higgins, New Zealand racing official, who seems to pick the eyes out of the N.Z. yearling market, year after year.

Sends them to George Price, who does the rest.

I picked the mares as probabilities for the Carrington, but my big bet, £8 to £2, was on Early Bird, and I had only ten shillings for a place on Delmestor, and she won. It was a little unfair.

Delmestor paid me only thirty-five shillings for 10/.

I only realised after Tartarus won the Novice Handicap that anybody who had any Scotch instincts at all should have backed the horse with such a name on New Year's Eve. Eight to one, too!

Call Mag Failed

But what purpose does it serve to cry over spilt milk. My money was on Call Mag.

I thought the mares were going to win all day after the Carrington, and had £24 to £2.

But Call Mag suffered an inferiority complex and ran second. Ah me! If one knew the time to stand up for one's sex, and then the particular one of one's sex, what a fortune awaits womankind upon the Turf.

Geo. Price served up another "certainty" for the Pace Welter, Mildura, at 6 to 4, but this one went bad.

This hot weather they depreciate don't they, unless great care is taken? Anyhow, it cost me £2 to convince myself that I was on a false clue.

The annoying part was, the race was won by Bramol, and I lost £1.



"The baker says to back Penthides at Moorefield."

on him when he was second in a Novice Trial race at Randwick the Monday before, yet here he beat Mildura in open company.

Upon such occasions one needs a headache wafer.

After Mildura, I get my oranges from elsewhere.

Sedunum Was Third

Remember Geo. Marlow, comedian of many years ago, and then theatrical entrepreneur.

He always knows about Cecil Battye's Warwick Farm horses. He whispered down my shell-like ear that Sedunum couldn't lose the Denman Handicap, and what was more he would win Tatt's Cup too.

So I went in head over heels for £7 to £2, and he started at one and a quarter points shorter than that, but what good did it do me? He ran only third.

Rodborough won it, but I heard afterwards that Sedunum was grossly interfered with.

Why stewards can't protect a poor innocent girl against loss by such misdeeds I cannot tell. For the last day of the year I am badly bent; in fact, almost broken.

Back we go to the suburban fare next Saturday.

Moorefield Cup

Popular Moorefield takes the stage with a good programme, including a £600 Gold Cup. The Head Waiter says that Grand Boy is going to be saved for this, "and will win it, too, Miss."

The baker whispers that Penthides is a good thing for the Juvenile.

There's a red roan called Lady Airle running in the Flying Welter and I always think that's my lucky color, so I'm going to save up for something on Lady Airle.

How They Live When There Isn't Any Rain!

Continued from Page 3

SHE showed me four big pits where the men buried millions of grasshoppers that were killed by poison baiting.

Years ago I visited that home-stand, when the garden was in flower. It was brown, dry, and bare while I was there, and I knew what this garden-lover had suffered during the plague.

"Dad had to kill four big snakes before he could pump water out of our last dam," the small daughter informed me.

In the biggest town I visited I ventured to mention the word "drought."

"This is good country," I was told peremptorily. "It responds well to rain. If we could only get a good fall now, it would do a world of good."

Then I came to Mrs. Gibbons' home in that Far West spot on the banks of what was once a fair, flowing river.

The pigs were wallowing in puddles where the river had once been.

The waterhole, with its diving-board and chute, fitted up by a thoughtful father, was a scratching place for a few fowls. The half-dozen dogs lay panting in the heat, not even bothering to snap at the hordes of flies.

The horses stood motionless in the shade of trees, and the sheep in heaps under the trees of the long-dry billabongs.

Windmills were cranking dismally

at the pipes connected with the wells, emitting a dribbling flow into concrete tanks for the horses.

Out in the biggest paddock the boys were cutting burrs and thistles with brush-hooks—a hot, dry job. Children chased each other through the wool-shed.

"Drought! This is not what you'd call a drought," I was told. "It's only a longer dry spell than usual."

"Makes life a bit harder for us, but not very much, for we lost nearly everything we had last winter," a woman told me at another station.

"We've been living here eighteen years, and never had a really dry season yet."

And this was in a part of the State where the annual rainfall is fourteen inches—and only seven have fallen since January 1, 1938.

When I climbed back on the train for greener pastures nearer the coast, I began to wonder what sort of people these inland folk really were. I wondered at their immense optimism.

And I swore that never again would I grumble at my lot, where I could pour hundreds of gallons of water daily on a few unresponsive roses, or let the tap run for ten minutes while I had a shower.

I came away convinced that life is what you make it—and how you take it.



THE INSECT SPRAY THAT KILLS

To be truly effective, the insect spray you use must KILL. To make flies and mosquitoes temporarily unwell is insufficient—they must die. Fly-Tox kills flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, ants, and all other insects. Insist on Fly-Tox, and refuse all substitutes.

COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY SPRAYS

INSIST ON FLY-TOX IT KILLS ALL INSECTS

Timely Attention Checks Development of Disease

It is well known in medical circles that many serious diseases develop from the most simple of causes, many of which can be obviated by timely attention.

Simple disorder of the kidneys has been found to be the most common cause of many painful and common diseases. The correct function of the kidneys is the filtration from the blood of waste poisons and impurities which form through the decay of the tissues. If the kidneys are disordered, these poisons remain in the blood stream and upset the entire system, eventually causing Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gallstones and Digestive Troubles.

The remedy for these complaints, therefore, lies in the restoration of the kidneys to their correct working order, the best known course being Warner's Safe Cure, the sixty-year-old remedy for all kidney and liver disorders.

A lady user from Pullerton, N.S.W., writes: "For years I suffered severe pain in the back, legs and knees, which was so bad that I could scarcely go about my daily duties. After trying many medicines, I procured some Warner's Safe Cure and after taking only a few bottles all the pain left me."

Chemists and Storekeepers sell Warner's Safe Cure in Concentrated form (non-alcoholic) at 2/9, and in the original 6/- bottles.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

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The voice beautiful, expressing music's loveliest thoughts, returns to thrill you

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Housewives' Association Session

by **MRS. ELEANOR GLENCROSS**

Every WEDNESDAY, 11.30 a.m.

2GB

FOR DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT

Surprises Promised by 2GB for 1939

WHAT will broadcasting bring us in 1939?

A great advance in musical programmes, more elaborate and ambitious dramatic presentations; and, above all, the development of the live-artist musical show—such is the claim of Mr. H. G. Horner, Director of Broadcasting of the Macquarie Broadcasting Network, and general manager of 2GB.

"Broadcasting in Australia has made remarkable progress during the past few years," Mr. Horner said.

"But I believe that 1939 will see the greatest advance which commercial radio has so far achieved. At least, that is how we at 2GB see it—and we know what our plans are."

"All over the world there is this same expectant optimism. In many cases, of course, broadcast presentations which are successful in England and America are quite unfit for Australia, but there is much we can learn from the success of new ideas, and for that reason we maintain the closest possible association with our representatives overseas."

"It is on that experience that we have based our plans for live-artist musical presentations this year."

World Artists

"If all our plans come to fruition, we will have the honor of bringing to the 2GB microphone some of the greatest artists in the world, in addition to the presentation of ambitious local productions featuring famous Australian artists."

"In the dramatic field the experience of the past few years has placed us in a position where we now have available not only the choice of the best programmes overseas, but also Australian productions of which we can well be proud."

"We have been able to envisage dramatic programmes on a far more ambitious scale than hitherto, and some of the productions which have been planned for next year will be outstanding."

"Dramatic presentations, in fact, form one of the most interesting sides of radio programme production to-day, because the absence of stage limitations gives us such a wide field to explore."

"An interesting development in overseas recorded programmes is the gradual elimination of harsh American accents."

"In that direction, radio has followed the films in the export market."

More Humor

"SOME of the overseas programmes planned for next year are exceptional, both in conception and production."

"Our plans at the moment are centred largely also on humor in broadcasting. Rarest of all available entertainment, good clean comedy is the most sought-after feature the world over."

"We expect to include in our programmes next year the personal appearance of a comedian known to everybody in Australia."

"Television? Not next year, perhaps, but it is just around the corner, and it may swing into sight suddenly at any time."

"Speaking generally, Mr. Horner said the outstanding immediate development would be even closer thought on the problem of tuning the atmosphere of the programme to suit the mood of the hour throughout the day."

With this object in view there has been at 2GB during the past few weeks a complete realignment of the daytime sessions, and the late-evening programmes are now being treated also

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FROCK SHOP

ME99. — Brightly coloured panels for the smaller sizes. Neatly made with uplift bodice, tie belt, short puff sleeves. **Gay florals on Black, Navy and Brown grounds.**

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ME102. — So very feminine is this dainty frock of FULLY LINED SHEER. Plain tailored garment with new open-worked rouleau insert into bodice. Small roll collar, fancy button and vest to tone as a finish. Gored skirt. Black, Navy, Bottle, and Green.

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"The Best of Everything?"



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his soap must be



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NURSE WHO BEGAN TO GET FAT

Worried Because it
Spoiled Her "Figure"

This nurse was proud of her figure, and when she began to put on weight she was naturally worried about it. She started taking Kruschen, and in a few months she got rid of 18 lbs. of unwanted fat. Delighted with the results, Nurse writes:

"I am a hospital nurse, 38 years of age. I am 5 feet 10 inches tall and always had a good figure. But about two years ago, I began to get very fat, especially round the abdomen. This worried me very much, not only because it spoiled my figure, but because it made me look much older. A few months ago I started taking Kruschen Salts and soon found I was getting slimmer. I did not weigh myself until last week, and found to my delight that I had lost 18 lbs. of excess fat, and I feel so well." (Nurse) M.E.C.

Before the first bottle of Kruschen is finished, the fat starts to go. Then, month after month, the scales tell the same story—a few pounds less of superfluous fat to burden the body and endanger the health.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 43 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

THEY continued the search but there was no Florestan.

The following evening Sir Herbert Melville, Cheshire, Fakenham and Prestley played bridge at their club. At the end of the rubber, Melville and Cheshire retired from the game.

They passed into the back room. Melville closed the door behind him. Cheshire drew up a chair to one of the small tables and held his head for a moment between his hands.

"Get on with it, Melville, quickly," he begged. "I thought that last rubber would be the end of me."

"Sorry, but it was your own doing," the other reminded him. "You begged me, after those few words last night, not to communicate with you in any way, you told me what to say to the young lady, you planned it all yourself."

"I know," Cheshire agreed. "It's a queer business. Nothing has been heard of the fellow, I suppose?"

"Not a thing. I am inclined to agree with Partridge—he believes he has gone to earth somewhere in Soho. I can draw you a rough plan of his getaway, if you would like to have it."

"What about Holborn?"

"Well, Partridge went there himself," Melville replied. "They simply looked upon him as a lunatic. Florestan is apparently the most important man in the business. They showed me a telegram from him signed 'Florestan' sent yesterday from Belgium confirming his purchase of thousands of tons of steel plates, or something of the sort. They won't listen to any suggestion that it is an unusual thing for a man to be travelling on the Continent and in England without leaving any indication as to his whereabouts."

"What possible explanation can they offer?" Cheshire asked curiously.

"Simply that their Mr. Florestan is known to be the keenest buyer of metals in the trade, and if his competitors knew where he went they would all follow him and up would go the price. That is why he keeps his movements so secret. As for the club itself, of course we knew there was nothing to be found there. The secretary seems to be a very respectable Italian importer who gave the police every assistance last night. There was no drinking and the class of people there were, so far as one could see, just wives and families of the tradespeople who belong. With regard to Florestan, they made no secret whatever about the fact that he was one of the firm of Brown, Shipman & Co., and president of the club. But no one there seemed to have the least knowledge of the existence of the secret passage, and there is not a book in the place to even suggest that anything illegal was going on."

"I did expect to hear something about the young lady, though," Cheshire said.

"Do you mean to say that you have not seen or heard from her?" Melville asked incredulously.

"Not I. I wouldn't telephone or go near her for the world."

"You don't know then that she was in a dead faint when Partridge forced open the door? She must have had a horrible time."

"I can't help it," Melville looked at his companion curiously.

"For a man of gallantry," he observed, "you seem to have allowed this young lady to take on pretty considerable risks."

"Risks be damned!" was the bitter reply. "Think of what was the other side. You may think me as brutal as you like, but I felt pretty well sure that when she left me she would be followed, that somehow or other Florestan would have made a big effort to get hold of her papers. The risk was worth running a hundred times over. Even you, my friend, don't realise that this conspiracy, which we are fighting is vital. It is going to settle the future, for the next fifty years at any rate, of the British Empire. Get that into your head, Melville, and you will understand why I have had to act like a dummy all day and get on with my job and not even answer a telephone message, and why last night I lost all sense of chivalry and all that sort of rubbish. I let the girl go to face what she had to face because I believed she would lead your people to Florestan."

Melville threw his cigar into the grate.

"I'm sorry, Cheshire," he said. "You make me feel like a schoolboy. Anyhow, things might have been a great deal worse. Nothing more terrible happened to the Countess than a nasty shock. Partridge himself took her home. They waited for an hour and then he sent

her to the Embassy with a plain clothes escort in my own private car. At midnight she reported that she had delivered the package to the right person in the right way. The Embassy plane left at four o'clock and your stuff went out with the rest of the diplomatic despatches."

Cheshire remained in a very grim mood. His whisky and soda stood by his side untouched. His pipe, filled with tobacco, lay there unlit.

"You must not be too down on us, old fellow," Melville continued. "We were outwitted. Partridge admits it. I admit it. We will get our own back—don't be afraid of that. Florestan is a devil of a fellow. Remember—I don't want to seem brutal, but you had your own lesson with him that night in Colville Terrace. We have discovered one of his bolt holes, anyway."

"Close it," Cheshire enjoined firmly. "Block the passage. Have a score of men in the club. I have a fancy he might try to get back that way. Let your men in Soho take off the gloves to-night. Florestan cannot be far away. I feel he isn't far away. Don't be content with the ordinary sort of search. Rake out the place, Melville. It's time someone gave Soho a shock. See that they get it to-night. I would go and join Partridge but I've got a hunch."

"What is it?" Melville asked.

Cheshire rose to his feet. The silent fury which had been devouring him seemed for the moment to have subsided. He took a gulp from his tumbler. He walked over to the fireplace, struck a match and lit his pipe.

"Florestan is somewhere close around," he declared. "His business is here with us—not abroad. My hunch is that we shall see or hear again from him within twenty-four hours. If they drive him out of Soho I'll tell you, Melville, where he will make for. The Milan. Do you get that? He has corner rooms at the Milan in the name of Copeland. I shouldn't be surprised to see him

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 6

time. It will mean war, then, and we are not ready for war. That is the long and the short of it. At midnight, Melville, I shall be in my room alone."

The closest of espionage to which he could have been subjected would have discovered nothing in Admiral Cheshire's movements during the remainder of that evening to have given rise to a moment's suspicion.

He arrived at his rooms at the Milan Court at the usual time, received a couple of telephone messages, one asking him to dine with a cousin at the Beefsteak Club, another enclosing a ticket for a theatre and an invitation to supper afterwards from some country friends. Both these affairs had been dealt with by his social secretary, who reported that no other telephone messages had been received and there had been no callers. Cheshire dismissed him for the night, took his bath and changed, and ordered a light dinner which he had served to solitude with an evening paper propped up in front of him.

Afterwards he wrote three letters by hand, taking them down to the post himself, and strolled across the entrance-hall towards the balcony lounge where a small crowd of men and women were drinking before-supper cocktails and watching the crowd dancing below. He lingered for a few moments at the top of the steps, exchanged greetings with one or two of the matrons of the hotel who hurried up, and shook his head in reply to various invitations.

"No supper for me to-night, Joseph," he remarked to the small dark man who was urging him to occupy a table in a retired corner. "I may come in later with friends. Just came down to have a look at you. Business good, as usual, I see."

"Marvelous," the man replied. "Every night it is the same. This war scare seems to bring people instead of keeping them away."

Cheshire nodded and took his leave. He had accomplished his

see. You did not disclose the whole of your own, by the way, when you came to pay us that little visit."

"Admiral Cheshire, if you prefer it," he replied briskly. "Sometimes it is convenient to forget one's title. How is your aggressive husband?"

"Oh, all right, I suppose," she answered. "He is away somewhere. An inconvenient sort of husband to have," she went on with a suggestive upward glance. "Never gives his poor wife a chance. She never knows when he is coming home, or perhaps you would add, going away. Will you not sit down?"

Cheshire sank into a chair by her side. It was a quarter past eleven, but he really felt that it was doubtful whether he could occupy his time until midnight more usefully than in a brief chat with Mrs. Florestan.

"I did not think I should see you again," she remarked. "You had a quarrel with Horace, did you not, after I left that night?"

"He was a trifle over-hospitable," Cheshire assented. "Didn't seem to like parting with me. What's become of that servant of yours—the one with the fringe?"

"She has disappeared," Mrs. Florestan confided a little bitterly. "They are all the same. You cannot find servants for small houses. What Horace keeps that wretched place on for I cannot imagine, when the firm gives him a suite up here just to entertain his foreign customers in I am a foreign customer, myself, at the moment," she added with a laugh. "I hate Kensington."

"Are you waiting for friends?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I dress up and come and sit here most evenings just to watch the people arrive for dinner or supper."

"It seems scarcely an exciting life," he remarked.

"I have not the good fortune," she rejoined. "There is no one to make it exciting for me."

"Where is your husband?"

"Who knows? I wrote to the firm yesterday to inquire and incidentally to complain. Of his bills here I take no account. I come when I choose. I am established here now. They never ask for money. I pay none, I just sign. But I needed money for other purposes when I wrote to the firm."

"What did they do about it?" he inquired curiously.

"Sent me an open cheque for two hundred pounds. Hoped it was enough. Assured me that my husband was deeply engaged upon some important contracts for the firm and that I might consider them my bankers if I needed more money. I sent them a batch of dressmakers' bills. I hope they liked it."

"He never asks you to help him in his work?" Cheshire observed blandly.

"I do not even know what his work is," she drawled.

Cheshire sipped his wine thoughtfully.

"Are you not sometimes curious?" She looked at him with meditation in her large eyes—eyes of an uncertain color—and a look from Mrs. Florestan was something worth remembering.

"I am afraid of my husband," she confessed.

"So am I," Cheshire admitted.

"What a joke!"

"What should you do if he came in at this moment?" she asked.

"Run for my life," he assured her.

Once more the smile trembled at the corners of her full and shapely lips.

"That," she said, "I do not believe. I am sure that you would fight with him if it was necessary, but I am sure that he would win."

"He seems to have had his own way with me pretty well up till now," Cheshire sighed.

Please turn to Page 36

PETER PIPER

THIS week's tongue-twister from the Peter Piper series is quite a difficult one—but you should be fairly expert by now.

o o o

OLIVER OGLETHORPE
Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and oyster;
Did Oliver Oglethorpe ogle an owl and oyster?
If Oliver Oglethorpe ogled an owl and oyster,
Where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorpe ogled?
(Next week the p p p tongue-twister.)



dancing with the crowd to-night or taking a drink at the bar!"

"Have you anything to go on?" Melville persisted. "Why do you think he would take such a tremendous risk as to go to the Milan?"

"Because he's clever enough to do the entirely obvious thing when he's in a fix," Cheshire replied. "We've everything else out of your mind for the moment, Melville. It's Florestan, always Florestan. Don't telephone me. If there is any news, send me round a perfectly reliable man at midnight to my rooms at the Milan. No papers or cards. No message. I will leave word for a Mr. Brown to be shown up, if he comes. Midnight exactly."

Melville nodded.

"You are none too safe, yourself, my friend, in these places just now," he warned him. "You have had one narrow escape."

"Safety be hanged!" Cheshire answered savagely. "Who cares about that? If it cost your life and mine and the lives of every one of your men who are searching in Soho at this minute, it would be worth while if we could get Florestan under lock and key."

"Why is he suddenly so formidable?" Melville asked.

"Because he works as I work—by instinct," was the vigorous reply. "Do you think he would have run the risk he has run with a sister of the Princess Pelicci if he hadn't an inkling of my scheme? The merest suspicion, if he tests it, is destruction, that is, if the inkling arrives and the suspicion is born before its

purpose if it should be necessary. He had established an alibi. He turned his back upon the room and glanced carelessly enough round at the other lookers-on. Suddenly he stiffened. A Junoesque-looking lady in a very beautiful black evening gown, undoubtedly handsome, gloriously flamboyant, had deliberately smiled at him from her solitary table in the corner. Cheshire did not hesitate for a moment. He threaded his way through the crowded space towards her.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Florestan—or ought I to say Mrs. Copeland?" he said, bowing over her hand.

"Mrs. Florestan is my correct name," she told him. "My husband took his apartment here under another name as he has so many Continental clients who stay here, and whom he is not always anxious to

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PRACTICAL JOKER

MY neighbor was fond of playing jokes, especially on my husband's mother, who was old, and thought everything told her was true.

Coming into our kitchen, he said, "Look what I got out of our Christmas pudding," and held up a one pound note covered with pudding.

Suddenly Sailor, our spaniel, grabbed the note in his mouth. Everybody was taken by surprise, but our neighbor quickly grabbed the dog by the throat, so that he could not swallow, while my husband forced his mouth open and recovered the note.

It was a close shave and cured our neighbor of playing jokes.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Clifton, 29 Fore St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

BLACK AND WHITE

WHILE staying with my father and brothers at a lonely farm on the slopes of Table Mountain, South Africa, my brother was taken ill and I went to fetch the doctor.

Walking across the mountain top in the moonlight with Nellie, a pure-bred bull-terrier, I was horrified to see a big Kaffir bounding over the rocks towards me.

As he made a grab at me I let Nellie's chain out, and when the white apparition bounded against him he gave an unearthly yell and leaped over the rocks, leaving Nellie with a piece of his flesh in her mouth, and a trail of blood on the ground.

2/6 to Kathleen Gower, 82 Park St., St. Kilda, Vic.

INNOCENT ABROAD

MY father asked a workmate to see if the lorry contained sufficient petrol, and a few minutes later saw him strike a match to look into the tank.

In a flash father dashed the match out of the man's hand, crying out, "You fool, you will blow yourself up!"

"But, Jim, it's a safety match!" the man exclaimed in a surprised tone.

2/6 to Miss P. M. Whitton, Webley Road, Point Piper, N.S.W.

THE LAST LAUGH

HEARING noises and going out to the kitchen, I saw that a thief had eaten my husband's supper and collected my week-end groceries.

As I turned on the light my husband came in and the intruder dropped 2lb. of butter, jumped onto the back fence and fell on the foot-path on the other side.

Just then I started laughing and laughed as if I were getting hysterical. I had discovered that the thief had stolen two dozen eggs and was imagining how he felt and looked after falling over the fence with the eggs concealed in his pockets.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Volckers, Moodie St., Roselle, N.S.W.

FAMILY HORSE

IT was a hot day in a bush town in Western Queensland, and I had put my six-months-old baby to sleep on a rug on the floor of the front room.

My husband's horse was browsing in the back yard when, without warning, he walked into the kitchen and strolled through the house and out the front door.

I was terrified, but had the presence of mind not to move, and the horse stepped right over the baby.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Gennings, 156 Brisbane St., Bulimba, Brisbane.

THE EYE HAD IT

COMING from the city I was nervous when my husband's work took him away from the homestead. Hearing movements on the verandah one morning I went to the front door, but before opening it I peered through a small panel in the glass. To my horror a huge eye was staring at me. I was terrified. But as I stood transfixed the eye moved away and I saw the body of a steer.

2/6 to Mrs. O. Holding, Pearson St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

Man Runs Amok in Country Home



"He put the full charge through her arm."

IT was a bright moonlight night on February 25, 1921. A dance was in progress in the local school, but we did not attend.

About 10.45 we were all sound asleep when a young half-caste entered our house with the intention of stealing a shotgun (the already had one) and shooting at the crowd at the dance. But finding us at home, he started on us.

My stepdaughter, Edie, aged 15, was in the first bedroom he entered. Seeing her arm on top of the bed-clothes he put the full charge through her arm just below the shoulder, but fortunately missed the bone and the main artery.

Running out the back door, and thinking he could see a shadow on her window blind, he fired back into the room, shattering the glass.

At that moment she rushed into our room, screaming, "Look out, Mother; the place is being struck by lightning!"

Running outside to investigate, my husband could see nothing, but he learned later that at that moment

the culprit was outside the back gate reloading his gun.

I asked my husband to light the fire and get hot water to bathe Edie's arm, and as he moved towards the door, which was opposite the open window, I walked behind him with my hand on his shoulder.

Meanwhile, the armed man had seen the light in our room and rushed around. He rested the gun on the verandah railing, and fired point blank at the back of my husband's head. But luckily the charge hit the window-frame, bedpost, and bedding, and scattered.

Sixteen pellets entered my shoulder and arm, and the rest went through the double wall into the passage.

As I blew the light out, Edie dropped to the floor beside the bed, and my husband rushed unarmed after the gunman (who, in his haste, had dropped his hat in the garden).

A car had to come 30 miles to take us to hospital, where we arrived at 10 o'clock next night.

The armed man was arrested in the mountains two days later.

51/1/- to Mrs. A. Beale, Bundabagh, via Sale, Vic.

Pram Overboard

WHILE living in North Queensland my husband became very ill, and had to be removed to the cooler climate of Sydney.

The first boat south was a cargo vessel, and we were the only passengers.

The weather became oppressively hot, so we left baby in the pram at the shady end of the deck while we went forward to enjoy the breeze. A little later I heard a scream, and to my horror beheld the pram careering along the deck.

As there was no rail it bounded into the water, scattered its contents over the waves and sank!

At that moment our collie dog came skimming along the deck, with baby crawling after it.

The child had been playing with a ball, and the dog, being accustomed to ball-games, tried to get the ball. His weight on the handle, however, caused the pram to upend, tumbling baby on to the deck.

5/- to Mrs. H. Nichol, John Street, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

Send in Your Story!

IT does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A guinea is awarded for the best each week, and 5/- for others published.

For storyettes we pay 2/6 each. Write legibly on one side of the paper, and address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Peril in Mine

LIVING in Omeo, Gippsland, when it was a flourishing mining town, I accompanied a girl friend to a mine to notify her father that his wife was very ill.

There was nobody at the mouth of the mine, and when we cooed and got no response we entered the tunnel.

After going a long way, around curve after curve, we met a man winding up a windlass. He nearly collapsed from shock when he saw us.

"Run for your lives," he yelled. "We are just going to blast."

We had not gone far when there was a terrific explosion, and we were nearly blinded and suffocated by the smoke and fumes.

When we reached safety, my friend fainted, and I spent the next half-hour reviving her and wiping the blood from her face where she had torn the skin off in her rush to get out of the tunnel.

5/- to Mrs. Grace Carlson, Mangoplah, N.S.W.

Under Fire

RETURNING from a concert rehearsal my sister and I were hurrying along a badly-lit street in Undercliffe, Sydney, when we saw a man under a lamp close to where we lived.

As we drew nearer we could see that he held something in his hand—something that shone brightly under the light.

A few seconds later my sister laughed, and as she did so the man looked up. Bang! The "thing" in his hand spouted fire.

My sister grabbed my hand and ran with me towards the nearest corner. Another shot, and yet another was fired after us, and I thought we would never turn that corner.

But at last we reached it and ran into the first house, where we were sheltered.

Next day detectives told us that the man had been caught. He had gone out of his mind and had been trying out a new revolver on us!

5/- to Mrs. G. S. Clappett, 55 Queen Victoria St., Bexley, N.S.W.

Lost in the Alps

STAYING in the little village of Bex le Bains, in Switzerland, at the foot of the Swiss Alps, I decided to explore the summit of the mountain, and, going up by train, started to walk back at my leisure.

When I reached the path which would have taken me to the foot of the mountain, it was being repaired and could not be used. But I soon found another path which, however, proved to be a dead-end.

Soon I realized that I was hopelessly lost, and as the afternoon wore on I got more and more nervous.

All the time I was faced with grave danger, for, had I slipped, I would have fallen into a raging creek at the foot of the mountain.

After further wandering I saw some workmen whom I could not reach. I called, and when they appreciated my plight they climbed up to me.

Tying a rope round my waist and winding it round a tree, one of them assisted me down to safety.

When I reached my hotel a search party was about to set out to look for me.

5/- to Mrs. Longstaff, Brownfield St., Cheltenham S22, Vic.

Night of Horror

WHEN I was a nurse in the Innes-fall District Hospital in 1918 a dreadful cyclone hit the district, and besides unroofing the women's and men's wards, almost demolished the aliens' ward.

A section called "The Bungalow" weathered the storm, and the 32 patients were crowded into it.

Except for a full of an hour the storm raged all night. It was truly a night of horror, for the cries and screams of the sick and injured could be heard above the roar of the wind.

Even so, the following week was worse, for it was then that the killed and injured were brought in from the surrounding districts. Twenty-five persons lost their lives in that cyclone and nine others died later from injuries.

Only four buildings were left standing in the district.

5/- to Mrs. A. E. Bax, Edward St., Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

Guard
Your
GLAMOUR

KEEP YOUR
UNDERARM
DRY



You probably won't detect that stale perspiration odour in your clothing, and your friends won't mention it. There's only one way to be sure that you don't offend. Keep the underarm dry!

Odorono does more than merely stop perspiration odour... it checks underarm perspiration itself—sending it to other more exposed parts of the body where it may evaporate unnoticed. Thus Odorono protects both your reputation and your clothing!

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Odorono Creme is the perfect deodorant. It has a vanishing cream base that does not soil or harm clothing—and it will not irritate your skin. Does not check perspiration.

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5/- to Mrs. G. Conolly, Gordonvale, Qld.



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An amazing discovery of Science. Removes away superfluous hair completely in 3 minutes - leaves skin soft and smooth as velvet. No sticky residue like the razor leaves - no coarse regrowth. Simply spread on this dainty sweet smelling cream - wash off with plain water - the hair goes. This powerful discovery is sold everywhere under the trademark New VEET. Soft, clean and easy to use. End your hair superfluous hair troubles for ever with New VEET. 20 and 40 (double size) tubes. Chemists and Grocers.

Getting Fat and Slack?

ARE YOUR LOOKS FADING AWAY?

Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, biliousness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat and slackness.

Regain your bright and attractive appearance by banishing constipation with Pinkettes. Tiny, perfectly harmless, gentle yet absolutely effective, these famous laxative and liver pills exercise and strengthen the bowels, keep the food tract clean and active, stir the liver, and thus banish sick headache, bilious attacks, pimples, bad breath and ungainly fat. Get a 1/3 bottle of Pinkettes to-day. At chemists and stores.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. They are at sender's risk, but if stamped advanced envelope is enclosed every one will be taken to ensure return. Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contribution the Editor's decision is final.

"HE will to the end," she told him. "Horace Florestan has been a mystery to me ever since we met. Why he married me I do not know. He simply told me that he intended to and he did. Every now and then he is my husband again, then he goes. He becomes a stranger. I am afraid of him. I never know when he is going to change. I never know when he is about to become a human being, but until he does all that I do is wait, all that I feel is fear."

"A strange marriage," he murmured. "You have said a true thing," she agreed. "No one knows how strange. Think—what is the greatest resource of a woman left like me? Reading? I cannot read. I will tell you why. There are no books written about men like my husband or women like me."

"I lose interest in this mob," she went on, with a wave of her hand. "They are all the same. I know just what they are going to do, how they feel, almost what they are going to eat. They are living the lives of ordinary human beings. Horace Florestan is not, and through him I am not. He is the Bluebeard of to-day. It is I who live in the cupboard. He locks the door. I bore holes and look out. That is how I see life."

He refilled her glass and his own, pushed his case towards her and held a match for her cigarette.

"Exactly what should you do if he walked in now?" he asked. "Faint," she answered. "If our eyes met I should faint, because I should know that he understood what I was feeling."

"What are you feeling?" She turned her head and looked at him. He forgot the heavy, clumsy woman he had first seen in that tawdry suburban sitting-room. She seemed at that moment something wholly pagan, yet something with a queer quality of enthusiasm. The light shone in her strange eyes, her lips were trembling.

"You are too little of a man, and I am too much of a woman, or you would know," she told him.

The pause which followed, vibrant yet embarrassing, was curiously broken in upon. The man with the evil mouth, mallow complexion and jet black hair seemed to appear from nowhere. As a matter of fact, he had left a party of friends who stood waiting for him upon the steps. Cheshire recognised him with amazement.

"Madame," the newcomer exclaimed, as he made Mrs. Florestan a formal and tremulous bow, "Mon-sieur," he added with a glance towards Cheshire.

She looked at him lazily. There was distaste and also anger in her tone.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Ludini?"

"Madame, I am with friends," he answered. "I had not the thought of seeing you."

"Where is my husband?" "No man living could ever answer that question unless he were within sight," was the fearless rejoinder.

"Why do you address me?" "Because you have the courage which only fools have," he answered. "Also your companion. He has had one escape. Next time he will not have the chance. You two together—it is more than formidable, that—it is disaster, if he should chance to come."

"I have just heard your name for the first time," Cheshire, who had made up his mind as to his course of action during the last few seconds, intervened. "I never heard it before and I have to wish to hear it again, but if you want to have supper with your friends to-night run along and join them. I have a fancy that it would not be difficult to place you in a police cell instead."

"I took my risks when I addressed you," the man replied, "but it would do you no good to adopt that attitude. I gave you credit for a certain amount of intelligence, which apparently you possess. I am powerless. I am less than a pawn in the game. Find my master, if you are looking for death. Keep away from him and everything that belongs to him, and everybody who knows him, if you wish to live."

"Tragic but boring," Deborah Florestan yawned. "Where is my husband?"

"No one knows. We never know," he answered. "All that I can tell you is that it is a stroke of great good fortune that he is not here." Ludini seemed to disappear as silently and as swiftly as he had come. Cheshire leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"To think," he exclaimed, "that that is the fellow who tried to stop me getting away from that damnable cellar of yours the other night! To think that I have let him go!"

"You are not a fool," the woman said indifferently, "not in that way, at least. He could do you no further harm. The man you want is his master."

"Take me to his master," Cheshire proposed. "Why?"

"For your own sake, for your greater comfort. Afterwards, the diamonds you wear so regally might be real ones."

"I should be wearing them in my grave," she told him. He slipped his wine.

"You are becoming morbid." She shook her head.

"I am not morbid. I am not a coward. I do not love my husband, but God in Heaven, how I fear him! He has a feeling for me," she went on, "I think that he would kill me if he thought that I had been unfaithful to him. All the same, I would fall at your feet and pray you—but what is the good? I am afraid. I should always be afraid."

"I should like to see more of this extraordinary man," Cheshire remarked cheerfully. "He seems to appear and disappear at will, to behave, in short, as though he had wings underneath his coat, and to put the fear of God into everyone. That man Ludini who has just gone shivered as he spoke of his master. You yourself admit that he terrifies you."

"He terrifies me," she admitted, "because he lights fires that he cannot quench, because I have seen all those who have stood in his way go to their death. I would give everything a woman can give in life to be rid of that fear of him. Some-

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times I believe that it will hold me in bondage till I die..."

Joseph made one more effort. He had been called to a neighboring table and he lingered before Cheshire.

"We are very nearly full up, sir," he announced. "The table I offered you still remains."

Cheshire glanced at his companion.

"Why not some supper?" he asked. "Madame will find the music to-night delightful," Joseph said, bowing to her. "Presently Suzanne Dreyfus will sing."

Her eyebrows were gently raised as she looked towards Cheshire. He rose to his feet. She laid her finger upon his arm for a moment as she moved towards the stairs, but it was the shadow of fear rather than the joy of anticipation which walked with her into the supper room.

"Scarcely the usual gay crowd, Joseph," Cheshire remarked as he wrote out his order for supper and handed it to the maitre d'hotel.

The latter acquiesced sadly. He was an Italian, saving money fast, terrified lest any post might bring him his letters of recall.

"It is the fault of the newspapers, sir. The depression is always there. Did you see the placards to-night?"

"Never take any notice of them," Cheshire said.

"Nevertheless, they kill the spirit of gaiety in the people," Joseph insisted. "To-night the placards are speaking of a hitch in the conversations in one of the two capitals; another reports a deadlock in this room. At every table in this room at the present moment they talk of one thing only—the fear of war."

The Spymaster

Continued from Page 34

"You bring the caviare along, my friend," Cheshire directed, "and don't you worry your head as to whether there's going to be war or not. Even if there is it won't mean the end of all things, you know."

Deborah Florestan leaned back in her chair with a sigh of content. Her eyes had penetrated into every corner of the room. There was not a soul visible whom she had ever seen before. She began to wonder whether this attractive companion of hers would invite her to dance. He certainly had the figure for it. It would be very pleasant.

"War is a thing I do not understand," she confided. "My husband, who rarely talks to me, said only a few days ago that he was making a great fortune for his firm out of people's fear of war, but that if war came they might easily lose it all again."

"Quite right, too," her companion assented. "The Government would grab their profits back again."

She sighed.

"I should like my husband to make a great deal of money out of this fear of war that you speak of," she confessed, "leave it all to me, and disappear."

"What do you mean by disappear?" he asked.

"Go somewhere where I would never see him again. It would be better if he died," she added complacently.

"Aren't you a trifle heartless?" "I have no heart for my husband," she admitted. "No more would you if you had lived with him for fifteen years, as I have."

"How old are you?" he asked. She seemed to find nothing unusual in his question.

"I am thirty-five," she told him. "I was studying in London when the first bombers came over. I was not afraid then. I should not be afraid now. What I hate is the look on the faces of all the people. I think I was born to be gay. Horace has set his heel upon that spirit and it is wounded, but there is some of it left."

"How does your husband make all this money for his firm out of the fear of war?"

"He sells all manner of things to the Government," she replied. "He travels everywhere where there is steel or aluminium or nickel—anything that is needed in making aeroplanes or battleships. He buys and then he sells. He makes many enemies. People follow him about, who mean evil. He himself is visited often by strange men who do strange things for him, and that is all I know, so ask me no more questions, please. He thought when you came to the house in Kensington that you were a spy. Perhaps you are. Perhaps I have done wrong in telling you as much as I have. The first time you asked me I told you that I knew nothing about his work. Somehow, now, I feel that I know you much better and it gives me pleasure to tell you the little I do know."

Cheshire laid down his cigarette. "Do you care to dance?" he asked. A light broke across her face. She seemed suddenly years younger. She rose to her feet at once.

"It will not weary you?" "Not a bit of it," she laughed. "I am out of practice, that's all. That's not going to matter, I can see."

As a matter of fact they were both good dancers, but the woman was superb. Notwithstanding her height and size her feet were as light upon the floor as the slimmest of debutantes. She followed his movements as though by instinct. Looking unexpectedly, as they slowed up in

one of the crowded corners, Cheshire felt almost puzzled. He was dancing with a very beautiful woman of a new type—Titan. Rubens, the painters of the first Spanish Madonnas, a curious medley of women in flowing robes and with superb limbs, passed through his mind. Certainly he had had no thoughts of this gallery of splendor when he had drunk that glass of sherry with Mrs. Florestan and fenced with her mocking questions at the little house in Colville Terrace.

"Dancing gives you pleasure," he remarked, when at last the music ceased and they returned to their places.

"Music and dancing," she acknowledged quietly. "I have not danced for years. I began to think I should never dance again. It is like the commencement of a new life."

"Can't think how you kept up that beautiful sense of movement," he went on. "Of course you know that you are a long way the best dancer in the room."

"Am I?" she asked. "I never watched the others. I was so happy to be dancing myself."

She paid him no compliments. He realised that she did not think it necessary. All the same, a slight change in her attitude made him almost uneasy. He decided that serious topics of conversation were best.

"Tell me," he inquired abruptly. "I am not going to ask you any direct questions, but aren't you ever curious about these Continental visits and secret journeys of your husband?"

She shook her head.

"They do not interest me." "I really believe," he went on, helping himself to a cigarette, "that you are the first woman I have ever met in my life wholly devoid of the bump of curiosity."

"I am one of the nicest women you ever met in your life, if only you would take the trouble to realise it," she assured him.

"Even the very nicest are sometimes puzzling," he persisted. "Tell me this, then—have you ever been curious as to why the police have not returned your car?"

She looked at him with unwilling suspicion in her eyes.

"Did you invite me to supper in order to ask me questions about my husband?" she asked him pointedly.

"I never had the faintest idea of inviting you to supper," he told her, "until Joseph came and suggested it."

She indulged in a faint grimace. "It is humiliating," she confessed, "that you preserve your character of always speaking the truth."

"Friends always should," he said. "Besides, there is more to be gained, as a rule, by speaking the truth than by telling falsehoods."

"Shall we test that?" "Well?" he acquiesced doubtfully.

"The first time I saw you you came to Colville Terrace accompanied by a police inspector. You yourself represented a department connected with the police. I think you told us. What are you really?"

"A departmental overseer of unusual happenings."

"It sounds terrible," she said, "but it leaves me entirely ignorant."

"It is confidence for confidence." "It might be if I knew anything."

"Very well, then," he proceeded. "I am really a sailor placed for a few months at the head of a department which keeps a watch on people who interest themselves tremendously in armaments at a critical time like this. Hence my interest in your husband."

Continued Next Week

For Men

Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

Certainly those business men who have many payments to make over a considerable area need cheque accounts, but even those in common with all other men, will find the Savings Account a most useful and convenient aid to money accumulation.

There is nothing undignified in the transaction of Savings Bank business, but there is interest profit to be earned on such monies as would otherwise lie idle.

Throughout Australia there are Branches and Post Office Agencies of the

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

Intimate Jottings by Caroline.

DID YOU KNOW—

That young Sarah Hordern, small daughter of the Sam Horderns, gives promise of being an expert horsewoman?

She goes riding almost daily, accompanied by a groom, at Boural, where she and her small brother Sam are staying with Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern.

Tweeds at Glasgow Exhibition

WITH temperatures soaring here, it seems a bit hot yet to talk about winter materials, but here is news from the Glasgow Exhibition, just sent to Sydney by Mrs. Frederick Cook (the former Bettie Buchanan). She says that tweeds and cashmeres predominate, lovely wine shades and greens being mostly featured.

Bettie left Sydney a few months ago with her husband, Lieut.-Commander Cook, who is now attached to H.M.S. Royal Oak. They have bought a small car, and have already motored several thousand miles in England and Scotland. In June, Bettie expects to go to Malta, when her husband goes there in his ship. There is no prospect of their returning to Australia before the end of 1940.

Coming Back to Varsity

WHEN Betty Winn returns to Sydney at the end of this month she will get ready to resume her Arts course at the University. She interrupted her second year studies early last year to go abroad. Just before she left England in the Oronsay, Betty spent five weeks in Paris and toured Italy and Switzerland, so she will have lots to tell her friends when she returns.

Betty's mother, Mrs. R. Coupland Winn, and her brothers Dick and Murray are at present spending a holiday at Koonooka.

Mrs. Grant Lindeman is leaving for England shortly to bring back her own beautiful furniture, which she stored before coming to Australia a year ago for a holiday visit.

Putting Nails in Potatoes

ONE of the cheeriest Christmas celebrations that I have heard about was the Ian Dodds "childish party" at their Point Piper flat. It was not, as you will naturally conclude, an occasion when everyone dressed in childhood frocks. All the guests were in formal evening gowns, white tie and tails... but it wasn't long before the men got so hot taking part in "childish" games that most of them took off their coats.

Commander Ross Wheatley was the winner of one of the most difficult competitions. It consisted of picking up nails with a pair of scissors and sticking them into a potato. He made a record with 40 nails.

FEET LIKE RED-HOT FLAT IRONS



If your feet get tired easily, ache all day, burn inside your shoes until they feel like red-hot flat-irons—that means excess foot ACID! You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox salt. Radox supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the dead pores, sets the cramping acid on fire. Oh, the relief! Muscles are soothed, swelling goes down. Tired, burning feet are cooled and comforted. Radox is obtainable at all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/6 per packet.

RADOX

An Old Scottish Custom

SOON after midnight on New Year's Eve Mr. and Mrs. David Gillespie, of Towns Road, Vaucluse, left the party which was in full swing at their home to set out on a round of "first footing"—an old Scottish custom of calling on friends, usually with a small gift of corn, bread or wine, to wish them prosperity and happiness for the New Year.

It was a real Scottish hogmanay at the Gillespie home, completed by haggis and shortbread sent from Edinburgh.

Members of the family at the party were Jean, Win, Helen, David and Adam Gillespie. Also Mrs. A. H. Smith, of Brisbane, sister of Mrs. Gillespie, and her son, Graham Smith.

Fancy Dress and Haggis

ONE of the gayest spots in Sydney on New Year's Eve was the Evan Williams' home at Double Bay. June Williams was hostess to about 130 guests, all in fancy dress, and all keeping their identity a "dead" secret until the unmasking at midnight. June was assisted in entertaining by her 16-year-old sister, Janette.

At Elapora Country Club, too, there was a very bright party. The clubhouse illuminated with colored lights made an attractive sight against the skyline as the guests motored up the approaching hill. There were about 400 present, including Colonel and Mrs. Playfair, Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. George Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sandy, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Copeland, Joyce and Warren Carpenter.

The haggis was piped in when the clock struck twelve.

At the end of this week a host of interstate members of the Student Christian Movement are expected in Sydney for conference. Two South Australians coming are Megan and Beverly Beale, of Belair, both Adelaide University students.

Caravan at Beach

THE Tom Haydens, of Muswellbrook, with their young family of five, are caravanning at Terrigal for the holidays. The caravan is a super affair with all mod. cons.

Also among the sunbakers at Terrigal are Joy Jennings, of Muswellbrook, and Mrs. Stokes Hughes, with Owen, Totty, and Susan.

From Melbourne

FROM Melbourne Mr. and Mrs. O'Dell Crowther have just come to Moss Vale to spend a holiday at Dormie House. Their daughter, Valerie, who was in Sydney until a day before Christmas Eve, staying with the Bill Crossings, is now paying a round of visits in the Western District of Victoria.

Another Melbourne visitor to this State is Valerie Clarke, who is staying with the Otway Falkiners at Widgee.

Whale Beach will be the address of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Odillo Maher at the end of January. They have taken a cottage for a fortnight to give their daughter, Terry, and son, Tim, a grand holiday at the beach.

Kim and Toughnut

WELSH COBBOIS, those handsome hounds which are favorite pets of Princess Elizabeth, are becoming popular in Sydney. Mrs. I. Kelly, of St. Mark's Road, Darling Point, has a corbie pup answering to the name of Kim.

Douglas Doyle also is an owner. He brought two Welsh cobbois with him recently when he returned from abroad. One of them is called Toughnut.



Country Host

THE Jack Ryans, of Barraha, who have taken a flat at Manly for a long summer holiday, entertained at a gay party last Wednesday. The programme was dinner at the Australia and then dancing at Prince's. Mrs. Ryan was a charming hostess in a silver-blue satin gown.

Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frisby, Arnott, Neville Green, of Binsara, and his fiancée, Bonnie Smith, who will be married in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan spent the New Year week-end at Newcastle, but they are now back at Manly enjoying the surf.

Added to the list of cheery New Year's Eve parties is the one given by Margaret Dovey. It was held at the Vaucluse home of her parents, Mr. W. R. Dovey, K.C., and Mrs. Dovey.

Comfort at Sea

COMFORT at sea seems to be the motto of owners of the luxury cruisers which had gay crowds aboard at the annual Pittwater regatta last week. Most of the cruisers are complete with a "house" phone beside each bunk, which connects with state-rooms, the bridge, and galley.

Mrs. E. M. Rowell, who spends most of the summer aboard Lolita, owned by her father, Mr. A. D. Walker, of R.M.Y.C., said it adds to the fun while on holiday to be able to ring through to the galley for breakfast and have the chef read out the menu.

Among the women who were racing in the sailing events at the regatta were Sheila Pring, at the helm of her father's boat, Currawong; Mrs. Syd Croll, and Mrs. Eric Luscombe Newman... all well wrapped against the nor-easter which blew "white horses" down the bay, and made sailing a thrilling business.

In Sydney Again

LARGER for their first glimpse of small granddaughter Judith Whitelaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whitelaw arrived last week from America, via England. It is two years since they were last in Sydney. Judith is the infant daughter of the Lionel Whitelaws, of Merriwa. Mr. Whitelaw, you will remember, presented £1000 to Don Bradman several years ago when he made a record Test score in England, and last year gave £1000 to Hutton when he broke Bradman's record.

At Collaroy

MRS. NORMAN CARLYON and her sister, Mrs. Harry Scott, have just arrived in Sydney from Melbourne for a fortnight of surfing and sunbaking. They will stay with the Tom Carlyons at the house they have taken at Collaroy for the summer.

For the summer months Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell have deserted their home at Cumnilla, Queensland, and have taken a flat at Manly.

Visiting Adelaide

AFTER visiting her niece, Mrs. Bill Morgan, at Captain's Flat, Mrs. J. H. Walker went on to spend Christmas with her family in South Australia. She timed her arrival in Adelaide to welcome her cousins, Sir John and Lady Flett, when they arrived there from England in the Otranto on December 23.

Sir John and Lady Flett reached Sydney last Wednesday and were greeted by their son and daughter-in-law, the Harold Fletts of Bellevue Hill.



She Makes Herself Understood

IT seems strange that Madame Fokine, who arrived in Sydney last week with her husband, Michael Fokine, should speak only a few words of English when she has made her home in America for the past 16 years. Her explanation is that most of her friends are of other nationalities and they seldom speak anything but French.

Madame Fokine, nevertheless, makes herself fairly well understood by her expressive gestures. She told me one day last week of the loss of her noted collection of jewels, stolen from her Riverside Drive residence while she was absent for only about an hour.

As she was wearing, when she arrived in Sydney, a magnificent pearl in a ring, a large diamond solitaire, a diamond brooch several inches wide in a design of thistle leaves, and also another ring and bracelet, Madame Fokine has apparently again started a collection.

Madame Fokine and her husband, who is the famous choreographer, will stay in Sydney until they leave with the Russian Ballet company in a month or so.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bain, of Burwood, send out novel Christmas and New Year greetings—a pale gold book-mark, with a gold tassels dangling at the end, and at the top a Scotch terrier with his paws on scarlet books.

Americans Do Not Favor It!

FAIR-HAIRIED Kathleen Allen, of Bellevue Hill, who returned last week from America, says that the vogue for Edwardian curls has not taken American women by storm as it has done in England and Australia. Americans don't like the hard line given by the hair being swept up at the back.

Kathleen had a job in Hollywood which many women envy—secretary to Rudy Vallee and Charles Laughton.

I LIKE—

Lady McKelvey's large satchel bag of cyclamen suede which she carries when wearing an all-white ensemble. A matching color note is a heavy bracelet of cyclamen berries.

Disfiguring Skin Outbreaks

NOW BANISHED BY NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

Skin specialists have now traced the real cause of pimples, blackheads and other complexion imperfections to self-poisoning. I.e., a clogged colon. Due to inactivity of the colon (large intestine) all the food waste left over from digestion is not passed out of the body. Instead, it accumulates on the colon walls and there decays. Virulent poisons and bacteria, and irritating acids, seep into the bloodstream which carries them to the face, neck and other parts of the body. These poisons break down the "alkaline reserve" of the blood. It becomes "acid" and in an endeavor to free itself from these poisons (which should have been got rid of through the kidneys and bowels) it forces them through the pores of the skin. This results in open pores, pimples, blotches and other disfiguring and embarrassing facial blemishes.

You cannot clear your complexion of pimples and blotches until you check the cause—self-poisoning. You must remove the decaying accumulations of food waste from the colon walls. Normal bowel movement is not de-thrusting the waste through the colon walls. Opening medicines only surge the lower end of the colon, so drink warm water and "Colosceptic" every morning. This simple scientific plan cleanses the colon, takes up the colon walls giving them back their power of normal movement. "Colosceptic" neutralizes acids of the blood. With the restoration of blood alkalinity, "Colosceptic" also stimulates the action of the kidneys, thus aiding the elimination of body poisons through these natural channels. "Colosceptic" wears down those coils of self-poisoning in a simple, revolutionary yet scientific way. Get "Colosceptic" from your chemist to-day. Individual size, 2/6 Economy size, 5/6.

FREE SAMPLE

Send 12 stamps for postage to a Liberal Free Trial Sample and information. Send back will be sent you. COLOSCEPTIC (ABST.) LTD., 25 D'Arrol Street, Sydney.



NORMA COATES, who will arrive in town shortly from her Wagga home to finalise arrangements for her wedding to Robert Cunningham, also of Wagga. It will take place at St. Mary's, North Sydney, on January 28, followed by a reception at Elizabeth Bay House.

Cruising

ON a honeymoon cruise to New Zealand in the Otranto are Mr. and Mrs. A. Cunningham, who were married last week at St. John's Church, Glebe Point. Mrs. Cunningham was formerly Iris Payne.

Also aboard the Otranto is Linda Wald, a well-known Adelaide soprano.



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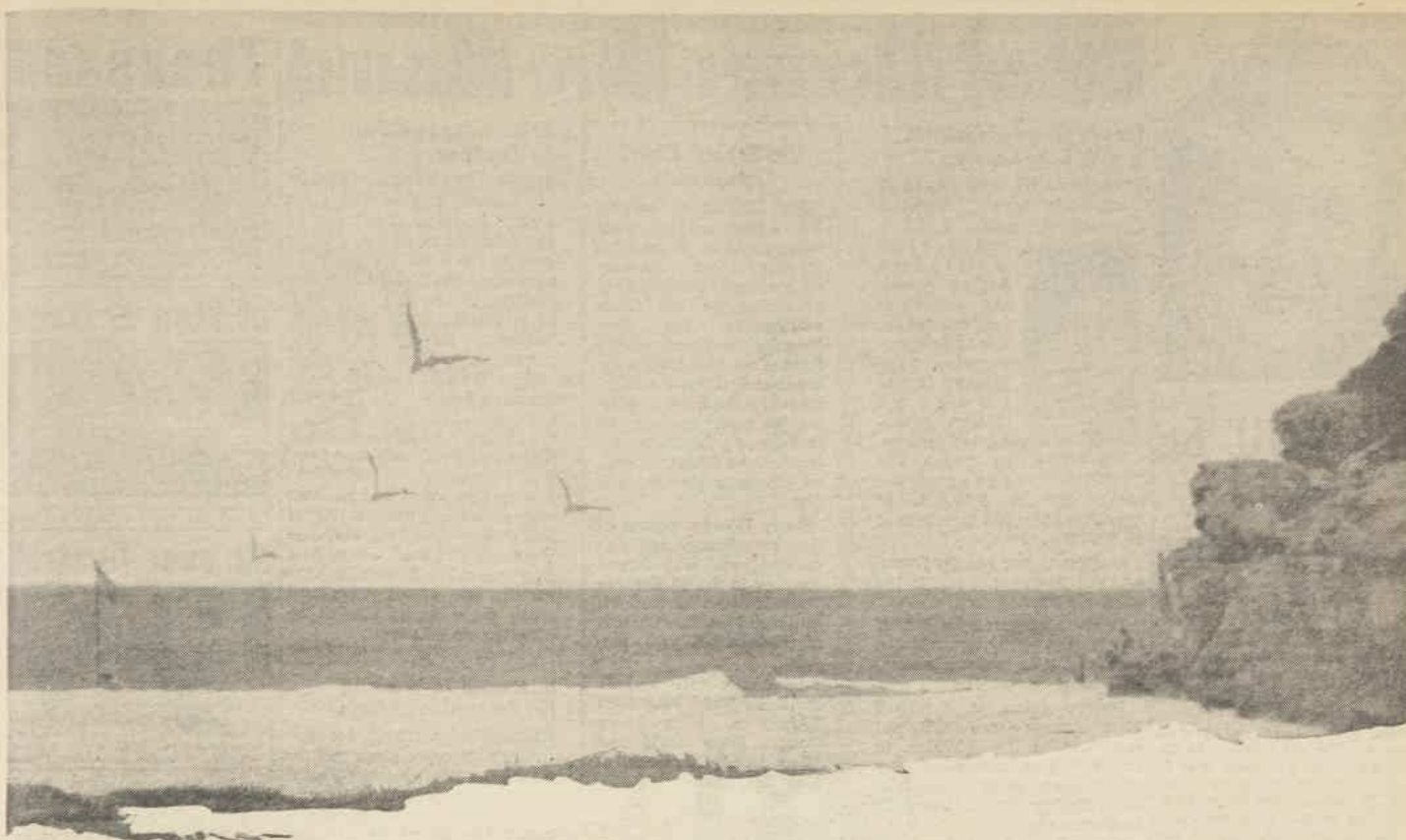
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Will YOU be free of Money Troubles at 60?

A VERY jolly old lady this week tells why she gets "a nice fat cheque" from the A.M.P. every quarter:

"When my husband and I were married we took out a policy in the A.M.P. that would give each of us £3 a week when we got to 60. We reached 60 long ago and are enjoying the nice fat cheques that come, and will come, every quarter till we die. We have no money troubles. I would advise every young couple to follow the same plan."

It is a good plan. It is one of the many good A.M.P. plans that make for the happiness and peace of mind of men and women, and for their longer lease of life.

Over 186,000 new policies were issued by the A.M.P. Society last year. Each policy will in due course ease someone's money troubles.

Send for a copy of "Investing in Happiness," or call at the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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Branches in all the State Capitals and the Principal Cities of the Commonwealth and N.Z.

Freckles

Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Kintho—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kintho from any chemist and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile daily into your bowels. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. You feel bloated up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harshness, gas, the cystitis making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Resolutely refuse anything else. 1/2

Travels Country Districts in Y.W.C.A. Caravan

TRAVELLING the country districts around Lockyer, Queensland, in the Y.W.C.A. caravan, Miss Winifred Archer finds the life most interesting. She is Brisbane secretary of the caravan for the Lockyer district, covering ten centres, in which she teaches the ideals of the Y.W.C.A. to approximately 200 members of 16 Y.W.C.A. clubs.

Gatton is her headquarters, and she thoroughly enjoys the open-air life.

In the past year Miss Archer has taught many handicrafts, specialising in making baskets with local materials.

Before going to Brisbane Miss Archer was assistant secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in Perth. The salary of the caravan worker is donated by the McKay Trust Fund in Melbourne.

Won Academic Honor for Thesis on Native Language

ONE of the most interesting degrees won at the Adelaide University this year was the M.A. awarded for the thesis written by Mrs. James Short, wife of Rev. James Short, of Hula, Papua.

The subject of the thesis was the Hula language, and Mrs. Short's task was a difficult one as this language, which resembles the Melanesian, had never before been thoroughly tabulated.

Mrs. Short, who held teaching posts in Perth and Adelaide before her marriage, took her diploma in French at the Sorbonne, Paris. When in Adelaide, four years ago, on furlough from Papua, she took a midwifery course to assist the native women.

Produces and Records Her Own Radio Transmissions

KNOWN over the air as "Dilly," Miss Dorothy Foster, of Victoria, has the distinction of being the only woman producing and recording her own transmissions on this side of the world. She started her radio career some years ago as an announcer, and it is only recently she has turned her flair for writing to adapting famous books for radio plays.

It is Miss Foster's ambition to produce one national feature over the Commonwealth network every year, and she has already successfully adapted "David Copperfield," which she produced last year.

For 1939 she has selected Herbert Jenkins' "Bindie" series, but for the present has joined the Hal Percy and Brett Randall Theatrical Company.



Miss Foster—Announcer.

Pre-School Child Conference

REGARDED by educationists as of great importance as it sets the standard for nursery school and kindergarten education for the Commonwealth, the first biennial conference of the Australian Association for Pre-school Child Development will be held in Melbourne from January 30 to February 3. Delegates from all the States, as well as overseas visitors, will attend.

Lady Gowrie, patron of the association, will be present at the formal opening in the Melbourne Town Hall on January 31, at which Mrs. T. A. Beckett, of Melbourne, will preside.

Speakers will include Dr. Anita Muhl, Miss Jean Wyndham, Miss Mary Cooper (New York), and Miss Nancy Parsons, of New Zealand.

Member of Australian Defence League

FEW Australian women have given greater service to the community than Mrs. I. H. Moss, recently appointed the only woman member of the Australian Defence League in Victoria.



Mrs. Moss—Spencer Shill.

Mrs. Moss has just retired from the presidency of the Victorian National Council of Women, after holding office for ten years. She was president of the N.C.W. of Australia for six years.

An ardent traveller, she has been abroad many times and was alternate delegate to the League of Nations Union Assembly at Geneva in 1927, and was elected vice-president of the International Council of Women at Brussels in 1936.

Mrs. Moss was president of the Victorian Women's Centenary Council, and in 1936 was appointed by the Commonwealth Government as lay member of the National Health and Medical Council.

Formed Clerical Workers' Club

A CLERICAL workers' club has just been established in Sydney, under the auspices of the Big Sister Movement, to meet the needs of women typists and clerks. It is hoped shortly to secure quarters which will include a rest-room and library and a secretarial bureau to serve as an employment agency for members wanting employment.

Meanwhile, a room has been made available for members at Scot Chambers, Sydney, the headquarters of the Big Sister Movement, of which Mrs. Edmund Gates is president, and Mrs. J. Richards honorary secretary.

Miss A. Beer is honorary secretary of the new club.

Holds Important Post As Dietitian

MISS ISABELLE BRADSHAW, one of the most highly-qualified dietitians in the Commonwealth, has been appointed dietitian to the Victorian Railways Department.

Miss Bradshaw is a member of the College of Nurses and of the Dietitians' Association of Victoria, and trained as a nurse at Royal Melbourne Hospital and the Women's Hospital. She was dietitian at the Alfred Hospital for five and a half years, and spent three years abroad in America and Europe.



Miss Bradshaw—Brotherton.

Interested in Working For Protection of Birds

SOCIETIES working for the protection of birds greatly interested Mrs. A. C. Watson, of Victoria, during a recent trip overseas. In England she found the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds doing a great deal. One of its activities is to erect bird nests on lighthouses each year during the migratory season, thus saving the lives of many birds crossing the seas.

The society is also instrumental in the passing of legislation against the destruction of birds.

Mrs. Watson is a member of the Gould League of Bird Lovers of Victoria, and while in London, on behalf of the league, she presented to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds a metal plaque of John Gould, famous ornithologist, after whom the league is named.

Enrolled as State Commissioner for Girl Guides

BEING fitted for her Guide uniform will be one of the first duties of Lady Julius as



Lady Julius

the newly-enrolled State Commissioner for Girl Guides in New South Wales. Although Lady Julius has long been keenly interested in the Guide movement, and has been a member of the executive of the association for some years, she has not before had occasion to wear the uniform.

She succeeds Lady David as State Commissioner, and was enrolled in the office at Government House, Sydney, by Lady Wakehurst, wife of the State Governor, and president of the Guides in N.S.W.

Well known in Sydney for her many philanthropic interests, Lady Julius gives much time to working for the Kindergarten Union and the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children, and is one of the two women members on the advisory council of the Sydney Technical College.

Thousands



Surfer's Foot germs lurk on beaches, in surf-sheds and baths. For protection smear Iodex between toes before surfing.

of Men & Women



Summer days and perspiring feet cause Surfer's Foot germs to thrive and spread.

all over Australia



Look between your toes at night. If they itch and skin is broken, use Iodex promptly.

are "Carriers" of SURFER'S FOOT

Doctors say... 60 per cent. of population infected

Thousands of men and women unknowingly spread the germs of Surfer's Foot through their homes, or wherever they walk in bare feet on moist surfaces.

Apply Iodex at the first sign of trouble. It kills the fungus, the cause of the disease, and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues.

Prompt treatment with Iodex will stop red, raw, crippling sores developing, and prevent the infection spreading to other parts of the body.

Iodex is used by doctors the world over in treating various forms of Ringworm, and its active, antiseptic Iodine content has proved remarkably effective in the treatment of Surfer's Foot.

In serious cases see your Doctor promptly.

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SOAP—9d. per Tablet. (City and Suburbs). OINTMENT—1/6 per Tin. NOW also extra large tin, three times the quantity, 3/-



Go Down to the Sea with Color...

By JANETTE

NEVER before has the summer season offered such variety in beach wear. Swim suits, play suits, shirts and shorts, slacks, dirndls, beach coats short or long.

All blossoming in gay colors — in every shade in the rainbow and in tones that would astonish even the rainbow.

Patterns, too — riotous and carefree — bizarre or demure, youthful or sophisticated.

All of which means one thing—that the days when you undressed, so to speak, to go swimming are gone. To-day you must dress up for the beach. You must make yourself look just as attractive for the beach as for the ballroom, except, of course, in a different way.

And with so much color in beach garb, make-up becomes an important matter. It must be selected with extra care so that it harmonises with the colors you are wearing.

THIS beach beauty is Alice Armand, 20th Century-Fox starlet. She is wearing one of the newest beach suits, featuring gay Roman stripes in blue, red, yellow, green, mid-blue and navy. The suit itself has a halter neck, little trunks, and brief shirt, while the full detached skirt may be worn tied around the waist or as a cape over the shoulders.

PAINLESS CONFINEMENT



Recent medical progress has shown that, under favorable circumstances, childbirth can be dissociated from the general idea that there is usually a good deal of pain and discomfort. Bio-Chemistry, the most modern branch of medical science, has brought about a complete change in the treatment of expectant and nursing mothers. Childbirth is natural, and under ordinary circumstances can definitely be dissociated from the age-old idea that it means discomfort and pain. Thousands of women are afraid of pregnancy in view of the supposed discomfort, yet modern science can offer the expectant mother the prospects of a painless confinement with the assistance of the Bio-Chemical Treatment.

The results of investigation into the action of the inorganic cell-salts have changed the entire aspect of pregnancy, especially confinement. The proper use of the Bio-Chemical Remedies redeems women from penalties caused through ignorance. The pregnant woman is under a severe strain until after the confinement; her nerve fluid is used up faster than the daily food can supply it, and, therefore, when the critical time approaches, there is not sufficient energy or expulsive power to shorten labour and obtain a quick and easy confinement.

Bio-Chemistry supplies these nerve forces and ensures an effortless confinement free of the usual discomfort and pain. Kail Phos is the most wonderful remedy in the hands of the modern accoucheur and midwife; it is the modern substitute for the old-fashioned drugs. Regular doses of this nerve food will ensure the safest and most comfortable confinement, enabling a quick and complete recovery of the mother and a rich supply of natural milk, brought about by the different mineral salts and vitamins which the Bio-Chemical Treatment supplies.

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Victoria, Phone MU1971.

WE are really clever creatures, we women. Self-praise may be no recommendation, but there is one direction in which we deserve a pat on the back.

And that's our versatility to-day with clothes and make-up.

It's a period of romance in clothes, in make-up, in hair styles. And we are making the most of it and becoming women of many parts.

You may be a business woman all the week, quietly but attractively garbed, or a housewife, prettily and neatly dressed for house or garden.

But what happens in the week-end or when you go places during the week?

If it's the beach you are headed for, then you turn into a carefree sports girl in cute shorts and shirt, in happy dirndl, or in sophisticated beach coat of brilliant hue.

And you go into the sea in a dove-fitting suit that flatters your figure. And your make-up—if you are really clever—has that natural look about it as if kissed by the sun just a little. And your hair is allowed to hang free in soft curls just as if you had run a comb care-

lessly through it and then left it for the wind to toss.

But after sunset there is a complete metamorphosis. You step out of your sports girl personality—fling it off with your beach clothes—and become a glamor person suggesting mystery, romance, and beauty of a different kind.

Hair done up in sophisticated, carefully-arranged curls, make-up in pinker tones that go well under artificial lights, and flowing, graceful skirts.

Consider Your Coloring

BUT it is the beach personality that we want to discuss now, and how you can make the most of it.

Don't rush in and buy beach clothes, swim or play suits just because you like the look of them. Take into consideration your coloring, whether you intend to go in for the deeply suntanned look or the light golden hue, or whether you intend to keep your complexion as pink and white as possible. Your hair must count, too—whether you are a blonde, brunette, or redhead should guide you in choice of colors.

Your figure should dictate the style of clothes. If your legs are not your best point then don't draw attention to them by wearing shorts or a very abbreviated play suit.

Choose slacks, or a long, gay beach coat.

The youthful, slender figure is the type to wear the former style.

Don't wear a scarlet suit if you are a redhead. Green, white, brown, and gold are colors for you. A gold swim suit, by the way, is lovely on a girl with golden hair and a suntanned skin.

Unless your figure is good, avoid white. Darker tones are best if you are at all sensitive about your curves and lines.

As to make-up—if you have a yen for that suntanned look while on the beach it doesn't mean that you must tan the skin itself.

You can get the same effects with make-up which is on sale at all toilet counters.

And a word of advice here. Remember that a deep sunbrow makes the skin thick, hard, and coarse instead of thin, soft, and transparent as the feminine skin should be.

So don't tan unless you care nothing for your looks except when on the beach.

But how to prevent tanning? Keeping your skin well lubricated, especially if it is dry, is the first essential. An oily skin suffers less, of course, from the drying effects of the atmosphere.

If your skin is the very oily kind you will probably find that a good

powder base and a dusting of powder will keep it from tanning.

A skin inclined to freckle will freckle on exposure to light. No amount of lubrication will prevent it. The only way you can prevent freckles appearing is by keeping the light away from your skin as much as possible. This is best done by using heavy creams, heavy powder, or a good liquid type of powder, wearing constantly broad hats and using parasols, preferably in darker tones.

Youthful-Looking

ON the other hand, remember freckles can be attractive and youthful-looking.

Before and after sunning use cold cream or cleansing cream generously.

Sunburn oils are intended to lubricate, and some are tinted to lend a little temporary color to the skin—most of you hate a dead-white skin on the beach. Some oils contain ingredients to retard tanning; others to hasten it. So be sure to buy the right type for your skin.

Generally skin care on the beach is a matter of pampering your face—using oil to counteract the drying action of the atmosphere, and creams and powder to keep out the tanning action of light.

There are No Half Measures About Oysters

You absolutely dote on them or you don't like them at all.

And if you don't like them it is usually because you've never had the courage to taste them.

FOR once a confirmed oyster-hater unbends sufficiently to try one of these succulent bits of sea-life she invariably discovers to her surprise that they are incredibly appetising and sometimes even goes so far as to develop quite a yearning for this sea-food.

Oysters eaten raw are among the most easily digested of all foods.

They can be served in so many delicious ways, too—raw, stewed, scalloped, fried, grilled, devilled, and in soups and patties.

Perhaps you did not know that oysters are rich in certain food elements. They are a protein food with a high iodine content. They also contain phosphorus, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen and other salts necessary in everyday fare, but so often lacking in our daily menus.

Oysters are said to be so rich in iodine that they contain more than 200 times as much of this valuable substance as milk, eggs, or the best beef steak.

But why iodine, you ask? Our bodies must have iodine, for without it the thyroid gland will suffer and the can develop.

That is why in certain countries or areas where iodine is deficient in the soil, which means a consequent deficiency in water and vegetables, such as is the case in certain areas in America, it has been found that goitre is more prevalent.

So for health's sake serve oysters often.

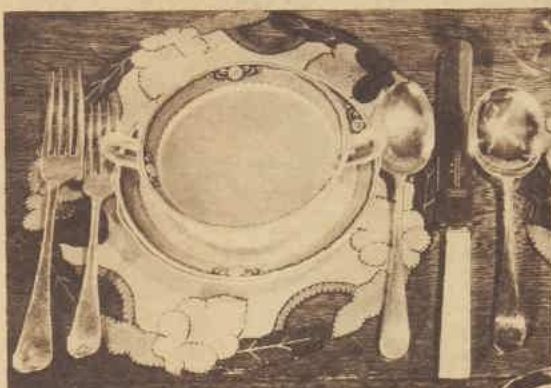
And here's something else, the Australian oyster may be eaten all the year round. The rule that oysters should only be eaten in "7" months only applies to the countries in the northern hemisphere.

When cooking oysters never allow them to boil, always add them to the hot liquid.

OYSTERS AU NATUREL

Oysters on shell, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne, brown bread and butter.

Take the oysters from shells and clean well; then replace them in the



shells with a little of the juice. Serve on plates (10 to 12 for each person). Garnish with lemon and parsley, accompanied with thin brown bread and butter.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

One part Worcester sauce, 1 part oyster liquor, cayenne, 2 parts good tomato sauce, juice 1 lemon, oysters.

Mix sauces, liquor, lemon juice, and cayenne well together. Beard and plump the oysters, place about 6 oysters in small glasses, and three-quarter fill with the prepared liquid. Serve at once.

N.B.—To "beard" an oyster means to remove the black portion. To "plump" means to puff up size by placing oysters on plate over hot water for a few minutes.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 1 oz. flour, 1 oz. butter, 1 pint milk, some fine breadcrumbs, lemon juice, salt and cayenne.

Make white sauce with flour, butter, milk, add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice to taste, then the bearded oysters. Thicken grease some scalloped shells with butter, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, add oyster mixture, and stir the flour in gradually. When quite smooth stir in very lightly the stiffly beaten whites. Dip the oysters into the batter, then into deep boiling fat. Fry a golden brown. Drain, serve on a paper d'oyley, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

DEVILLED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 table-

spoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, cayenne, anchovy sauce, 1 pint milk, 1 egg.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and curry powder, cook for a few minutes, add the milk, stir till it boils and thickens, then add well-beaten egg. Cook for 1 minute longer without boiling, add oysters, and flavoring. Serve very hot in separate dishes to each person.

FRIED OYSTERS

One dozen oysters, 1 egg, 2 oz. salt, 2 oz. butter, cayenne, salt.

Beard oysters, sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Dip in flour, then in beaten egg, then toss in breadcrumb crumbs. Fry in boiling fat till a golden brown. Drain well on white paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

OYSTER FRITTERS

One dozen oysters, 3 oz. plain flour, 1 gill tepid water, 1 tablespoon oil or melted butter, whites 2 eggs, lemon juice, salt, cayenne, frying fat.

Beard oysters and put beards them with salt, cayenne and lemon juice. To make the batter sift flour, make a well in it, pour in the oil and water, and stir the flour in gradually. When quite smooth stir in very lightly the stiffly beaten whites. Dip the oysters into the batter, then into deep boiling fat. Fry a golden brown. Drain, serve on a paper d'oyley, garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

OYSTER SOUP

Three pints fish stock, 2 oz. butter, 1 pint milk, salt and cayenne, 3 dozen oysters, 2 oz. flour, lemon rind, teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Beard oysters and put beards into the stock with a piece of mace and lemon rind and simmer for half an hour. Then strain. Melt butter, add flour, and cook well without browning. Add the stock and milk and cook for 3 minutes after it comes to the boil, stirring well. Then add flavoring. Put oysters into a hot soup tureen and pour the hot soup over.

Don't on any account boil the oysters as it hardens them and makes them unfit for use.

OYSTER SCONES

Half-pound plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 gill milk, oysters.

Make scones in the ordinary way. Turn onto floured board. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds with two-inch cutter. Wipe oysters very dry. Lay one oyster on a round of dough. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Lay another round on top. Glaze with egg. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with butter.



ABOVE: As a prelude to dinner nothing is more appetising than oyster cocktail served on the shells or mixed with the sauce.

LEFT: Oyster soup is another favorite. The oysters should be added to the soup just before it is served.

BELOW: For cocktail parties, savories made from oyster croquette recipe and served hot with picks are delicious and appetising.



OYSTER PATTIES

Some puff pastry, 1 gill milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, anchovy sauce, 2 dozen oysters, 1 gill oyster liquor, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice.

Make pastry. Cut into rounds with a plain cutter. Cut half-way through with a small cutter. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Make white sauce with flour, butter, milk, and oyster liquor. Add salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and anchovy sauce to taste, then the bearded oysters. Remove the centres from the patties. Fill with oyster mixture, put top on. Serve on a paper d'oyley and garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

GRILLED OYSTERS

Oysters, butter, cayenne, salt, lemon juice, parsley.

Place the oysters unopened under the grill. As soon as they are quite open they will be cooked. Open them. Melt the butter, add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Put a little on each oyster. Serve at once, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

BONNE BOUCHE OF OYSTERS

Twenty-four oysters, bread, 1 tablespoon bechamel sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, parsley, frying fat.

Cut bread into rounds with plain cutter. Fry in hot fat till a golden brown. Drain. Add the bearded, plumped oysters to the hot sauce, with salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Put a heaped spoonful of the mixture on each round of fried bread. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve at once.

OYSTER CROQUETTES

Twelve oysters, cold cooked fish, half-cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon juice, and salt.

Flake the fish. Add the bearded oysters and fish to the sauce with cheese, salt, lemon juice. Turn onto plate to cool. When cold, shape into

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Oysters a la Astor

ONE pint oysters, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped eschalot, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce, 1 teaspoon beef extract, salt, and paprika.

Parboil oysters (cook only until edges begin to curl), drain, and to liquor add enough water to make one cup liquid; then strain. Cook butter and eschalot 2 minutes, add flour and pour on gradually, while stirring constantly oyster liquor. Add seasonings and oysters. Remove oyster to small pieces of bread sautéed in butter on one side. Pour sauce over oysters and garnish with thin slice cucumber pickles.

croquettes with a little flour. Dip in egg. Toss in crumbs. Wet-fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve on hot dish; garnish with lemon and parsley.

If required as savory for cocktail parties form into small round balls and serve hot with a pick stuck in each.

OYSTERS AND MACARONI

One pint oysters, flour, 1½ cups boiled macaroni, 1 cup buttered crumbs, salt and pepper, 1 cup butter.

Put layer of macaroni in bottom of a buttered baking dish, cover with oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, dot over with half the butter; repeat and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven. Serves four to six.

OYSTER PIE

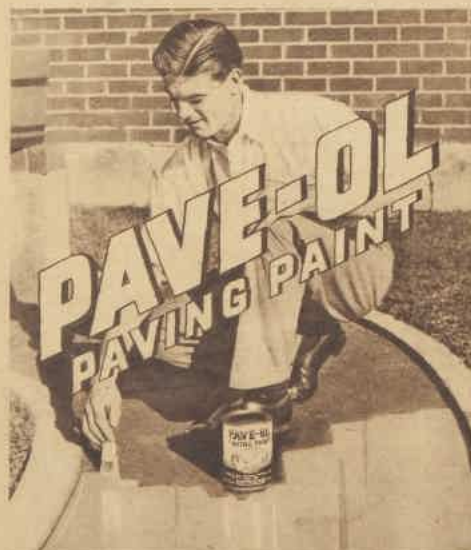
Line shallow pie plate with pastry, fill with oysters (about two layers), sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot over with butter, cover with pastry, prick and bake in hot oven until brown. This is delicious served with ham.

TO OPEN OYSTERS

Put a thin, flat knife under the back end of the right valve and push forward until it cuts the strong muscle which holds the shells together. The right valve may then be raised and separated from the left.

TO CLEAN OYSTERS

Put in a strainer over a bowl. Pour cold water over oysters, allowing 1 cup water to each quart oysters. This is to loosen bits of shell. Carefully pick over oysters, taking each one separately in the fingers to remove any particles of shell which may be adhering to the tough muscle. Water used in cleaning may be used in place of or with oyster liquor.



Paint your cement paths the PAVE-OL way—easily, quickly. PAVE-OL PAVING PAINT is made to be walked on—and it's good for wood floors and lines, as well. Ask your local paint or hardware store for the PAVE-OL colour card showing ten popular shades.

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Cash Prizes Awarded For Best Recipes

This week's selection of interesting entries in our fascinating Best Recipe Competition.

YOU, too, can enter this competition. Just write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send to us. First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

CHILDREN'S PARTY NOVELTIES

Dwarf: For the body use a big red apple. For the head attach a small orange or mandarin to the top of apple with a toothpick. For arms thread peanuts on small sticks or picks with a raisin on each end for hands. Attach a piece of cotton-wool to the orange for a beard, use currants for eyes and a sultana for nose. Put the latter on with pins. Make hat of crepe paper and make the dwarf hold a small green twig in one arm.

Skier: This has an apple for body, a small pear for head, a dried fig with small hazel nut on top for hat, raisins for eyes, small pieces cut from a nut for nose and mouth. Two thin carrots form the legs, and the sticks are cut from cardboard and pinned to the bottom of legs with thumb-tacks. Raisins threaded on toothpicks make arms, and the sticks are also made with toothpicks with raisins on the ends.

Seal: A seal can be made with a banana: a large nut with hole in the corner can be joined on with pin or toothpick for head, two peanuts serve as front flippers, two almonds make back flippers. For tail try to get a double-ended carrot.

Jester: This has an apple for body and orange for head. A fig cut into shape makes the hat; eyes, nose and mouth are currants and nuts, and collar is made of peanuts.

Elephant: Has an apple for body, a pear cut off at the point for the head, and a small carrot for trunk. The legs are formed by carrots with ends cut off and attached to body. Currants make eyes, and a fig cut in halves the ears.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Sawyer, Norman Avenue, Norman Park SCL, Brisbane.

SPANISH RELISH

Take about 1lb. cooked, boned white fish, chop 3 gherkins, 1 small onion (or minced), grate 2 tablespoons of cheese, and mix all these ingredients to a paste with a little melted butter. Season with salt and pepper. Heap on to rounds of buttered toast, and put in a brisk oven for 10 minutes. (If you cannot get the pimientos, tomatoes make a

good substitute, but have not such piquant flavor).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Little, Oldbury, via Perth.

DELICIOUS BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

(With Butterscotch Frosting)
One cup brown sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 table-



THE ANIMALS shown above, the seal and the elephant, are made with fruit and nuts.

spoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup nuts, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly and add egg-yolks separately, beating between each addition. Stir in syrup, milk, and essence, and sifted flour, salt, and

cinnamon, mixing evenly. Whisk egg-whites to stiff froth and fold in lightly, and pour into greased sandwich tins and bake in moderately-hot oven approximately 20-25 minutes. Turn out carefully, as mixture is very light. When cold

Weekly Special Feature

PICNIC DISHES

PICNIC SALAD

Chop, not mince, cold beef or mutton, mix with diced, pickled, hearted apple, cooked green peas, a little white onion, mixed with salad dressing. Pack in a container and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

LIVER LOAF

Place thin slices of ham fat at the bottom and sides of a deep dish. Mince 1½ lb. ham fat with 2 small onions, 1 pig's liver, salt, pepper, a pinch of ground cloves, 1½ teaspoon allspice, 2 eggs, 2oz. flour. Mix well, turn into the dish, cover with buttered paper, and steam 1 hour, or bake in moderate oven. Test with skewer. If it comes out clean, it is done. Leave in dish (if) cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Collier, 75 Amherst Rd., West Midland, W.A.

CHINESE CHEW

(For the picnic basket)

Something to nibble afterwards at the camp fire with the cigarettes.
Sift ¼ cup flour, 1½ teaspoon baking-powder, and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 2 eggs until thick, gradually add 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs. Mix with the dry ingredients. 1 cup chopped dates, and 1 cup chopped nuts.

Fold into the egg mixture, and add 1½ teaspoon vanilla. Spread the mixture into a pan which has been lined with greased, waxed paper. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from pan. When such enough to handle, remove craped edges, cut the remainder into squares, roll into balls, and dip in confectioner's sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Thomson, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

LUNCHEON SAUSAGE

One pound sausage meat, 1½ lb. pork sausage meat, 1½ lb. ham or tongue, 1½ lb. breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, and 2 tablespoons sauce.

Put two kinds of sausage meat into a basin. Add breadcrumbs and ham minced. Season with pepper, salt, and sauce. Then mix together. Make into a roll, tie in a pudding cloth, and cook slowly in stock for 2 hours. Lift out when ready. Press between two dishes with a weight on top. Next day remove cloth, turn out, cover with brown breadcrumbs or glass.

Glaze: One dessertspoonful powdered gelatine dissolved in ¼ pint of water. To which have been added a little pepper and salt and 1 ounce of meat extract.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Welch, 21 Merrivale, St. Neillands, W.A.

TUTTI FRUTTI STICKS

One cup chopped dates, 2 cups chopped walnuts, 1½ cup flour, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 eggs, 4oz. chopped glace cherries, vanilla essence. Beat eggs till light, then beat in sugar. Stir in nuts, dates, cherries, and flour sifted with baking-powder, then vanilla essence. Spread in a shallow, buttered baking tin, and bake in a moderate oven till light brown, when the mixture should shrink away from the tin. Turn out to cake rack. Cut in strips before quite cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Blencowe, Lancelotti, Vic.

MARVEL CHEESE SPREAD

Half pound creamless shredded cheese, 1 tin best sweetened condensed milk, 1

tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-2 teaspoon pepper.

Cut cheese in small pieces and melt with butter in small saucepan. Stir frequently. Add butter, salt, pepper. Beat until smooth. Cool. Keep in covered jar. Serve on savory biscuits or on toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.



INSTRUCTIONS are given on this page for making these party novelties with fruit and nuts. Above are a skier and a dwarf, and below a jester.



fill with whipped cream, and ice with butterscotch frosting.

Butterscotch Frosting.—1 cup castor sugar, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 cup milk or water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Heat the sugar with milk or water in saucepan slowly till dissolved, then boil without stirring till the syrup forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Add the butter, remove from heat, and leave till warm; then beat till thick and creamy and smooth consistency. Spread on top and sides of cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Neil A. Conroy, Killara, Princes St., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

DUTCH SAVORY CAKE

One sconce loaf bread. Cut into three slices and butter each slice lightly.

Place a layer of sliced tomatoes

and hard-boiled eggs on the bottom piece, and sprinkle with grated cheese, salt, and pepper. For second layer, use a mixture of sardines, finely chopped onions, paprika and salt, all creamed together and spread on evenly. The third layer consists of ham and sweet gherkins lightly spread with mixed mustard. Place all together. Spread peanut butter evenly all over loaf, as you would use a cake, and garnish top alternately with spiced anchovies, and slices of sweet gherkin. Let it stand on cool place (ice chest) for one hour before serving for a cocktail party.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Yates, 13 Thomas Street, Port Pirie, S.A.

SWEDISH RINGS

Three ounces butter, 4oz. flour, 2oz. brown sugar, 4oz. walnuts, 1 egg, raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar until smooth. Beat yolk lightly, add to cream mixture. Then add flour a little at a time until it is all used. Take pieces as big as a walnut on fork and dip in the lightly-beaten egg-white, then roll in crushed nuts. Put on biscuit tray and press them down to about ½ inch in thickness. Press a dent in the middle and fill with raspberry jam. Bake in moderate oven until brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. A. Anderson, Farm 601, Yanco, N.S.W.

MY SAMMY A 'Sissy!'

Sam's mother was worried over him. He was "nervy," pale and highly strung. The other boys called him a sissy until . . .



IF your child picks at her food, looks pale and gets nervy, then it's time you started her on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavor of Horlicks—especially when it's made with a Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy Size from 2/9. Special offer including 1/6 tin, 1/- Mixer and measuring spoon all for 2/-.

HORLICKS
at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".



There's "GRAVOX" in it! The delicious appetiser that turns plain stews, soups, pies, puddings, and all meats into prime dishes. "GRAVOX" makes the richest gravies, and—

SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS in one blending

Send 1d. stamp to Klembro for a FREE SAMPLE.

Gravox
The Ideal GRAVY MAKER
MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY LTD RICHMOND, VIC.

Work These Smart Chair-Back Covers

THEY will give a decorative touch to your lounge room and prove highly practical at the same time.

HERE is something rather different in needlework this week—settee and chair-back covers in a smart, colorful design.

They would give a delightful finish to your lounge suite, especially if you work the pieces to suit the color scheme of your room.

At the same time, these covers act as a protection for the upholstery because they can be cleaned far more easily than the suite itself.

The covers are obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

The settee cover measures 30 by 18 inches, and the chair cover measures 15 by 12 inches.

Prices are:
Settee cover, 4/6 each.
Chair cover, 2/6 each.
The following Anchor stranded cottons necessary for working the covers are:

NEEDLEWORK ... NOTIONS

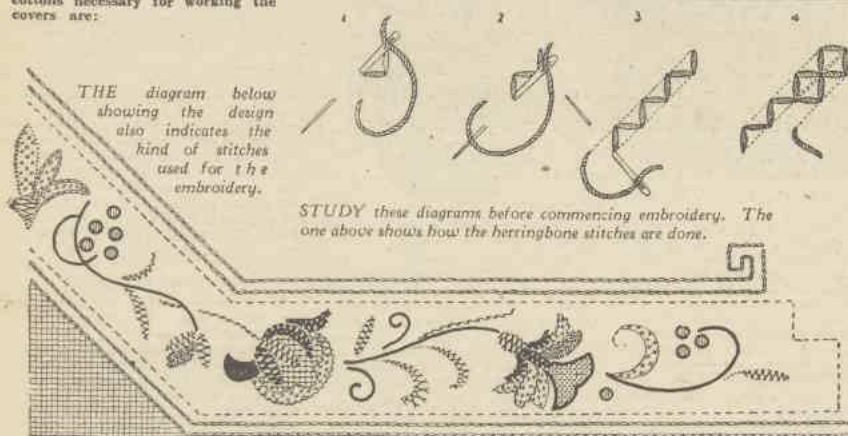
Eight skeins F.580 (nigger-brown), 1 skein each F.478 (mid-brown), F.476 (light brown), F.480 (very dark brown), F.733 (old gold).

The edges are finished in a straight buttonhole edge.

To work the covers, study the diagrams given on this page.

U means stem-stitch. R means satin-stitch. L is herringbone, and Y is punch-stitch.

You will see from the diagrams how to do the various stitches, and that the numbers indicate the colors to use and the letters the kind of stitch.



Pictures In Gay Embroidery



WORK one of these dog studies of a Sealyham for your wall.



ANOTHER appealing dog study which matches the one above, and also obtainable traced for working on linen.

ATTRACTIVE dog studies specially designed for lovers of this kind of work.

THESE two pictures may be worked in a very little time and are not at all difficult.

They are obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen.

The prices are:
For a picture 10 1/2 by 7 inches, the price is 1/1. Size, 15 x 11 inches is 1/6. Both sizes are postage free.

The stitches used for working the pictures are stem-stitch and satin-stitch.

Cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 1s. a skein.

APRON FOR SMALL GIRL

THIS little apron has proved so popular since it was published recently in The Australian Women's Weekly that further supplies of the paper pattern, No. WW2528, have been cut.

These are for sizes 1 to 6 years, and can be obtained from our Needlework Department for 10d. Transfer for working design, 1/- extra.

Material required is 7-8 1/2 yard of checked fabric and 1/4 yard of plain, 36 inches wide. When ordering paper pattern, WW2528, state size required.

~~~~~	= 733
.....	= 476
-----	= 478 U
~~~~~	= 480
o-----	= 580
⊙	= 733-R
XXXXX	= 733
XXXXX	= 476
XXXXX	= 478 L
XXXXX	= 480
XXXXX	= 580
XXXXX	= 733
XXXXX	= 478 Y
XXXXX	= 580

STITCH and color guide for working chair-back covers.



A PRACTICAL IDEA—chair-back covers for your lounge suite. You can obtain a set for settee and chairs traced ready for working on white or colored linen from our Needlework Department.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Australian Astrological Research Society

CAPRICORNIANS, if they would be happy and make others happy, must cultivate good cheer and cast out fear and melancholy!

THEY belong to the sign of the zodiac which endows those born under its dominance (between December 22 and January 20) with an overabundance of self-pity, fears, doubts, and moods.

Actually they enjoy a good weep or a good grouch. They thrive on sad and sometimes gruesome stories; they like to feel neglected and lonely; they can quite happily face an hour, or even a day, of undisturbed melancholy or depression.

And when it comes to dramatizing these things, partly for their own enjoyment but chiefly for the "benefit" of their families or friends, no one on earth can beat them.

Yet, if accused of acting, and told that they are poseurs or pretenders, they will develop wrath, and accuse all and sundry of lack of sympathy and understanding. They can then enjoy a really delightful hour of self-pity and weeping, and emerge with all the signs of victory and good cheer.

When they get these attacks of self-pity, sadness, or of not being understood, they can wear down the resistance of others to such a degree that they deprive them of patience, good humor and the very joy of living.

It's hardly fair of them, really, for while they are only play-acting to a great extent, the devilisation of the other folk is a very real thing.

The funny part of it all (or perhaps the tragic) is that those who understand them, and refuse to let them wallow in these pits of enjoyable despair, soon learn that they possess a store of good humor and fun. They love a good story and a hearty laugh, and can, when they wish, be the life of any party.

Those who have to live with Capricornians or work in close association with them should therefore make it a rule to try to turn their grouches into praises, their sad moods into gay ones, and their tears into optimism.

Capricornians should try to break themselves of this "sad" side to their nature. It does not endear them to those whose love they would otherwise gain and hold. It will rebuff or tire many friends, and finally bring the loneliness which they think they want but which, in reality, is bad for them.

Not that they should not have definite periods of seclusion and privacy. They should. But they should not overdo them. They should conquer their desire to dramatise their troubles and cultivate a cheery good humor and an optimism that will give them the opportunity to shine as the attractive persons they can be.

They must never forget that they cannot be popular while they moon about with a woe-begone expression, plus the self-sacrificial attitude which Capricornians generally adopt at such times. On the other hand they can earn the love and esteem of associates if they will cultivate the more desirable side to their nature—the ability to be jolly, generous and selflessly good-humored.

Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Continue to live quietly, for the stars can afflict rash and impulsive Arians just now. Take no risks of any kind on January 11, 12 and 13 (until dusk).

Taurus (April 21 to May 21): Don't let the grass grow under your feet on January 8 and 10, for the stars favor you then. Set your goals and work hard to reach them. Seek advancement of some kind. Consolidate.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): January 11 and 12 just fair. Be patient.

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Turn a blind eye to temptation this week. Your actions can be misinterpreted and bring you losses, partings and upsies. Avoid changes and risks on January 11 and 12.

LEO (July 22 to August 21): Unpopular. January 7 and 8 just fair.

VIRGO (August 22 to September 21): Put your whole heart into your affairs now. Plan future enterprises and begin or consolidate others. Make the most of friendly star vibrations on January 8 and 10.

LIBRA (September 22 to October 21): Pay full attention to business and personal affairs just now, otherwise setbacks, difficulties and delays will predominate. January 11 and 12 best, but very weak. Avoid changes, then.

SCORPIO (October 22 to November 21): January 13 (after 4 p.m.), and January 15 can prove quite advantageous to wide-awake Scorpions.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21): January 7 and 8 just fair. Routine best.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 21): A good time for general improvements and stabilizing existing conditions. Try to consolidate your affairs this week. January 9 and 10 good, but January 11 and 12 poor.

AQUARIUS (January 22 to February 21): Make your plans now, but wait a week or two before beginning them. January 11, 12 and 13 (to dusk) just fair.

PISCES (February 22 to March 21): January 13 (from mid-afternoon onwards) and 14 quite fair for hard-working Pisceans. Semi-important projects can prosper moderately.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Stocks Beautify the Winter Garden...

SOW seeds of these plants now and their fragrance and varied colors can be relied on to adorn the garden in the cold months.

... Says The Old Gardener

NOW that holidays are over and all the rush and bustle of Christmas and New Year are things of the past for another twelve months, we have to get right down to serious business once more.

What are your New Year resolutions? Every year most of us make new resolutions for the coming year but I wonder how many of us keep them.

One of these is one resolution I do hope you will all make and keep, and that is to make your garden during 1939 lovelier than ever.

Of course, this can only be achieved by hard work, but the rewards are well worth any trouble.

One of the things that can be achieved by making a little extra effort being apparent in the garden is that it will not be long before we have autumn with us, and we must have plants to take the place of the summer display.

Summer displays soon pass, and one of the main features in good gardening is to have, as far as possible, the garden for ever blooming.

But it is only by planning well ahead that you can be sure of flowers all the year round.

For late winter stocks are a great standby. If you have not already sown stock seeds, lose no time now in sowing about the work.

Love Cold Weather

EARLY-SOWN seed of stocks will develop into good, sturdy plants that will flower in June, July, and August when other flowers are scarce. Stocks love the cold weather.

Some gardeners wonder why their stocks don't do well. Usually it is because the seed is sown too late.

The plants have not time to develop, with the result that when they should be flowering they are only small and undeveloped. They struggle on through late winter, and spring arrives finding them only half-grown. The warm weather sets in and the plants begin to flower after their right time.

When this happens the flowers are of third-rate quality and the plants small and unhealthy.

First, we that the seed is purchased from a reliable seed firm and then ensure the seed bed well. Do not make the work do everything with a seed bed and be thorough. Better to do a little extra trouble, even if it takes a little longer, and have success, than to rush the work and have failures.

Some gardeners sow seed in a haphazard fashion; then when the seed fails to germinate the seed-merchant gets the blame.

Now, to be successful and have

enough plants to spare, select a semi-shaded corner of the garden facing the north or north-east. Dig this plot well and see that the soil is well broken up. It must be brought to a fine tilth. Then give it a good soaking an hour before sowing the seed. Sprinkle the seed thinly over the surface, then cover with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve.

Water again and in a week or ten days the young plants will be showing. Keep them on the move by careful attention. The seed-bed must not be allowed to dry out. Keep moist, but not too wet.

If too much watering is done the young plants will damp off and all will be lost. Never allow the bed to be too wet or too dry.

When the plants have attained their third leaf prick them out into boxes. See that the soil for the boxes is moderately rich. Good, loamy soil with a sprinkle of bone dust is ideal.

Space the plants an inch each way. This will give them room to develop into nice, sturdy plants; then at transplanting time the box can be carried to the bed and the young plants cut out with blocks of soil.

PLAN WELL AHEAD if you want to have your garden blooming all the year round.

The enthusiastic gardener shown here, Ann Miller, R.K.O. player, raises her own flowers, doing the work of sowing seed, transplanting and caring for the plants herself.



The enthusiastic gardener shown here, Ann Miller, R.K.O. player, raises her own flowers, doing the work of sowing seed, transplanting and caring for the plants herself.

the centres. This will make them send out side shoots, with the result that you have more flowers and they will be of first-grade quality.

When transplanting, space the plants about eighteen inches apart, or in such a manner that when fully grown and in bloom they will meet.

When a stock bed is well planted and has made good growth, no portion of the bed should be seen. This gives a massed display that never fails to attract.

Wealth of Color

STOCKS are welcome favorites with all gardeners. With their fragrance, color and quality blooms they are the mainstay of the garden during the winter months and early spring. No matter how small your garden may be, you can always find room for a few plants—and of course the large areas can be made a wealth of color with their beauty.

There are many varieties to choose from, and some of the names make a very vivid show.

The Giant Nice are well known for their quality of bloom, are very prolific, and their perfume is something never to be forgotten.

The colors are: Abundance, carnation rose; Almond Blossom, delicate shade; American Beauty, deep rose; Aurora, orange; Beauty of Cannes, garnet-brown; Beauty of Nice, flesh-pink; Belle de Naples, mid-rose; Bianca, white; Cote d'Amur, light purplish-blue; Crimson King, large flowered; Fireglow, bright

red; King Alphonse XII, yellow; Lloyd George, deep red; Pride of Keller, dark purple; Queen Alexandra, rosy purple; Salmon Queen, salmon-pink; Soleil de Nice, sulphur-yellow; Sunset, deep salmon; Violet de Parme, blue-mauve; Woodrow Wilson, slaty-blue.

All these grow about 2 to 3½ feet. The Early Giant Imperial is a variety widely grown. The plants grow from 2½ to 2½ ft. They flower on long stems of good quality in splendid colors and are sweetly scented. Some of their colors are: Antique Copper, rich red overlaid with copper; Buttercup, a very rich yellow; Canary, yellow; Dark Blue, blue; Elk's Pride, royal-purple; Fire Blood Red, red; Golden Rose, rich light rose with golden effect in the centre; Lavender; Old Rose, a splendid shade; Rose, a deep rose-pink; Shasta, a splendid white; White, a pure white.

Giant Perfection is another popular type. It grows about two feet, and is always popular as a florist's flower. Some of the colors are: Blood Red, red; Canary Yellow, yellow; Flesh, delicate tone; Glistening White, one of the best whites; Pale Blue, one of the attractive blues; Pale Blue, shadings of blue-pink; Pale Violet, soft shade of violet; Rose, a beautiful rose-pink; Rose, a unique shade of terra-cotta; Silver Lilac, a very distinctive silver tinge; Violet, one of the most delightful shades.

In the planting of stocks also remember Iceland poppies, ranunculus, pansies, anemones, clematis, violas, delphiniums, both the hybrids and butterfly. All these can be sown now ready for that glorious spring display that we look forward to after dreary winter.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical—it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1512E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the instructive Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

RELIEVE IRRITATING BITES

Soothe away the tormenting itch of bites and reduce the ugly swelling with soothing Rexona Ointment. If the bite has been scratched, Rexona's special medicaments will prevent infection and quickly heal the broken skin. Keep your skin always healthy and free from blemishes by washing it only with Rexona Soap, which contains the same healing medicaments as Rexona Ointment.



WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME DOCTOR

PATIENT: I am very fond of nuts, especially almonds. Are they of any value in the diet?

WIDESPREAD knowledge concerning the food value of nuts is responsible for their increased use in the dietary.

Since the world war great advances have been made in research experiments as to their nutritive value.

The results made public have taught housewives much about the importance of these foods in the diet.

The almond tree is beautiful and closely resembles the peach tree. The almond is the seed of the fruit.

There are two main types, the sweet and the bitter almond. The sweet almond is the variety which is most known and most commonly used.

There are thin, paper-shell almonds and hard-shell almonds. Individual taste decides the choice.

Like other nuts, almonds are very high in food value, and should be included in the diet, not as a luxury, but for their nutritive qualities.

Blanched and salted almonds may

easily be made at home or purchased ready for use. They are delicious and nutritious. Almonds and raisins, or almonds and dates, make a "different" and wholesome dessert.

The almond is a valuable emergency food because it is a concentrated food. It contains carbohydrates, fat and protein. In addition, adequate amounts of vitamins and minerals are present.

The protein found in almonds is a "complete" protein. Over 20 per cent. of this valuable substance is present in the nut. Proteins furnish energy and also build new tissues and repair worn-out tissue.

Because almonds contain over 50 per cent. fat and 17 per cent. carbohydrates, they are an excellent source of heat and energy for the body.

Almond flour or meal made from ground almonds is nutritious. It is recommended in the diet of diabetics who have a taste for cakes.

Use almonds frequently in the diet. Their distinctive flavor and rich food elements make them an important addition to the list of valuable foods.

Almonds and salted almonds may

For a Salad Success

The most enticing salad dressings are made with the sparkling flavour of this fine old Vinegar. You can always rely on Cornwell's Pure Malt Vinegar.

CORNWELL'S
PURE MALT
VINEGAR

IN QUARTS AND PINTS

TAKE THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS

Get Oxygen in Your Blood and You'll Get the Pep that Sends You Bounding Up the Stairs.

People who suffer to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often itchy. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your chemist or store and see for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep.

Handy Hints Scrapbook...

Children's Clothes

Loops on children's clothes break frequently and cause unnecessary work. Try rolling a strip of kid, cut from an old glove, round a piece of strong string, sewing the edges of the kid together. This loop will last longer than the garment.

Storing Food

Food will keep much better if stored on a shelf of stone or brick. If your pantry does not possess such a shelf a series of slates or tiles fitted over a wooden shelf will answer the same purpose.

Sponge Cake Tip

When you want to make a sponge cake quickly, try beating the eggs and sugar together over a basin of hot water.

Baking Meat

To retain the full flavor and nutriment in your joints, put them into a very hot oven for a few minutes, then turn down the heat and cook in the usual way. The extra heat for the first few minutes will seal the outside so that all the goodness is kept in.

Mantelpiece Magic

Changing the fireplace mantel arrangement is fun and it will pep up an entire room. Put away the objects you've had there all the year and experiment with low pewter or brass bowls filled with greenery or artificial flowers. Or place a pottery jar of trailing ivy at either end of the mantel, and your clock or a group of interesting Chinese figures in the centre.

Raisins and Sultanas

To obtain the full value from raisins and sultanas, cut them in halves. It will give cakes or biscuits a richer flavor.

To Prevent Sudden Pastry

If the inside of a mince tart or pie is first coated with beaten white of egg and left for 1 of an hour before filling with mixture, it will prevent the bottom of the pastry from becoming sodden.

For Mothers

Screw into a coat-hanger eight cup-hooks, and keep this handy when undressing baby. You will be surprised how useful you will find this for putting baby's clothes on and in keeping them nice and fresh.

Stocking Saver

Always buy at least two pairs in the same shade. In this way you can interchange your stockings, and when one odd stocking wears out, use the other one, worked in with the extra pair.

Home Decorating

Instead of a small table, try placing a magazine rack beside your most comfortable armchair. As a catch-all for newspapers, magazines, and folders of all kinds it helps to keep the living-room wearing that well-groomed look.

To Clean Tortoiseshell

Tortoiseshell ornaments and combs may be polished by rubbing them with pulverised charcoal and water, using a clean flannel cloth. Next moisten the article with vinegar and rub with whiting and water, afterwards polishing with a soft cloth.

Preparing Fish

Fresh fish will lose all its flavor if you stand it for long in water. Wash it under running water as soon as it comes into the house, pat dry and keep in cool place. Use a soft white paper napkin, then you won't have a "fishy" cloth.

Care of Vacuum Cleaners

Use your vacuum cleaner at frequent intervals; empty its bag frequently—better still, every time you use it. If you discover the rubber belt, which is on the fans of some cleaners, is losing its strength, get a new one so your agitator or brush will be more efficient.

And be sure that all the edges of your cleaner's nozzle are in contact with your rug so you'll get the proper suction and your rug will get the proper cleaning.

Cooking Tender Meat

Tender meat is toughened by cooking at a high temperature and by cooking it too long, and its flavor is ruined if it is cooked by moist rather than dry heat. This applies to beef. Veal, although it is meat from a young animal, contains so much connective tissue that it usually requires moist heat.

Be Shopwise



YOU CAN SAVE MANY FOODS BY COVERING DISHES WITH MOISTURE PROOF SILK OR CELLOPHANE COVERS. THESE COVERS, WHICH COST VERY LITTLE, WILL ALSO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF FLAVORS TO OTHER FOODS.

Biscuit-making

Biscuits will be extra crunchy if, when they are taken out of the oven, a knife is passed under them, and they are left on the tin on which they were cooked to cool. Instead of putting them on to a wire tray.

Poaching Eggs

To keep fried or poached eggs in a neat shape place a small scone-cutter in the fat or water. Then break the egg and pour into the cutter. When cooked, the egg is round and compact, and will fit on a slice of toast. To poach the egg, the cutter should be greased with butter.

Frying Foods

Temperature of fat used for frying onions must not be too hot. If it smokes it is too hot to cook any food, and the food will burn before it is properly cooked. The fat should be hot but not smoking.

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

SPECIAL EXERCISES

THE building of healthy babies does not start from birth. The foundations are laid in the nine months of pregnancy during which time the expectant mother should watch her diet and health carefully.

Not the least important is exercise and during pregnancy special exercises should be done.

Readers interested in this subject are invited to write for a free leaflet specially prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau.

To obtain leaflet fill in the coupon below and send, together with a stamped, addressed envelope, for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4297Y, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft".

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight

(without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

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Each page of Mandrake pictures is absolutely full size—just as it comes to you in "The Australian Women's Weekly."

Greatest Names of 1938: This Letter Won £2/2-

There was widespread interest in the "greatest names of 1938," as discussed in The Australian Women's Weekly recently.

READERS' comments, however, generally approved the list of names published and agreed that dramatic international events during the year had restricted the choice of those who could be named "Great."

The £2/2- prize for the best letter on the subject has been awarded to Mrs. B. L. Bowers, of 569 Great North Road, Abbotsford, N.S.W., who wrote as follows:—

All women desire "Peace," therefore Mr. Chamberlain ranks first,

and his name is often on their lips and forever in their hearts.

All women love "Romance," therefore the Duke of Windsor is their ideal in this respect.

All women admire "Courage," therefore Chiang-Kai-Shek is placed third on this list.

All women appreciate Lord Nuffield's great gifts to hospitals and love him for his good heart in so helping little cripples.

All women love to be amused, so they thank Walt Disney for his clever entertainment in "Snow White."

All women detest "bullies," but as we will talk about Hitler I must place him on this list.

EVERY MOTHER should take the specialist's advice . . . use only Castile No. 4 for baby! Castile No. 4 is an olive oil soap that prevents dryness and chafing . . . keeps the skin soft . . . banishes cradle-cup and dandruff. Castile No. 4 is the SAFE soap to use . . . ask any doctor!

CASTILE N° 4
GENUINE OLIVE OIL SOAP, APPROVED BY THE BRITISH PHARMACOPŒIA

Space Plus Glowing Color Creates Charm

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

UNCROWDED, spacious rooms set off with rich colors in hangings and floor coverings capture a restful yet cheerful atmosphere in modern flat.



TOP: The spacious sunroom which is furnished in red, blue and cream.
LEFT: ABOVE: Corner of the lounge. Here carpet and curtains are rich red and the upholstery is red and cream.

ABOVE: The bedroom is done in blue and cream as a setting for Victorian style furniture.

LOWER LEFT: Blue is also used in the dining-room to harmonise with a walnut suite.

IN the decoration of the flat pictured here, full advantage has been taken of the vogue for more vital colors in home furnishing, and a rich red and deep blue have been used for the color schemes of the rooms.

The cream, rough-textured wallpaper used throughout the flat provides a suitable background for the vivid splashes of color introduced in fabrics and carpets.

All doors are flush, and painted cream to match the walls, with red or blue handles, according to the color scheme of the room.

The lounge is an inviting room which glows with warmth. Actually this is a cool room, as it is situated at the back of the house facing a hillside and gets practically no sun. But the rich red carpet and red velvet curtains compensate for the lack of sunshine, and provide necessary warmth.

In Red and Cream

THE color scheme is carried out entirely in red and cream. The comfortable chairs and settee are upholstered in a woven fabric showing fawn leaves on a red ground, and red is repeated again in the glassed tops of three small walnut tables with white feet.

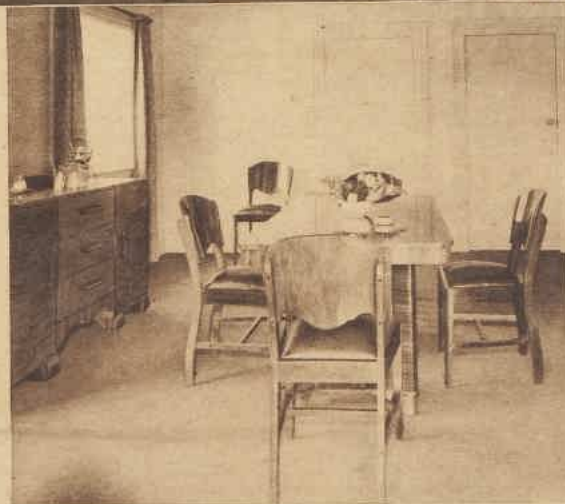
Cylindrical wall lights have red fittings at either end, and an electric wall clock has red hands and figures.

The well-proportioned fireplace is extremely simple in design, and on the narrow mantel stands a tall blue vase filled with red and white flowers. This vase provides a note of contrast in the color scheme.

In the hall a small desk lacquered cream with chair to match serves as a telephone table, while a tall-backed lacquered chair lacquered cream with seat upholstered in red velvet is a decorative feature.

In the spacious bedroom, where absence of unnecessary furniture creates a feeling of repose, the dominant color changes to blue.

An alcove with a large window draped with crossover net curtains which do not exclude the light is an ideal position for the Victorian dressing-table with its ample curves



and oval mirror. Above the mirror is a crescent-shaped tube light.

Most of the furniture in this room including the large cedar bed, is Victorian in character, and looks well in its simple modern setting.

The frilled bedspread is of blue floral muslin, and on the deep blue carpet are two cream lamb-wool rugs.

On the left a door leads to the dressing-room in blue and fawn, and to the primrose-tiled bathroom.

Double glass doors open from the bedroom on to the sunroom, a delightful feature of the flat where red and blue are combined in a gay color scheme.

Sliding windows which stretch the whole length of the outside wall are finished with curtains of a heavy blue-and-fawn weave held back by blue cords but which can be drawn across when required.

This room is supplied with comfortable cane chairs and a settee, some of which have red, and some blue, cushions. A round table is lacquered red, and a small cane table has a red top covered with

glass. A rug of the same blue carpet as the bedroom covers the jarrah-wood floor, and is easily removed for dancing.

The dining-room also opens with double doors on to the sunroom. Blue has been chosen for the scheme of this room, and the same blue carpet covers the floors, while the windows are draped with the same blue-and-fawn fabric as the windows of the sunroom.

This room is furnished with a simple walnut suite designed on modern lines. The chair seats are upholstered in blue leather, and the flush doors have blue handles. An interesting feature is the built-in cocktail cupboard flush with the walls and which has been painted blue inside.

Circular wall-lights of marble glass give subdued but adequate lighting. A door at the back gives access to the modern pantry and kitchen where the color scheme is blue and cream. Blue linoleum covers the floor, and the built-in space-saving cupboards are cream with blue handles.

A glass-cupboard in the pantry is

full of gaily-patterned china — of red and blue flowers on a white set showing white spots on a blue ground, and another with a design of red and blue flowers on a white ground to harmonise with the color scheme.

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Silvafros can stand any heat or any weather. So Silvafros your stove and copper, too. Wherever there is metal inside or outside of the house, there's a use for Taubmans Silvafros.

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A60

You Look *Marvellous* TO-NIGHT

GIVE HIM A *Reason* TO SAY IT GET RID OF "NERVES" AND DEPRESSION

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BIDOMAK is the most active builder of that inner vitality and loveliness that gives every girl the power to attract and to hold. For BIDOMAK provides the vital mineral foods lacking in modern diet, which are the very keystone of health and vigorous physical and mental well-being.



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DO NOT DESPAIR

You may have tried everything in an effort to regain the wonderful thrill of perfect health and now you may feel discouraged and hopeless. You may think that even BIDOMAK cannot do good for you even though thousands have proved its benefits, and write to us in letters like those we print on this page. Therefore, we propose to take all the financial risk of making you well again.

YOUR MONEY BACK

We ask you to give BIDOMAK a trial. A large bottle is only 3/- at your chemist or store. Get one and take it as directed. If you do not feel any benefit we will refund your money in full in terms of the guarantee printed at right. Nothing could be fairer than this proof of our own faith in BIDOMAK'S amazing restorative powers.

Do this and you'll bring yourself back to a health level where you'll glory in vitality. You will experience a new popularity as your inner well-being is expressed by your outward health.

And remember BIDOMAK is a natural mineral food, it contains no dangerous drugs nor narcotics and it tastes so nice you'll like taking it.

WONDERFUL LETTER FROM EX-SUFFERER

Marrickville, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to write my praises of your BIDOMAK. I have just finished my first bottle and I am now well on the way with my second. I have had a terrible time with ten abscesses in my right ear, then a germ in my left ear, which caused me a time of dreadful agony, and which was eventually operated upon.

My nerves were in such a shocking state that I was given a strong nerve tonic, which did not seem to reach the root of the trouble.

BRAIN ALWAYS SEEMED IN A MUDDLE

My brain always seemed to be in a muddle as I would walk from the kitchen to get something from my room, but by the time I reached my room I would quite forget what I went for, which meant that to stop and think made me feel quite dizzy in the head. My nerves were in such a state that if anything startled me I would cry bitterly and practically for no reason at all.

I could not speak to my family as I was so irritable. I lost all interest in, not only some things, but in everything. I used to lose all my sleep and lay awake all night, wondering what was going to happen next, and it used to worry me to know that I could not sleep and everybody else in the house was snoring. Then following all this, I got a nasty pain round my heart, which was as much as I could bear. I was nearly frantic until one day I

thought I would give BIDOMAK a trial and as I have already stated I am now on my second bottle. I now eat well, sleep well, have lost the dizzy feelings in my head, lost the heart pains, can do my knitting and numerous other things of interest which I had cast aside when my nerves were bad and now I feel like a different woman in every way, "thanks to BIDOMAK" and you, who make it. I intend taking my full course of BIDOMAK even though I am feeling well again so soon after taking it.

BIDOMAK is the best thing I have had for the small price, and I say a small price because most of the medicines I had taken previously cost me 50 per cent. more and did me no good, where the first bottle of BIDOMAK removed heart pains, dizziness and commenced building up my body which was so terribly run-down after all my sufferings.

I will be ever ready to praise BIDOMAK. Use this letter as you think fit. No one is afraid of the truth. I am, yours ever gratefully and faithfully,

MAISIE CARROLL.
(Original letter on file)

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Attached to the Bidomak Laboratories of the Douglas Drug Company are three qualified chemists and a doctor of medicine who graduated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking the first bottle we will refund your money within fourteen days of purchase on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn and Pelican Streets, Sydney. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

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SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT
BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

And Then Good-bye

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
January 7, 1939.



By BARBARA HEDWORTH

And Then Good-bye

By BARBARA HEDWORTH



"MICHAEL is coming back from Norfolk to-day," said Martha happily. "I shall be dining with him to-night." She spread her breakfast toast generously with butter and grapefruit marmalade.

Peggy Garstone, who shared with Martha this flat on the fifth floor of a block in Chelsea, eyed the toast enviously and dug her teeth into a piece of biscuit.

Peggy was a mannequin and dared not, like Martha, who worked in a fashionable beauty parlor, indulge in proper breakfasts. Anyway, Martha's was the kind of blade-like figure which never put on an ounce of weight whatever she ate.

She could not make up her mind now whether Peggy regarded her in that forlorn, anxious manner because of the butter and the marmalade on her toast or because she was dining to-night with the man she loved.

Not that Peggy approved of Michael or of this seemingly pointless affair which had lingered on for the past year between himself and Martha Lyard without, as Peggy was always rubbing it in, bringing them anywhere nearer the altar rails or the registrar's table.

She said at last, a trifle sharply because she loved Martha and could not bear to see her wasting the splendor of her youth, her strange, quiet beauty, on a man who, on his own confession, considered marriage a quite unnecessary culmination to romance: "Aren't you tired, Martha, of hanging around at Michael's beck and call? I suppose this evening will be the same as all other evenings you have spent together, starting with a cheap dinner and ending with cheap promises."

"Peggy, please."

Dangerous lights appeared in Martha's slanting green eyes; she lowered her heavy lids, shadowed a pale purplish brown. Then suddenly the anger went from her; she threw back her head and laughed in light defiance.

"I suppose, according to you, Pegs, and all other 'sensible girls,' you would call Michael and me cheap. But leave me to go on paddling my own canoe in my own sweet way, won't you?"

Her gaze travelled with hungry urgency to a photograph of a dark, lean-faced, good-looking man framed in tobacco-brown crushed leather, which stood in proud solitude on a small rosewood table in the window.

She continued to stare at it after Peggy, who had to be at work before Martha, had left.

"Michael . . . darling, most beloved Michael," she murmured dreamily aloud.

Yes, she could see how, from Peggy's and other 'sensible girls' point of view, Michael was treating her pretty badly. All arguments were against him. There wasn't one logical reason why she and Michael shouldn't have married.

Yet in the beginning she had done her best to break down his pride: "What does it matter who has the money, Michael, so long as we can be together?" Martha had pleaded.

She got no further, either, when she offered to give up her job, which meant more to Martha than anything in the world except Michael, and to live on what he made—a precarious five pounds a week.

They could have managed it. She had confronted him with the actual figures: so much for rent, so much for food . . . on paper it hadn't even looked as though Michael would have to give up his clubs.

But Michael had merely shaken his head. All of which meant, Martha faced up to it courageously, that Michael was not keen on getting married in any circumstances.

Their present arrangement suited him too well. A week-end every now and then, when funds would run to it, at some little secluded country inn: Paris at Christmas, and the carelessly extravagant male dinners he prepared for her in his bed-sitting-room in Bloomsbury. For the rest, Michael was free to accept house-party invitations from his well-to-do friends; he headed several hostesses' lists as an eligible "last minute" man for a dance or dinner-party. He belonged to three good clubs; his landlady mended his clothes and looked after him when he was ill.

So, when you worked it out, why should Michael want to get married?

Then again, marriage, as Michael so often said, was apt to desecrate a lovely association and bring it down to the sordidness of two people sharing a home from sheer force of habit and because it was less trouble and expense to go on living together than to separate.

"Well, well, my wicked one"—she went over to the photograph and raised it towards her so that her lips touched his gay, arrogant smile—"we see each other to-night and I hope that you have been missing me during this last week as much as I have you." (Michael had been staying with rich cousins for the shooting.)

She replaced the photo with a little sigh, and went to her bedroom to get ready for business.

She knew so little about him really, though. Only that he'd been in the Army since the last year of the war and had to resign his commission because he couldn't afford it. He had no parents or sisters or brothers, but there were a number of remote wealthy cousins in the shires and in

Norfolk, and he often went to stay with them.

Which was, as Martha knew, altogether wrong and unfair. There was nothing Michael craved so passionately as the security of a weekly pay envelope, but, in spite of increasing prosperity, no-one seemed inclined to employ a man whose sole commercial assets were a good appearance, an Eton and Sandhurst education, good dancing feet and an intelligent knowledge of the happenings of the world.

As soon as the bus reached Hyde Park corner Martha switched her mind sternly, as was her custom, from her lover and focused it upon the working-day ahead.

She had been in the "beauty business" for nearly nine years, since her eighteenth birthday, working herself up from an apprentice to her present position of "head girl" by sheer determination and grit, helped by a natural flair for the career she had chosen.

The "beauty business" still thrilled her. There was for Martha an emotional, almost sensual, thrill of achievement in creaming and smoothing the wrinkles and sagas out of a no-longer-young face. She did not jib, either, at the humbler offices of her trade.

She was at the shop earlier than usual this morning and Leonie, a faded, graceful blonde in her late forties, called to her thankfully as she passed the open door of the private office to go to the girls' cloak-room.

"Martha—is that you—heavens be praised! Lady Perry has arrived unexpectedly and insists that you are the only person who can give her back her youth."

Martha hurried along to the cloakroom, pulling off her small nut-brown felt hat as she went. Then she discarded her coat and frock and donned a primrose-yellow, short-sleeved overall, which was "Leonie's" uniform and which gave a pleasant splash of color to the otherwise somewhat austere ivory-and-chromium-plated salon.

Lady Perry was waiting in one of the small private rooms. She, too, greeted Martha's arrival with relief.

Within a few minutes Martha's deft fingers were plastering Lady Perry's wrinkled face with white of egg.

"D'you know, Martha, just the feel of your clever soothing hands gives me confidence," sighed her ladyship comfortably.

"That's very kind of you, m'lady. You are having your hair done, too, aren't you?" Martha touched the pitifully thin peroxide locks.

"Yes, my dear, and make me bright. I don't care what it costs; I've got to be bright gold for this very bright party I am going to to-night."

She laughed in a thin, high-pitched voice at her joke.

It was the sixty-year-old Lady Perry's voice which, despite her valiant fight against the inevitable sere and yellow, gave her away.

The rest of the staff thought her a silly, vain old woman. But Martha liked and admired her. She knew why Lady Perry fought so hard to keep off the imprint of old age. She worshipped her husband. She made Martha see her through his eyes—a lovely girl with bright gold curls and a cream-and-rose complexion. "And, Martha, I want to be like that for him as long as possible."

She worked for nearly three hours on Lady Perry, who substantiated her gratitude with a pound tip.

It was nearly four o'clock before Martha had finished her and had time to rush back to the cloak-room for a sandwich and cup of tea. Two of the other girls were there nibbling dry biscuits and sipping tea. They had been able to get out to lunch.

"Of course," Elsa the manicurist greeted her, "you ought to be given a ticket for Tooting Bec or whatever happens to be your local lunatic asylum, Martha. I suppose you do realise that you haven't lunched before four once this week?"

"Ah, but I breakfast! . . ." Martha munched a sandwich hungrily.

"And you have no interest in life outside this blessed sweat shop," interposed Lillian, the other girl, in friendly contempt.

That made Martha laugh inside her. They all believed that, for Martha, "Leonie's" comprised the whole world. They knew all about those restless dreams which had held her captive from the very early days, when she had been an apprentice. Dreams of a beauty parlor of her own; "Martha's" of South Street, Rue Royale, Paris, and Fifth Avenue, New York.

None of these girls who worked with her guessed about Michael. They believed her invulnerable to any emotions unconnected with that flame which was her ambition; they had watched her untiring, and always enthusiastic, pushing further and further ahead; they couldn't visualise Martha having the time or the energy to bother about a man except to dine with him when she was too weary to go home and cook for herself.

She had just finished her sandwiches and was getting ready for her next appointment when "Leonie's" tiny page-boy resplendent in a yellow uniform a shade or so darker than the girls' overalls, knocked at the door of the cloak-room and handed Elsa a long, narrow, leaf-green box.

"Hallo! Flowers for someone," she deduced, then, scanning the address: "They're for you, Martha. From one of your old ladies, I expect."

But these twelve long-stemmed dark-red roses lying in a nest of green tissue paper did not come from a woman. A business card bearing the name Philip Cherington protruded from one of the wine-red blossoms.

Martha picked it up and turned it over. "To thank you for a very pleasant evening," Philip Cherington had written on the other side.

He was "contact man" with one of London's leading advertising agencies, Alton and Pearce, and Martha had met him at a sherry party some weeks ago; he had not taken very much notice of her until the party was pretty well over, then he had asked casually for her telephone

number and permission to call her up. He hadn't done so, though, until last week the very day Michael had left for Norfolk.

He had asked her to dine with him the same evening. She had accepted, hardly remembering what he looked like, because Peggy had had a dinner engagement that night, and she always dreaded evenings alone when Michael was out of London. And this was the man who had sent her roses.

"Well, anyway, they ought to give Michael something to get angry about," she soliloquised unhelpfully, because Michael hardly ever got jealous.

He had no right to be, he said. It was an understood thing that Martha was to accept invitations from other men if she felt like it. "My darling, I trust you," was Michael's nice way of giving her leave.

She plunged Philip Cherington's roses into a jug of water and hurried back to the salon. Two more facials to do, a tricky henna, and a friction for her most exacting client, Dorrie Dale, the film star. That meant she would not be through before six-thirty.

That didn't rattle her, although Michael had written he would be expecting her at the flat near to six. "Leonie's" closed officially at five-thirty. He was never annoyed when she turned up late. Michael was so reasonable about one's work.

It was getting on for eight before she at last arrived at No. 88 Gillington Street in Bloomsbury. Michael let her in himself.

"Martha—dear."

He caught her hands eagerly. As always, after a long parting, he was a little shy and uncertain of himself with her.

"Darling, how much have you missed me?" Martha gave his fingers a light squeeze.

"Terribly," He frowned and looked away from her. "You're more lovely than ever," he said when they had climbed two flights of narrow staircases to his room. "I always say that when I haven't seen you for a while, don't I?" joked Michael.

"You do."

A flush of color rose to her cheeks, staining them the fragile pink of a wild rose.

A queer, frightened note gave his voice a harsh, rasping quality. He held her in rough, possessive fervor.

"Martha, my darling, I love you so."

"I love you, Michael . . ."

His arm released her all at once, and his eyes narrowed and focused themselves upon the two red roses pinned in her coat.

"Who," he asked, "is the wealthy man who can give the girl I love roses in November?"

"Philip Cherington, sweet. I met him at a party and he took me to dinner. He sent flowers to-day to say thank you . . ."

Now, watching Michael's lean, sensitive face, she wished she hadn't worn the flowers. He looked odd . . . all keyed up. She prayed he hadn't been losing money at bridge during his visit.

"Is this man keen on you, Martha?"

"I don't think so, darling, but if he were you know it wouldn't make any difference; I believe I have mentioned to you that you're the man I love."

"Darling, you're so faithful and I love you for it, but it's very foolish of you. I'm no use to you . . ."

Martha recognised his dark mood.

"That's for me to decide, darling . . . let's eat, Michael . . . I haven't had any lunch . . ."

Michael's face cleared. He moved away from her to the table under the window, which was covered with a large white cloth.

She took her place at the head of the table; served the food while he filled their glasses. Then she had to ask: "Is there anything wrong, my darling?"

"Why should there be?" fenced Michael. He was pouring out his wine with an unsteady, nervous hand.

"Your behaviour to-night—it's feverish."

He drank a glass of chianti in one gulp.

"I've things to tell you," he said, looking away from her. "Martha . . . it's going to hurt."

She handed him his plate with an unshaking hand.

"I'll take it, Michael . . ."

"But I had planned not to—until after dinner." He frowned peevish and scared.

The ley tendrils of an unknown panic wound themselves round Martha's heart. Something was wrong. Seriously wrong. It wasn't just that Michael had not been able to sell things. It wasn't even the perennial worry of arrears in rent, or bridge losses, which was on his mind. He looked so unsure of himself, which wasn't a bit like Michael.

"Darling," she said, reaching across the table for his hand and crinkling her eyes into an encouraging smile, "you're in a jam . . . and I want to share . . . to help if I can . . ."

"I wonder," speculated Michael, "if you'll still say that when you know . . ."

Although he was making much ado about drenching his salad in mayonnaise, he was not eating. He said next:

"I've got a job, Martha . . ."

She raised dazed, bewildered eyes. "Is that your bad news? . . ."

She laughed uneasily, waiting for what was to come next. "It's in India," said Michael.

"As though that matters. What clothes do I take and when do we sail?"

Michael looked away from her. He was crumbling his bread.

"For Heaven's sake," he expostulated irritably, "don't make it more difficult than you need."

He got up and, going over to his bureau, picked up a pile of letters which he flung on the table in front of her.

"Bills," he said unexpectedly, "accounts rendered, threats to take legal proceedings; if you look carefully you'll find a judgment summons and several ordinary ones. In other words, Martha, I am bust."

She pushed them aside. "This Indian job?" she started.

"Will just about save my bacon. It's Willons, the wine people. They want me to work the Far East for them and are willing to advance enough to be able to get out of the country without a stain on my character."

"Then why worry, sweet?"

She got up from the table and took hold of his hands. They were icy cold, but she saw that his brow was beaded in sweat.

"Because," said Michael, still looking away from her, "they insist that the job is more or less a social one; I shall have to belong to good clubs and be prepared to stand by as an eligible 'odd man' at the memsahibs' dinner-parties. In short, it has only been offered to me because I am single."

"When," she asked, after a long pause, "are you supposed to sail?"

"As soon as possible—there's a boat on Thursday."

"You'll catch it?"

AND THEN GOOD-BYE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"I suppose so. . . . Oh, Martha, Martha." He made as though to take her in his arms, but she pushed him gently away.

"I think, darling, I won't stay, after all," she said, white to the lips, and began moving about the room to collect her things—the small brown felt hat, her camel-hair coat and fine leather gloves.

"I won't try to keep you," said Michael woodenly. "I am not going to try even to exonerate myself with you Martha. I'm letting you down, but there isn't any other way out."

He was crucifying her, hammering in the nails, but he was getting a start for himself. And a man needed a job, a regular pay envelope more than he could ever need a girl.

Martha moved to the door.

"Michael, I'm going. . . ."

He followed her.

"I shall be away two, possibly three, years, Martha. . . ."

"A thin, thin slice of life. . . ."

It would have been a blessed solace to make a sentimental pact, to promise each other to wait, faithful, those two or three years. Only, you couldn't trap an undisciplined person like Michael into that. You had to remember he hadn't trusted your love or his enough to want to marry you. So she said, with her eyes bright like green jewels: "They'll pass quickly, Michael," she was pleading with him for the first time, "you'll write? . . ."

"Every mail," said Michael. "Meanwhile. . . ."

His eyes lingered on the roses in her coat. "Meanwhile, Martha, if anything better crops up, don't let—memories stand in your way."

She smiled bleakly.

"I won't sacrifice myself to. . . . memories," she promised. Then: "Kiss me, Michael. . . . Good luck, my darling; you deserve it. . . . Michael, a quick kiss. . . . then let me go. . . ."

Martha was home. It was a little after tea. She remembered pulling herself out of Michael's arms, shutting the door very quietly and running downstairs. She remembered picking up a taxi in the square.

Now she was home, back in the flat. She must have left Michael a long while ago. Or was it only a few minutes?

The emptiness Michael was leaving behind him—a great open wound bleeding and throbbing in one's heart. But it was the right, the sane, thing for Michael to do. . . . to go away and make a success of his job and then come back for Martha.

"But will he? Will he?"

There would be letters from Michael to look forward to. . . . but would there? You hadn't to kid yourself. . . . there was so little about Michael you could rely on.

Martha dropped into a chair and leant forward, burying her head in her hands.

Towards eleven she heard Peggy's key in the front door. She raised her sunken head and threw it back so that the plaques of plum-black hair fell away from her face.

She said in a dead voice:

"I've just said good-bye to Michael—for two or three years."

Peggy regarded her anxiously.

"Michael has a job. . . . in India. It's for a single man. . . . I'm all for Michael taking it. . . ."

Peggy sat down in the chair opposite.

"The selfish swine! . . ."

"Peggy, don't do that." Her features were so calm they might have been chiselled in marble.

Peggy blew her nose and lit a cigarette. She continued to attack Michael.

"But surely there could have been some

other way out. . . . some other job which didn't take him away from you."

"Not for Michael," insisted Martha patiently. "He isn't the type to get jobs easily. And he needs one so badly."

She got up and began pacing restlessly about the room.

"It's odd," she meditated aloud. "I've wept for hours when Michael has had to go away for a week, as well you know, Peg, but now that he is going for years and years I can be a little happy for his sake. I've got to be happy for Michael. . . . after all, it isn't so very easy for him to leave me. . . ."

There was a back-handed consolation in that. "But a man without a job can never be a man in his own eyes. . . . that's what's been wrong with Michael all this time. . . ."

Peggy could have understood a violent grief, but not this quiet resignation. She didn't believe Martha would lose herself in work; she wasn't the sort of girl to sublimate her fiery emotions. She was too passionate and vital, until now, so eager for life in all its rich fullness.

Martha seemed to have read Peggy's troubled thoughts, for she said:

"I'll be all right. This is the biggest blow which has ever come my way, but it has happened to others. . . . I'll get through. . . ."

She picked up her hat and coat, which she had thrown on to a chair. Philip Cherington's roses were wilting in the buttonhole of the latter.

Peggy touched the wine-red blossoms.

"They came," Martha said aloud, "from Philip Cherington. . . . the man I had dinner with the other night. He wrote they were to thank me for a lovely evening."

"Philip Cherington," Peggy remembered the name. "You liked him rather, didn't you, Martha?"

"Did I?" Martha pushed her hair back from her face. "It seems so long ago. . . . everything seems so long ago except saying good-bye to Michael. . . ." She went towards the door. "I'm going to bed, Peg. . . ."

She fell into a deep, exhausted sleep the moment her head touched the pillow, and Peggy had to shake her awake at half past seven next morning.

There wasn't a frock in Martha's wardrobe or a hat in her hat-box which didn't hold some memory of Michael. The high-heeled quilted satin mules she was wearing had been his Christmas present to her; he had gone with her to choose her absinthe-green velvet dressing-gown which had cost more than she could afford to pay and she had only taken it because Michael had liked it so much.

She selected at last a brown woollen frock cut high in the neck and braided in narrow bands of gold. "Father Russian," Michael had called it. Which, decided Martha grimly, is pretty much how I feel to-day. . . . All "Cherry Orchard" and "let's make an end of it."

Leonie sent for her soon after she arrived.

"Martha, Louise Kay has telephoned for an appointment. Just a shampoo and wash—you'd better attend to her."

"Yes, madame."

Louise Kay was that rarity, a famous Broadway actress who had refused to go to Hollywood. She had just arrived from New York. That meant she hadn't a regular London haidresser, and as she had rung up "Leonie's" for an appointment she couldn't have brought one over with her.

Louise Kay didn't leave until after two. She had a facial, Elsa had done her nails, and the special wash applied cunningly by Martha brought out the fading lights in the no-lounger-young woman's honey-yellow hair. She ordered a five-guinea bottle of Leonie's Rhapsodie Verte to be sent to her hotel, and paid cash.

She was coming again.

"Good girl," praised Leonie when Martha made her report. "Honestly, Martha, I don't know how I could get on without you."

Martha couldn't keep the guilt out of her smile. Leonie and Martha in competition. There was a small glow in the ashes which were Martha's heart. Just give her a chance—the necessary capital, then—and she'd be come more famous than Leonie herself. Martha was thinking as she made her way to the girls' cloak-room.

But soon the thought of Michael's departure intruded.

Michael would be suffering too. But it was always easier for the one who was going away. Still. . . . he loved her. If Michael's love hadn't the reckless giving quality of hers for him, it was real and intense. . . . A fire within Michael, warm and glowing.

Peggy telephoned her before she had finished her tea.

"Just to know if you'll be in to-night," said Peggy in the soothing tone one uses to invalids.

"I shall," replied Martha, "but don't worry, if you have a date."

Peggy had. There was a young designer at her shop who had asked her to go to the movies with him. He was tall and blond, and Peggy had been secretly in love with him for a month. His name was Carol Street. This was the first time he had asked her out. And now she'd have to say no.

You couldn't leave Martha alone this first evening. When Carol gave the invitation she had prayed Martha would have telephoned somebody. She knew plenty of men who would be only too delighted to take her out and give her a good time.

"I'll bring some grub in with me," said Peggy with a false brightness which Martha, in her own sorrow, missed.

She rang off and went into the salon to do a massage. One of her old ladies, not nearly so nice as Lady Perry. Her husband was reputed to be among the richest men in the country. She tipped Martha sixpence for two hours' work.

Then Rosie, the youngest apprentice, a pale-checked, frightened-eyed child of sixteen, waylaid her as she was going to the cloak-room to tidy up before the next client arrived.

"Miss Martha, can I speak to you for a minute, please?"

"What is it, Rosie?"

Martha's expression was encouragingly kind. The apprentices all adored her. They counted on Martha to fight their battles in that sanctum which was Leonie's office.

"It's my mother, Miss Martha," Rosie gulped now. "She's had another bad turn. The doctor will know to-day whether she has got to have the operation. Dad can't get home until late and there'll be no one there except my Auntie Bertha, and I'm afraid she'll upset Mamma. She cries so much."

"Of course, you must go home at once, Rosie," Martha glanced at her watch. "It's not five yet. You'll have time to get your mother all smartened up for the doctor if you hurry."

She watched the younger girl tumble into her outdoor clothes.

Other people had their troubles too, then. This poor little shrimp Rosie, with a mother dying of cancer. The money scraped up from Heaven knew where, to pay the bills. The father was a commercial traveller, dared not stay away from work because that meant loss of commission. Rosie had unburdened herself to Martha some months ago. All the girls brought their worries to her. They had faith in her judgment. They

knew they could count on her sympathy; she had a reputation for knowing what to do in a crisis.

At closing-time, when Martha was on her way to get ready to go home, the page-boy came to tell her she was wanted on the telephone.

"A gentleman to speak to you, miss." She went to answer it, her face white.

Michael. Could it be Michael calling? She raised the receiver to her ear and called a trembling "Hello, this is Martha Lyard speaking," and a brisk, clipped voice, which had no resemblance to Michael's caressive drawl, responded:

"This is Philip Cherington. Can you dine with me to-night, Miss Lyard? I'm sorry it is such awfully short notice, but if by any chance you are free . . ."

She thought for a moment, then she said: "As it happens, I am free . . ."

Philip was saying: "That's grand, and how kind of you. We'll meet, shall we, at Belmont's?—I don't suppose you'll want the tag of dressing. Is eight o'clock all right?"

She said it was and rang off. Then dialled the number of Peggy's shop.

"I shan't be in after all, old thing . . . Philip Cherington has asked me to dinner."

"Philip Cherington! Oh, Martha, I'm glad," enthused Peggy.

"I'm not sure that I am," Martha's voice dragged.

She had accepted Philip's invitation on impulse, but now she was wondering how she was going to get through an evening with a comparative stranger. Each moment she was realising more how she had completely belonged to Michael.

She wondered while she was getting ready to go and meet Philip Cherington if Michael was feeling this great emptiness . . . as though a large hole had been dug into the smooth roundness of his emotional life.

Yesterday she had gone to Michael wearing Philip Cherington's dark roses in her coat to tease him a little. Yesterday she'd been so happy because Michael was back in London.

And to-night she was going to dine with a man whose features were a blur in her mind.

"It's nice of you to have managed; I was afraid there wasn't a chance you'd be disengaged," Philip was saying. He had a pleasant, low-pitched voice, and when he spoke to you he looked you straight in the eyes.

"I shouldn't have been, only someone cancelled," she told him. "Urgent business."

It amused her in an odd, hurting way to speak thus of Michael. Philip filled her glass with chianti.

"His loss, my gain."

This Philip Cherington was a nice person. He deserved a better break than to be wasting an evening with a girl who was eating out her heart for another man.

Martha hadn't known how she was going to manage to get through dinner when she left the flat, in spite of having eaten nothing all day, but now she found that she was enjoying her food. The ravioli was perfect; after that they had chicken breasts cooked in butter and flanked with asparagus tips. They were finishing their zabaglione and Philip had ordered:

"Black coffee. And please bring the pot." Then addressing Martha with quiet command, which amused her because it could mean so little to her: "You look too tired to want to go on anywhere, so we might linger over coffee and a liqueur, and then I'll drive you home."

Martha was startled. This man, a comparative stranger, was the

only one to have noticed her intense fatigue on this hideously bleak day in her life.

"I am tired," Martha admitted now to Philip Cherington. "We've had a heavy day at the shop."

"You're keen on your work?"

"Madly keen," Martha's voice was sharp. Her eyes became restless, and her fingers were beating a light, nervous tattoo on the table.

"One day," she confided, "I shall have a beauty parlor of my own. That's my ambition. My face creams and beauty preparations shall be known all over the world . . . I'll have branches in Paris and Vienna and possibly in New York. That's how keen I am on my work," she finished, and looked suddenly limp.

"Silly of you," criticised Philip unexpectedly. "You're worthy of so much more than just that . . . You're a woman, a very lovely young woman—"

"Meaning," said Martha, "I ought to get married and have babies—"

"Just that. The only really happy women I know are those who rock cradles instead of pounding away on typewriters," he told her. "The latter may have more fun, but they lack that serenity and completion which comes to those who follow the functions for which they were put in the world."

Martha smothered an hysterical outburst of laughter. Well, well, she wanted those very things, didn't she? A home, babies, and Michael. It wasn't her fault that Michael never had the money for babies and a home. It wasn't her fault that he was scared of marriage. But Michael . . . but Michael was going to India. He had a job at last. Fate had just played a cruel hand against them in ordaining that Michael's job was in India and that he couldn't have qualified for it had he been a married man.

She was unhappily conscious of giving this good-looking advertising man a dull evening. She wished that she had rung up Buck, who could have been counted on to take one for a "pub crawl;" on the other hand, Simon Lester, the interior decorator, could have entertained her at the Berkeley. With either of those two she wouldn't have been burdened with this sense of obligation.

"I think," she said aloud, "I'll get home, if you don't mind."

"Right. I'll get the bill."

She watched Philip call the waiter. He told the man to see about a taxi. He was unobtrusively at the back of Martha in time to help her on with her coat.

They didn't talk much on the way back. She realised he was purposely giving her a chance to relax. She thought it tactful of him and kind to refuse her invitation to come in for a last drink or cup of coffee.

"Please go to bed at once and get lots of sleep," Philip said, and vanished.

Next morning, when Philip telephoned at "Leonie's," Martha sent word by the page that she was busy with a customer and couldn't talk to him.

At one o'clock there was another leaf-green box awaiting her. It contained tawny-brown chrysanthemums, and a note:

"Could you have dinner with me to-night? P.C."

He gave a number where she could telephone.

Martha told the page to ring through, thanking him for the flowers and telling him she was engaged.

The next day Martha stayed late at the beauty parlor, fiddling about in the laboratory, then she took herself to the cinema. But the close-ups of the stars' embraces were too much for her and she came out in the middle.

When she returned to the flat she found

a telegram and a letter awaiting her. The former was from Michael. He had sent it from Southampton and quoted her one of Noel Coward's songs which they both liked.

Martha went across to the telephone and dialled "telegrams." She cabled Michael on his ship.

And then at last the icicles which were her tears melted.

She was still crying when Peggy came home, and it wasn't until she stumbled, almost unconscious with exhaustion, into bed, that she remembered her unopened letter. She glanced at the signature, and saw it was from Philip, and she read aloud what he had to say, to Peggy.

It was a characteristically concise note. Philip was going north on business, but he would be back next Wednesday, when he hoped Martha would dine with him.

Next morning she telephoned Buck Trevor, who was an artist, and who had been lately and undemandingly in love with her these last two years.

"Buck, I'm free to-night." There was a grumbling bitterness in telling people she was free. "What can we do about it?"

Buck was "broke."

"But, darling," he said, "if you can pay I'll make the party."

Martha could pay.

She told him to call for her at the flat at half-past seven. He was a little "tight" when he arrived. Inclined to be maudlin. She sent him away soon after ten. Peggy, who had been out with Carol again, found her crouched in an attitude of grim despondency in front of the unlit electric fire.

"In so soon?" she demanded briskly.

"We didn't go out," Martha turned her white face towards Peggy. "I'm afraid," she said, "we've got to talk to Michael."

"Well"—Peggy was longing for bed, but she settled herself on the chair opposite Martha—"say what's on your mind, duckie duck . . ."

"I've got to do something about him. You see," explained Martha, "the usual amusement drugs aren't working. Buck, who used to amuse me, bored me. Philip Cherington is too nice to be used as a prop. In fact, I can't think of a single man who could help me out. Somehow, being nice to them and having them saying sweet things to you seems so pointless when one hasn't Michael to fall back upon."

Peggy agreed that Buck was pretty hopeless.

"But, Martha, I wouldn't be so drastic about the Cherington person. He sounds straight and decent and he doesn't mess you about. Have you written whether you'll dine?"

"No, but I shall—and tell him I can't."

"He seems to have plenty of money to spend on a girl—"

"So has Simon."

"Yes—but doesn't spend it."

"Too true . . . and Michael has gone to India . . . It all works back to that . . ."

Martha got up. She walked about the room, her hands sunk deep in the pockets of her suit. Gradually her weariness gave way to a feverish alertness—her eyes held the fever of a gambler.

"I wonder, she might do it. Why shouldn't she? She's got bags of money; she likes me . . ." she was saying aloud, and Peggy asked impatiently:

"Who are you talking about now, Martha dear?"

"I was thinking about my shop," Martha enlightened her. "I'm ready to start; Leonie can't teach me any more. All I need is capital. Two thousand pounds. . . ."

The following day at one o'clock sharp Martha presented herself at No. 108 Triton Street, Belgrave. She had telephoned Lady Perry in the morning saying that she wanted to see her privately, and had been invited to lunch.

"My husband will be there, Martha," she said, "but we can have our nice little talk afterwards."

She was admitted by an elderly butler and conducted through a handsomely panelled hall to a small octagonal sitting-room at the back of the house. A short, dapper little man, who could have passed for anything between fifty and sixty-five, rose to his feet.

"So you are the lady who keeps my wife beautiful for me," he greeted her, holding out a well-shaped hand. "I am so sorry, but she has been detained—at her dressmaker's, I think she said, and left instructions I was to look after you." He moved towards a fine Welsh cupboard in the corner of the room. "As a start off, may I offer you a glass of sherry?"

"Thank you, Sir Randolph, but, if you'd excuse me, I don't drink during the day," Martha threw him her slow lurch of a smile. "You see," she explained, feeling that as he was here she might as well be completely honest, "I've come to see her ladyship on business."

He raised his bushy grey eyebrows.

"On business?"

"Yes," Martha's smile widened. "I want money from her."

"Money, did you say?" He looked dreadfully embarrassed.

Martha took a long chance.

"Her ladyship has always been good enough to praise my work very highly. I have other clients who are equally appreciative. It seems time that I should start working for myself instead of for an employer."

"Quite, quite," agreed Sir Randolph non-committally.

He sipped the pale gold sherry appreciatively. His eyes were on Martha and he said unexpectedly:

"Look here, Miss Lyard, this idea of yours interests me. I like to see young women striking out for themselves; I like to help 'em if I can."

"You mean you'd . . ." She couldn't finish her sentence.

"If you would accept me as a backer—"

Martha jumped up from her chair. She said, her eyes feverishly bright:

"Sir Randolph, you don't know what you're doing for me. . . ."

He considered a minute.

"Of course, I'd want more details . . . and there's just one condition. I've many irons in the fire and I like my business interests kept strictly secret . . . for instance, if it leaked out that I was financing you I'd have every other little manufacturer from Wardour Street to Tooting Bec wanting me to set them up in shops of their own."

She gave in breathlessly.

"We'll keep it a secret if you wish, Sir Randolph. . . ."

"Splendid, quite splendid. You know, Miss Martha, I flatter myself I can judge a good business man on sight, and the same applies to you girls; I haven't any fear that you will lose me my money. Now, what are we going to tell my wife?"

He looked like a schoolboy trying to find a good excuse for having played truant.

Martha asked:

"Can't even she know the truth?"

"I'm afraid not. You see, she's so soft-

hearted there would be half a dozen girls she'd want me to help."

Martha speculated aloud: "We might tell her ladyship that I am starting out on my own and have come to ask for her patronage."

Sir Randolph beamed. "Bright girl, aren't you?"

His eyes appraised her beauty. She had a good brain, too. Only, one would have to go carefully with her—very, very carefully. This was no ordinary modern missie who'd give you anything you might ask of her in return for diamonds, a fur coat, a totally unprofitable business.

There were sounds of footsteps pattering along the passage outside.

"That's my wife," said Sir Randolph. "Can you lunch with me to-morrow, Miss Lyard—at the Regency grill?—we can discuss details then . . . nice and quiet."

"At ten past one, Sir Randolph?" inquired Martha.

He agreed as calmly as he could:

"At ten past one . . . any time to suit you. . . ."

"And so, you see, it's all arranged," Martha was telling Peggy, inhaling her cigarette in long breaths.

It was only three days since Martha had lunched with Sir Randolph, but she had his promise now for two thousand pounds. She had found what she considered the ideal shop and location for her beauty parlour. It was in Starling Street, near to Berkeley Square. "Central for my clients and at the same time it isn't a cliché address," she pointed out to Peggy.

She had engaged the services of Simon Lister, the interior decorator, to make her salon the most modern and at the same time the most soothing in London.

Peggy listened with mingled surprise and trepidation. She had never believed Martha had been serious in her decision to launch out on her own. Innately cautious-minded herself, she feared for Martha's natural recklessness, strengthened now with her loneliness for Michael.

But all she said was: "So Lady Perry stumped up."

Martha had told her nothing as yet of the financial arrangements she had made.

"I've got my shop," was all Martha had said. "So, you see, it's all arranged. . . ."

Her smooth brow crumpled at Peggy's remark.

"I'm being financed by Sir Randolph," she said slowly.

"Oh, Martha!" There was deep distress in Peggy's voice. "That nasty old man—"

"I," retorted Martha, "find him an extremely amiable old man."

"But, darling," ventured Peggy, "isn't it all a little—mucky?"

Martha's eyes narrowed and the line of her mouth had a challenging quality.

"Peggy, I swear he's being decent to me. Martha was saying, and her eyes were gentle. Everything had been arranged on strictly businesslike terms by Sir Randolph's lawyers. He would get his percentage on the borrowed money."

"The next thing is to break it to Leonie," she told Peggy. "Thank goodness I've no contract."

"Leonie'll be mad," Peggy worried her. "She'll do all she can to break you—"

"I know," Martha looked worried.

A clock chimed and Peggy stood up.

"I've got to get dressed for dinner," she said.

"The new boy-friend again?"

"Yes, it's Carol."

"Got it pretty badly, haven't you, duck?"

"I love him terribly, Martha."

Peggy flushed. She had been wanting to

tell Martha about Carol, but somehow with the other girl's love-affair hanging around her in tattered ribbons she hadn't thought it fair. But she took full advantage now of Martha's interest.

"We're going to be married in the spring," she vouchsafed. "Carol says he will have saved enough by then for the home. He doesn't believe in buying on the H.P., either. Wise . . ."

She stopped abruptly, her radiant young face seared with shame. It hadn't occurred to her before that her marriage would deprive Martha of a flat-mate.

Martha, however, guessed the reason for that sudden halt in the middle of a sentence.

"Don't worry about me, old thing," she said. "Spring. That's months off—by then I shall be opening up in Paris, New York, who knows? . . ."

The shrill of the telephone cut in at her harassed thoughts. Peggy crossed to answer it.

"Darling, it's Philip Cherington."

"By Heaven!" cried Martha. "It's Wednesday."

"You haven't written to put him off?" Peggy was still covering the receiver with her hand. "Or to say you'll go—"

"I clean forgot," murmured Martha contritely.

Martha went over to the telephone and took it from Peggy, who heard Martha making arrangements to meet Philip Cherington at Belonti's in Soho.

Philip was waiting for her at the restaurant at the same table they had had before. Martha's first reaction on seeing him again was one of warm pleasure. The sheer physical strength of him pleased her and subconsciously made their imprint on her senses.

"You look better than when I saw you last," he greeted her.

"I feel better. I've been working harder than usual."

Her voice held him in challenge. When it came to character, she could pit strength against strength.

"I've been working hard, too," he replied coolly—"so hard that I've had a better job offered me. I'm to be production manager from to-morrow onwards."

"Congratulations . . . that sounds awfully important."

"The salary," continued Philip, "is a thousand a year, plus a chance of picking up another five hundred in commission."

"As a matter of fact, I've a new job, too. I'm starting on my own next month."

She thought she detected a look of disappointment, annoyance almost, in his eyes; a stubborn narrowing of his lips. But he congratulated her, in his turn.

"That's fine, isn't it? I mean, I expect you think so—"

"It's what I've been striving for for years," she told him quietly.

"Then I hope it turns out well." He sounded sceptical now, and she flashed at him:

"It's sure to. I don't fail."

"Never?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Never . . . in business."

"I hope," Philip said presently, "you don't want to go on anywhere. You see, I want to talk to you for a long while."

That suited Martha. It was only just eight. They couldn't possibly talk for more than a couple of hours, whatever important topic he had to discuss. She would get home in time to see to those figures before going to bed.

"I've always been keen on psychology," explained Philip, "especially of that of the masses, so advertising seemed the logical

solution to earning one's living and following one's own particular star."

Martha was interested, her own ambition reaching out in sympathy with his. In a strange way his self-confidence steadied her own. They were two young people, two sensible young people . . . a man and a woman who could discuss more serious topics than the movies, or sport, or abortive, dance palace love-affairs.

"Maybe I shall have to enlist your professional help. We may want to stunt the beauty parlor—"

"I want your help," Philip replied unexpectedly.

They had finished dinner and were drinking coffee and the sickly-sweet Italian liqueur *Strega*. "Have you noticed I'm terribly in love with you?"

Martha certainly hadn't, and told him so. "Though I admit you've been very kind and attentive," she added, remembering all the flowers he had sent her.

"I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. I don't bother much about girls as a rule, but I knew instinctively that you were the girl I've been looking for. I want," said Philip, "to marry you more than anything in the world. That's why I told you what the new job was, that's why I've gone out for it for all I'm worth. I shouldn't have taken all that trouble if it hadn't been for you, Martha. We could manage in a quiet little way, couldn't we? I've got another hundred or so you can have as pin-money."

"Stop, please, Philip: this is foolish," Martha held up her hand.

"You mean, there is someone else. I was afraid there might be."

"Yes, there's someone else," she lowered her eyes so that he shouldn't read their anguish.

"You're going to be married soon?" His voice was very quiet.

Martha said:

"Not for a long time . . . he's . . . he's on his way to India—"

"But you're engaged."

She raised her face then.

"Not even that."

Philip laid his hand lightly on hers.

"So that's why you look so unhappy even when you're laughing. . . . Martha—there was rising anger in his tone—"what has a man done to you?"

Martha was saying:

"I'd rather we didn't speak about it, Philip. I only told you so that you could see that it's impossible for me to think of marriage to you or anyone else."

He was gentle again.

"It's nice of you to have told me all this, Martha." He stirred the name as though he loved it. "I won't bother you again . . . but look, girl, you need a friend, someone you can talk to." His mouth was tight.

"Will you mind if I stick around . . . like a sort of big brother?"

"I like you," said Martha. "I like you very much. But after what you have told me it doesn't seem much fun for you if I use you as a sort of human dictaphone to pick up the outpourings of my heart for another man."

"I'm best judge of that, Martha," Philip's expression sharpened.

Martha looked up at him. He was so nice. Yes, she wanted to see more of him. She managed a fairly bright smile.

"Yes, Philip, but I must warn you"—the smile died—"I shan't change."

"No, I don't think you will," agreed Philip unexpectedly. "Meanwhile, would you care to come to a play next Saturday?"

"I'd love it—"

"We might dine at Parcell's."

"You're much too good to me," said Martha in an unsteady voice.

Sir Randolph telephoned Martha early Saturday morning.

"I'm a grass-widower for the week-end. Will my partner honor me by dining and going to the theatre?"

That was a blow, but she didn't like to refuse him.

"Sevenish—that'll give us time to eat in peace."

Le Trilanon at seven. Now she had to ring Philip, and because of her pact with Sir Randolph she couldn't give him all of the truth.

"I'm sorry, a business engagement. I've got to go back on you, Philip."

He was disappointed but nice about it. She had warned him, he reminded her, that this sort of thing would happen. Could she make another date? Martha promised to call him early the following week.

She made straight for Leonie's room as soon as she arrived at the beauty parlor.

Martha said bluntly: "I want to give you a week's notice, madame."

"You want to leave . . ." The older woman's face crumpled. Her small eyes were bright with fear. "I suppose," she said, "it's a question of more money. Who's bidding against me, Martha?"

"Myself. I'm going to start on my own."

"Nothing will make you change your mind? You are determined to fight me?"

There was an icy quality in Leonie's voice. She had the better ammunition and she knew it. She had seen others, like Martha, start—and fail.

Martha left the room, closing the door quietly. She had learned all she knew at Leonie's. She was genuinely grateful. But she knew that if Leonie had offered her twice her present salary, or been doubly threatening, it wouldn't have made any difference. She had to get away. She was ready to start up on her own.

Later Philip telephoned again. He said:

"I don't want to be a pest, Martha, but the sun is shining and it's Saturday and I thought how nice it would be if we had lunch and went for a trip into the country."

She accepted, full of warm gratitude.

Philip told her he would call for her at Leonie's at one.

Promptly at one Leonie's messenger-boy came to tell Martha that Mr. Cherington was waiting outside for her.

Philip gave her a swiftly scrutinising glance. "You look as though you needed some fresh air. Heavens, what a stupid white face!"

He sounded quite cross, Martha said.

"I'm always pale."

He told her as she got into the car, "I've thought . . . it might be fun to make straight for the country . . . I know an inn I believe you'll like."

They were both silent while he threaded his way neatly out of London through the suburbs.

Martha's mind, curiously sleepy, dwelt upon Michael. The fragrant scent of the Sussex lanes brought to her a hurting nostalgia for the slight, the precious touch of him. She thought, in alarm, how long does it take to get over something like this—this fierce groping need of Michael—this empty loneliness which swept over one just when one expected it least?

Philip drew up at an inn between Horsham and Guildford. It looked very old and friendly, and it had bright red rambler roses crawling untidily round the porch.

She had achieved something, anyhow, out

of this emotional muddle. She was opening her own beauty parlor in less than a month's time. That was something to write to Michael . . . that and how she loved him and she missed him, and so that he shouldn't worry about her, she'd say there was a man called Philip Cherington who was giving her a good time. That wouldn't make Michael jealous. He trusted her so implicitly.

She told Philip abruptly, a sharp smile painted across her face:

"I left Leonie's this morning. I'm opening my beauty parlor."

But she didn't betray Sir Randolph's confidence and say that he was backing her.

Philip regarded her with kind, amused eyes.

"So you've left Leonie's; you're starting on your own," he repeated as though it was a matter of small importance.

Martha looked hurt. "I told you so the other evening. I thought you were interested; I hoped you'd wish me luck—"

"But I am, I do." His tone was eager.

"I'm fussed for you, Martha, that's all."

He took her hand, held it a moment in his strong grip, and released it abruptly.

"You're not terribly encouraging."

"It's because I don't want you hurt again."

His eyes sought hers; they were calm, and betrayed nothing of his tormented passion for this pale girl with the haunted green eyes. He became abruptly practical.

"I hope you have plenty of capital behind you, Martha. No new concern can hope to make a profit for at least a year."

"I'm all right for money."

She wished she could have put his mind at ease by revealing that she had the Perry fortune behind her.

Philip drained his glass. He said in a lighter tone:

"Martha, it's Saturday; let's forget about business and relax. What about lunch?"

He made her drink a glass of burgundy, and the good red wine brought a flush to her cheeks. It gave her, too, a new confidence. She was young, eager to live the fullness of life. But she couldn't keep from secretly touching the envelope inside her bag. Michael had written a brief, cheery note from Marseilles. He told her he was enjoying himself. But missing you, my darling. Bear up and write me all about yourself, Michael finished.

And Philip said suddenly, and with severity in his tone:

"Martha, you're brooding, and not listening to a word I've been saying. . . ."

Sir Randolph was waiting for her when she arrived at the Ritz just before seven. She watched him rise to his feet, and noticed for the first time what thin, spidery little legs he had.

During dinner she became faintly uneasy, remembering all those things Peggy had said about this man and which she had refused to believe. He paid her tiresome compliments about her eyes and her hair, and she wanted to get down to talking business. When he twittered: "Bad girl, you're not eating well. My little partner needn't fear the loss of her slim outline, surely," she wondered whether she was more green and raw than she'd thought.

She strove to play up to his clichéd witticisms. She was still so grateful that he was making it possible for her to have her own beauty parlor. She insisted, to calm her fluttering nerves, that he wasn't trying to flirt. It was so idiotic to think there was anything to be scared about in this kind, playful old man.

But the going was heavy, nevertheless. Three times she had to nudge his attention

before he realised that she was telling him she had given in her resignation to Leonie's and that Simon Lister had told her they would be ready to open in a month's time. "About the end of October," said Martha, smiling contentedly. "We shall catch the debs and dowagers coming back all-wind-on-the-heath-brother from Scotland and Yorkshire."

He hurried her over coffee so as not to be late for the theatre. To her dismay, she discovered he had taken seats for "The Yeoman of the Guard."

"It's the sweetest of the lot," he said sentimentally, and Martha, who was liable to walk out of a restaurant when the orchestra played Sullivan's music, agreed. "Yes, very sweet, isn't it?"

She settled down in her stall prepared to have her nerves further tortured by what she considered out-of-date and sickly, spineless music.

But gradually she found herself drawn by the simple charm of the operetta. It touched some hidden chords of her consciousness. It played its own music upon her emotions. She was crying silently in her heart for Michael when Phoebe flooded the theatre with her melodious plea: "Were I thy bride . . ."

Michael, Michael, Michael. I've got to forget you. Her fingers were clasped so tightly that her knuckles gleamed like bits of ivory beneath the tautened skin. Michael, what are you doing now? For Heaven's sake write to me again soon, my love.

Then she decided she didn't want him to write, because the real Michael never came out in his casual, affectionate notes.

Sir Randolph was standing at soldier-like attention for "The King" before she realised the last curtain had fallen.

She looked round her as she rose to her feet. It was a full house. It just showed you that sentimental melodies still had their hold on a war-scarred nation; she was musing, when her eye fell upon Philip Cherington at the end of the row in front of her.

He half turned as he moved into the gangway and caught sight of Martha. His broad smile of recognition changed to a cold, inquiring stare when he saw whom she was with.

Martha bowed, Philip made a stiff inclination of the head and hurried on.

Martha stayed in bed late the following morning and let Peggy minister to her.

"I know I'm a lazy toad, but there you are; you shouldn't spoil me," she apologised while Peggy bustled round with cups of coffee and orange-juice.

She read the morning papers until mid-day, and then got up and slouched round the flat in her pyjamas and dressing-gown.

Peggy's young man, Carol, was coming to lunch and she was busy in the kitchenette making a salad to go with the cold chicken. Martha took her out a gin-and-lime-juice.

"Peg, you were right about Sir Randolph; he's pretty foul . . . and with that sweet wife of his who simply lives for him, too . . . but I'm in too deep now . . . I've just got to watch out and keep him down to business . . ."

Peggy fixed her with her horror-stricken china-blue eyes.

"Martha . . . how did you find out . . . was he . . . beastly? . . ." Her voice shook with panic.

Martha laughed. It was a cracked, tight sound.

"No, Pegs, he hasn't been beastly . . . yet . . . but Philip Cherington happened to be at the same theatre last night . . . and he as good as cut me dead . . ."

Peggy was asking anxiously:

"Do you think you can manage him, Martha?"

Martha came out of her upsetting reverie. "I think so, Peggy." And she added: "But I'd give almost anything I possess not to have to."

"You'll wear yourself out. And what then?"

Martha laughed. It had that same cracked, tight sound.

"You're very sweet, Peggy," she said, and put out her hand to ruffle Peggy's golden curls, "but you mustn't worry about me. All the time I've got lots of work to do I'll be all right. It's doing nothing, just thinking, which I can't stand just now . . . thinking about Michael," she finished in an undertone. Then with a quick change in her voice: "Tell me about your young man. Do you still love him terribly, terribly?"

"Terribly, terribly," said Peggy, going very pink.

"I'm so glad," Martha patted Peggy's shoulder.

"Martha dear," Peggy broke in on Martha's thoughts, "hadn't you better start getting some clothes on? It's nearly one."

Martha made her smile gay for Peggy's sake.

"I'll wear my prettiest frock, darling," she promised.

She went back to her bedroom and started to dress. She spent some minutes in front of her mirror scrutinising her features with detached concentration. Michael would have it that she was beautiful. "And so rare, my darling, . . ." But the haggard green eyes reflected in the mirror weren't the eyes Michael had bid her close so that he might kiss them. And surely some of the dark lustre had gone from her hair. Had Michael, then, taken that which he'd called her beauty, as well as the very beating of her heart?

She had only just slipped into a vivid green frock of a fine woollen material when she heard the bell ring and Peggy scurrying along the narrow passage to let Carol in.

Martha gave them time to embrace in privacy, then joined them in the living-room. She put herself out to be charming to Peggy's young man.

The three of them discussed the marriage fervently throughout lunch. Carol was scared of it because he had so little money.

Martha envied them so. Their love affair was so sublimely uncomplicated. Boy had met girl, girl loved boy, and there was nothing to stop them running off to get married except Carol's easily subdued anxiety about money. She caught herself speculating how Peggy would have reacted to Michael's loose theories, his dread of being tied.

And she still loved Michael so completely that she could find consolation for herself when she thought of the grand job he was going to and that he wouldn't have to worry any more about his rent-book.

She gave advice to Peggy and Carol.

"Don't wait . . . Carol, Peggy is right; she can go on working for a little while . . . money doesn't matter when two people care for each other. . . ." Then suddenly she veered round and was quoting Michael at them: "Only marriage is such a chancy business. Michael used to say that the only logical reason for plunging into holy matrimony is because you are sure you can't be happy without it."

"That's how we do feel," declared Peggy, deliberately ignoring Martha's reference to Michael.

Martha turned a smiling face to Carol.

"Then hurry and get the licence. But for goodness' sake don't go and choose to be married on the day I open my shop, because I am counting on Peggy to help hand round the drinks."

Later she left them blissfully working out their joint incomes over their coffee.

It was a pleasant day with an invigorating December sun spilling itself in little pools upon the pavement. She decided to walk to Staring Street. There was plenty of time, and Simon was notoriously unpunctual.

She spent the afternoon in fierce battle with the young Jew. He mustn't forget that the place must be practical as well as beautiful, Martha kept impressing on him. She tabooed the idea of heavy brocaded curtains round the cubicles. They must be boxed in to look like separate rooms.

She rather enjoyed fighting Simon Lister. He had intelligence and a profound knowledge of his work. He was also very good-looking in a plosy Semitic way. By four o'clock they both showed signs of exhaustion and he invited her begrudgingly to tea at Gunter's round the corner.

She walked all the way back to Chelsea, her bright brain full of the problems of her business, her will concentrated on one thing, and that was to get free of Sir Randolph as quickly as possible. She was thankful there was a clause in her contract giving her the chance to buy back his share within the next three years.

The flat was empty when she got in. There was a note from Peggy on the table saying where she and Carol would be for supper and asking Martha to join them.

"She's sweet," mused Martha gratefully. "But I mustn't crash in on them."

She made herself a pot of strong coffee and decided to work all the evening.

First, she wrote out a list of people who would be asked to the opening of "Martha's." It was a good mixture of stage and society with just a smattering of ladies with unofficial husbands of rank and wealth.

It had to be carefully worded. Most of its recipients were clients of Leonie's, and Martha did not underrate her ex-employer's influence. At six she rang up Sir Randolph at his club. She was brisk and business-like, but felt sick to the heart when he suggested:

"Let's have dinner to-morrow night, Martha . . . I'll bring the list along."

She longed to refuse and dared not. She thought of him as Shylock intent on getting his pound of flesh. Only she was no Portia, and however she looked at it, there didn't seem a way out.

"Sweet child," Sir Randolph was thanking her. "Where shall we meet?"

"Wherever you like . . . Oh, perhaps the Berkeley."

Martha had her reasons for choosing that restaurant. She had read in this morning's paper that the Marchioness of Lowe was giving a party there to-morrow. Some of the guests were just back from Paris, others from New York. She wanted to see, at first hand, how the hair was being worn in other countries. What, for instance, was the fashionable color? Would she be able to force people to go on wearing tight curls this winter? You could only find out these things by taking note of the leaders of fashion. She knew her own strength, and that it wasn't powerful enough yet to give her a dictatorship in the "beauty" world.

She'd have to go carefully and be content to follow others for a while.

So much to do, and she was determined to open on October 31. She was still working with that same nervous frenzy burning her up when Peggy came in a little before twelve.

"Martha," she gasped excitedly, "we've fixed it!"

"Fixed what?" demanded Martha, dazedly dragging herself away from a rough design for a lipstick-holder.

"The date of our marriage, idiot," Peggy did a sort of skating walk across the room. "You convinced Carol for me. Bless you for ever. We are going to start off in a teeny, weeny way in a teeny, weeny little flat, and Carol has agreed I can go on working until we have paid for the furniture."

"That's great, Peggy—"

Martha tried to bring warmth into her tone, but she felt so utterly worn out. She couldn't remember having felt ready to drop like this all the time there had been Michael in the background.

She passed a limp hand over her aching forehead. She had a worrying day ahead to-morrow. More battles with Simon. Fun that—but exhausting.

Then she had to interview the people who were supplying her with drying-machines, a wholesale firm which was going to give her a splendid discount on towels. There was an American film which had a beauty parlor for a background which she wanted to see, in case she might pick up a tip or two for effects and decoration.

And lastly there was dinner at the Berkeley with Sir Randolph in the evening.

She stood up and a long shudder went through her.

Peggy squeezed her arm.

"I wish you could fall in love again, Martha. With someone who wanted to look after you properly."

Martha shook her head.

"I'll always be Michael . . . no matter what happens . . . I'll never love anyone but him." She pulled a face. "My bad luck I was born that way."

Peggy's thought flickered to Philip Cherington. She wished violently that he hadn't seen Martha with that unscrupulous, moneyed womanizer, Sir Randolph Perry.

She wanted to ask Martha about him, but remained devotedly silent. It wasn't going to help Martha to let her know how scared you were for her.

Everything was ready for the opening of "Martha's" of Stirling Street, W.I. Cocktails, served in slim gold-threaded glasses, were placed conveniently on trays around the oblong salon. They were flanked with plates of tiny foie gras sandwiches, squares of cheese, olives, smoked salmon spread lusciously on thin slices of brown bread. A rich cake or so and petite fours for those with a sweet tooth; large jugs of fruit-juice for teetotalers.

The cocktail-glasses were a present to Martha from Sir Randolph.

"You mustn't be ungracious to your old partner," he'd warned just a little menacingly.

After buying the glasses he had stopped outside a jeweller's. Wouldn't Martha have a bracelet? No? A fur, then. He indicated a magnificent ermine wrap in the furrier's next door.

He was terribly infatuated with Martha, otherwise he wouldn't have bothered to go on with her. He'd been seeing her almost every day during the last few months, but her coolness was of that baffling quality that he hadn't even ventured to kiss her yet.

And as for Martha, each day she was more bothered about her relationship with Sir Randolph. Sometimes late in the night when she lay a prisoner of insomnia she would think how mucky it all was. Sometimes she would cry silently within her because she was so ashamed of herself for going on. She tried to ease her conscience by reminding herself she hadn't known what he was when she had first accepted his offer to finance her. A kindly old gentleman with a passion for helping along young people. But she admitted, in shame, that a braver person than herself would have stopped as

soon as she found out the truth; that he didn't care one way or the other for her business capacities . . . that the beauty parlor was just his way of buying her body.

But "Martha's" was going to be a success. She was waiting now for the guests to arrive. Outwardly cool and collected. The modern on-top-of-the-world young business girl, making her plunge without fear.

She wore a cherry-red frock, which was cut to enhance her slenderness. The color accentuated her pallor and the plum blackness of her hair. Her assistants were hovering about, putting last-minute touches here and there under her directions . . .

Her concentrated gaze softened as it fell upon Rosie standing at the door to receive the guests.

Well, Rosie was the one comforting spot on Martha's conscience. At least she was using Sir Randolph's money to give that sweet, timid child a break. Rosie had been miserable at Leonie's . . . scared of losing her job. She had sobbed with gratitude when Martha said she could use her.

Martha recognised the young girl's faltering talents. Rosie had never made good at Leonie's because she was so frightened all the time. The girls were dressed in plum-colored overalls, with buff-colored collars and little puff sleeves.

Sir Randolph Perry, immaculate in morning clothes, arrived while Martha was giving Rosie last-minute instructions about seating the guests.

She greeted him, brightly businesslike.

The cool self-confidence of her enraged him. Did the little fool ever stop to think where she'd be, in spite of her clever organising gifts, if he withdrew his money?

"It's a great moment for me, Martha, to see you so happy and to think I have been able to help a little."

She hated him for reminding her of her indebtedness to him, and freed her hand.

"So long as I don't lose your money for you, Sir Randolph," she said.

He chuckled.

"There's plenty more . . . for you, Martha; and didn't we agree that you were going to call me Randolph?"

"I'm sorry, I forgot . . . now I really must see to a hundred and one odd things . . . and you ought to be fetching Lady Perry . . ."

He had had to promise her he would arrive officially with his wife and possibly his daughter, and to Martha it was so wretched that she wasn't at liberty to tell Lady Perry the truth. Yet in a way it was better for Lady Perry not to know. Or was she aware of her husband's footling infidelities? At "Leonie's" she had always spoken of him with such tenderness. She used to say she only troubled so much about her appearance to please her husband.

But Sir Randolph refused to leave.

"Janet is coming along with Sara . . . I said I'd meet them here, Martha . . ."

Sara, Countess of Dell, was the Perrys' only daughter, and went to Marcelle in Stretton Street. She was the kind of glamorous, wealthy beauty Martha wanted on her list. She had delegated it to Sir Randolph to see that she accepted the invitation.

"Come and see my office; I'll give you a special cocktail."

She led him gently from the salon along a narrow passage into a small square room as austere as the rest of the premises were luxuriously ornate.

Martha poured out a drink. She said gravely:

"This seems the right moment to thank you properly for giving me my chance, and to promise you I'll give everything I've got

to the business so that it doesn't lose you your money . . ."

Sir Randolph made a lurching movement towards her. This was the first time he had had Martha entirely to himself, and his caution vanished. His fingers dug deep into the flesh on her arm. She twisted herself free of him. To his consternation he saw her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why did you do that? . . ."

"Martha, I'm sorry . . . I didn't mean to distress you, child . . . I only wanted to thank you . . ."

"I'm all nerves . . . it's silly . . ."

He patted her arm.

"You needn't be afraid, Martha; the business won't fail."

No, it wouldn't, so long as eventually she was nice to him. She was exasperating but so very worth while. She had quality, this girl, and Sir Randolph found himself planning dimly: "If the worst comes to the worst, I'll ask Janet for a divorce and marry Martha . . ."

Aloud he said lightly:

"I'll trot along and collect my women-folk."

As soon as he had gone Martha slumped limply into her office chair.

Then her eyes fell upon an ugly, menacing letter from Leonie lying open on her desk.

But not even Leonie could hold her back. She was very sure of that.

The telephone burred softly at her elbow. She picked up the instrument and she was told: "This is Philip, Martha. I want to see you."

She tried to get out of it. "I'm very busy now."

"I was hoping you would have dinner with me . . ."

Martha couldn't understand. What had happened to make him change like this? Or was it—a flush burned her cheeks—that having seen her with Sir Randolph, his opinion of her had changed . . . did he think of her now lightly . . . as any man's girl?

With that conviction pouring bitterness into her soul she told him she was engaged for dinner, and waited for the insulting challenge, "With Sir Randolph Perry, of course"; but Philip asked quite humbly:

"I suppose you wouldn't let me look in at your show . . . I might be able to give you a lift-up . . . I know several of the gossip-writers . . ."

Her chilled heart thawed. And she thanked him:

"That would be awfully kind of you. I'll warn Rosie to let you in. Guests have got to bring invitations with them. I can't risk spies getting through," she explained.

Very soon people started pouring through the plate-glass-and-gold entrance. The room was soon heavy with the scent of expensive perfumes.

Lady Perry, accompanied by her husband and daughter, kissed Martha on both cheeks. And that was a dreadful moment for Martha.

"Go on making me beautiful for my wicked husband, Martha dear," Lady Perry had begged, and introduced her daughter. The pretty blonde said:

"I've heard so much about you from Mummy."

Martha made the requisite appreciation of the compliment and drifted away.

This wasn't the time for open "touting." It would do her much more good with Sara Dell to be seen in intimate conversation with Louise Kay, the American actress who drawled, mercifully, with sufficient penetration for half the room to hear:

"You know, Martha honey, I started thinking directly you had given me that

first set, here's a crazy loon of a girl to go on working for someone else when she could make such a good job of a place of her own. You've got personality, Martha; I'm glad to see you crashing in on it."

"Then may I put you down as one of my clients?" ventured Martha bravely. She had found out from Rosie that Louise Kay had not been back to Leonie's since she left, so knew that she was on safe ground.

She motioned Mary to distribute cocktails. She took a selected party the round of the place.

Everything was dazzlingly up to date, luxurious and practical.

A few of the women had brought their menfolk along. Martha had whisky for them, served in deep crystal glasses. With just the right word, and a fleeting glitter of her bright smile she made them feel at home.

A girl who knew her job. Everyone sensed that. But a girl who was so green that she hadn't seen through Sir Randolph Perry whose small eyes followed her with a tight, possessive expression. So trusting that she still believed in the love of a man who had smashed her heart and nearly her warm, eager spirit.

Philip Cherington stood watching her from the doorway. Her efficiency angered and saddened him at the same time. Then he noticed that for the first time she was looking almost happy.

"Well?" She was suddenly at his side, challenging him.

"I like the blue walls," said Philip guardedly.

"I," said Martha, "like the crowd."

He shot at her next: "That old boy who took you to Gilbert and Sullivan . . . he's here. Why?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Martha dangerously.

"I'm sorry. Do let's dine together . . . there's so much I want to ask you . . ."

He pleaded, and Martha reminded him:

"I've already told you I'm not free."

"Please, Martha. I'll wait for you," Philip was saying, "until you're through. Anywhere you like."

Her eyes told him he was going to have his way before she said: "Make it Belonti's as near to eight-thirty as I can get there."

She moved swiftly away from him and hurried to Lady Perry, who was wanting to buy a bottle of Martha's scent.

Martha arrived at Belonti's soon after nine. She had tried to be earlier, but there'd been so much clearing up to do after the people had left. Philip cut short her excuses: "I didn't expect you until at least ten."

She sat down and allowed her exhaustion to take possession of her.

"Did it go off well, my dear?"

"I think . . . I hope so. . ."

"You're tired."

"You've said it, Philip. . ."

He ordered cocktails and their meal without consulting her.

"You won't want to be bothered. Leave it to me," said Philip in his kind voice. She was so grateful to him. Light, nourishing food and a good wine which tore the tiredness out of one's aching limbs and filled one with a sense of lazy well-being. It wasn't until coffee that he broached the subject of Sir Randolph again. Then he asked, with his voice fine-edged like steel:

"Martha, what is Randolph Perry to you?"

"A friend . . . I mean, his wife is one of my customers . . . she's been very good to me. . ."

"D'you know, Martha, I was so mad when

I saw you with that old fossil that I wanted to leap out of my stall and hit him bang on the head with his own opera-glasses."

Martha had guessed that much. She said quickly:

"You'd have made a great fool of yourself, Philip."

"You seem to have forgotten that you broke a date with me because of a business engagement."

He was holding on to his anger, so eager to believe in her and not daring to.

"Well, so it was a business date. Lady Perry is one of my best clients. She got a headache on the night she had asked me to go to the theatre, and she sent along her husband instead. Rich people don't throw away theatre tickets."

She hated lying, but there wasn't any way out.

"I saw him leering at the pretty little girl who let us in," pressed Philip.

"And you wanted to hit him bang on the head with one of my most expensive scent-bottles?"

They both laughed, but Philip was quickly serious again. "Martha, I've got to ask you something."

"I'll answer . . . if I can. . ."

He took a deep draught of wine.

"He's not your lover . . . or is he?"

Her clear eyes met the tortured ones of Philip.

"No," she said, "he isn't."

"Thank Heaven. . ."

Throughout the rest of the meal she unfolded her plans for the future—all the things she was going to do for "Martha's."

There was a feverishness about her; her voice slurred a little, like someone who had drunk too much.

For some reason she couldn't explain to herself it seemed of immense importance that she should convince Philip of her keen business abilities. A sense of pride perhaps. He knew of her failure over Michael . . .

if you were honest that's what you called it, but "Martha's" of Starling Street couldn't fail.

He listened to her with intelligent interest. He gave her sound tips about advertising.

"No cheap stunting, Martha. Pure advertising, that's what you want." He promised to get the lay-out done in his own studio.

"I'll see to the copy myself," said Philip.

"I'm rather good at it."

Then, feeling guilty of egotism, she made him talk about his own work. He was holding down the job, Philip said. He had a grand set of men working with him, and that helped so much.

When they parted she realised how glad she was he had made her dine with him.

There was a latent strength about him which somehow propped up one's own weakness. She tried to explain herself to a very sleepy Peggy. Sitting on the end of the bed and munching cream crackers, she finished:

"He's so kind, Peggy, that's the nicest thing about him. It's a sort of natural kindness which makes him patient with waiters and hold doors open for people when there's no real need."

Peggy mumbled:

"You're getting to like him a lot, darling."

"As a friend," said Martha firmly.

When she went to her room she saw an envelope addressed to her in Michael's handwriting, and that was the perfect end to a nearly perfect day.

It was a long letter. Mostly about Michael himself to start with. He was settled in the job; he liked it. For the present he was living at the English Club, but he was

looking round for a bungalow. People were being so friendly and hospitable. He went to lots of parties and balls and he was playing polo again and selling lots of wine.

"But, my darling love, Martha, you are missing, so it isn't any fun. Are your eyes as thrillingly green as ever, my Martha?"

. . . Oh, darling, darling, I keep hearing your footsteps as I heard them when you ran away from me . . . footsteps growing dimmer and dimmer . . . little hurrying

footsteps and then silence. It was terrible. It is still terrible. Martha, your Michael's 'better self' wants to think of you having lots of fun, being kissed a lot, loved a lot, but the real Michael is jealous and possessive and he knows he hasn't the right to be."

Martha read the letter over and over again until she nearly knew it by heart.

Then all at once her ecstasy dimmed. He hadn't said anything about her joining him or mentioned his return. As always, there was nothing binding, nothing you could hold on to in Michael's love.

"MARTHA'S" flourished during the first months of opening. Better even than its sanguine young proprietor had dared to hope. You had only to look at the books. Profits up every week. She had a page-boy now, very "regency" in tight plum-colored trousers and a bit of a lace ruffle at his neck.

Christmas had helped the show along enormously. The amount of scents and powders and soap Martha had sold had encouraged her to contract for some expensive new dryers she had seen advertised in a trade paper.

"You're going the pace too much," Philip had warned when she boasted of her new acquisition. "Remember we are close on the season when the wealth and beauty of this cold, clammy town take themselves off to the sun."

During the day she took an active part in the beauty parlor. She had to. So many people had come to Starling Street on the assurance that they would receive Martha's personal attention. Lady Perry, for instance. And lately her daughter, the Countess of Dell. Mean as you made them. She had special prices, but she paid cash, and because of her place in "Young Society" her patronage counted for even more than her mother's.

It was some weeks after Christmas, when things started to get slack, that she conceived what she considered her brilliant idea of giving theatre people a very cut price.

"It's good advertising," she had told Philip, who turned down the idea flat.

"It's a concession of failure," he countered.

But Martha wouldn't listen to him. She was unusually headstrong in these days; grateful, though, to Philip for "sticking around."

Superstitious about an empty shop. She would have preferred to have dressed heads and mantouped nails for nothing rather than see her assistants idle.

There had been a bleak week in the middle of January when they didn't average three clients a day.

That had scared Martha. But she didn't lose her head. At least only to the extent of sending out those circulars to film studios and theatrical agencies about the "cut prices."

Of course, you expected a slack time in the New Year.

January drifted out. It was February now. Things would start picking up. She scoured the newspapers for notices of arrivals from abroad, and sent out Philip's cunningly worded letters to be written and

delivered to people of importance when the ship docked.

The new dryers were delivered at the end of the month. When Martha paid the first instalment on them she had under five pounds in the bank.

She interviewed the manager. He wasn't very helpful. It took her half an hour to persuade him to see her through her wages bill that week. He begged her frigidly not to ask such a favor of him again.

She left his office with cheeks burning with humiliation. There was no need to worry really though. She had plenty of money to come in. "Martha's" was doing marvellously . . . on paper.

She wasn't reckless with her credit. Private investigations were made before an account was allowed to exceed five pounds. (Another tip she had learned at "Leonie's.") All her debts were round. It was just a nuisance having to wait so long for people to pay up.

Meanwhile there was nothing for it but to get more capital from Sir Randolph. He had been to the South of France for a couple of months, but he telephoned Martha on the day of his return. Would she dine? She loathed the idea, she was scared out of her life, but she dared not refuse. The business needed capital.

Yet after five minutes in his company, having his skinny hand pat her knee, making a hateful "paw" of it, and listening to his blatant compliments, she knew she couldn't have gone through with it if it hadn't been for her responsibility for her staff.

As it was she smiled and brought out a powder-puff when he tried to take her hand, and she said:

"We need more money . . ."

She explained the actual position. On paper they were so comfortably solvent. She explained: "We can't dump our customers."

"Martha, what am I getting out of this? Martha . . . you aren't very kind to me . . ."

Sickened with revulsion and shame, she had to let him kiss her in the taxi going home before he would let her have the cheque.

But it meant, too, that she had her wages for the next month. She owed it to those loyal girls not to let "Martha's" go under.

Next day business started well. By ten o'clock all the girls had customers.

Martha was about to see how her new assistant Joan was faring with an old lady who had "dropped in" for a shampoo when Rosie called her to the telephone.

"It's Mr. Cherington," she said.

"Put him through to my office, Rosie."

He asked could they dine that evening? She told him she was busy. In certain ways she was such a child still, and as a child she was deliberately punishing herself for that unavoidable kiss of Sir Randolph's by refusing herself Philip's company.

"I've something to tell you," pressed Philip urgently. "It's important."

"I'm sorry, Philip . . . I can't manage, honestly . . ."

"All right, darling . . . Some other time."

He hung up and she thought she had offended him. But she hadn't really time to ponder over it. There was so much to do.

She spent a satisfactory hour after closing-time working on accounts before going to the lab. It was quite amazing how much money was owing to her.

Peggy was home when she got back to the flat.

"I've kept supper for you, Martha," she said. "It's chicken casserole."

"My blessing on you. I'm starved." She hadn't eaten a thing all day.

She flung herself into the nearest chair while Peggy got up to get her meal. As always, when she had swept her mind clear of business for the day she was drenched, bodily and spiritually, in fatigue.

When Peggy placed the succulent dish in front of her she found she wasn't nearly as hungry as she was tired, and pushed her plate away when she had only taken a few mouthfuls.

Peggy, whose lap was full of flowered chiffon and coffee-colored lace which would eventually become a nightgown, looked at her friend in alarm. How pale Martha was these days! Surely those shadows under her eyes hadn't always been so pronounced. She was getting thinner, too.

"Just the gravy and the vegetables, dear. If you can't manage the meat . . ."

Martha shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Peg. You know how it is. I get so tired I just can't swallow, but I'll be sane again once I've got things going; this slack period . . . it's on my nerves though I know I ought to have expected it . . ."

"I understand, Martha. Only, it's important, isn't it, for you to keep fit? . . ."

"Yes, I guess so . . . I'll drink some milk before going to bed . . ."

Peggy went on sewing in silence, secretly a little ashamed of her own happiness with Carol when Martha was suffering all ways round like this. It was heart-breaking to see her jump up, dragged out of her exhausted apathy, when the postman knocked, the quiet anguish of her eyes as she flung the two circulars on the table. There was so little you could do for her. Knowing Michael Halle for the man he was, it would have been so cruel to have given her false hope. "You'll hear to-morrow, Martha; maybe he has missed the mail."

Soon after ten, Martha, true to her promise, went into the kitchenette to fetch a glass of milk. While she sipped it she told Peggy:

"I'm going to write to Michael. Don't stay up. I'll be ages . . ."

"I love you, my dear," she wrote, "for better or for worse, and just now it feels very much as if it's for the worst. I'm working literally day and night at my beauty parlor, and that helps. Oh, and it was lovely to have your letter and to know that everything is fine with you, especially lovely to know that you miss me. Michael, Michael, sometimes it doesn't seem real, you and I being apart; sometimes when my telephone rings I just can't believe it isn't you calling to tell me I've got to break my dinner date and come to supper with you . . ."

She told him about the beauty parlor and about Sir Randolph.

"Michael, I've been such a fool, but you see how it is now. I'm in too deep and I can't let the girls down. Only, my darling, I'll be so careful. You mustn't get worried. I'll make out all right."

She bared her heart to him, yet when she had finished the letter she wasn't satisfied. Reading it through, she realised that Michael wouldn't recognise this new Martha . . . a girl depending on him, reaching out across thousands of miles of land and ocean for his love.

She tore up the letter and started again. Life was fun, she said now; she was getting along fine. She adored him and she prayed he wasn't losing his head over a measly lovely daughter. The sort of letter Michael would enjoy, but it didn't give him anything

of the real Martha. She posted it next morning before entering her salon.

Rosie, who was dusting, greeted her.

"Mr. Cherington is waiting for you, Miss Martha. In your office."

"Haven't I told you, Rosie, that I am always too busy to see personal friends in working hours?"

Rosie's little peaked face flushed. Tears came to her eyes. A rebuke from Martha spoiled her whole day.

"I tried, Miss Martha, but he wouldn't go. He said it was very urgent."

Martha went through to her office. Philip was sitting in her chair. There was a copy of an American beauty magazine open in front of him. He jumped to his feet when he saw Martha. He too looked very tired about the eyes, and he said:

"I know you're mad with me for coming here, but you wouldn't see me last night."

"Couldn't," corrected Martha.

"I've something important to tell you, dear—"

"This evening, Philip?"

He shook his head, and there was his usual masterfulness ringing in his voice as he answered: "Sorry, but I can't wait."

"Sit down, Philip, and tell me, then . . ."

But he wouldn't sit, and pacing up and down the room, with his eyes on her all the time, he said:

"The firm wants me to go to New York, Martha . . . I'm to sail at the end of the week, and, Martha, there are things we've—I've got to get straightened out first. You know I love you very dearly—"

"Yes, Philip . . ."

"And you still love that other fellow . . . Michael; you're sure you love him, Martha?"

"Yes, Philip," she said again.

"You're so faithful, so darned romantically faithful!" His sharp laugh was edged.

"Well, Martha, it's like this . . . I'm beaten."

I thought I could carry through the brother act, but it won't work out; I'm crazy about you and one of these days I'll do something to make you hate me if I stick around . . . and so . . . He paused, standing opposite her at the other side of the desk. "And so this is good-bye, my dear. I'll go to America; maybe I'll fix myself a job there . . . but even if I don't . . . it's still good-bye."

His friendship meant a lot to her, only for his sake she was glad he was going to America. She held out her hand.

"Be happy, Philip dear."

"I'll do my damndest. And you?"

"I'll get by . . ."

"If ever you should need me"—he stressed the word—"cable here . . . you can reverse the charges . . ." He handed her a card with the address of a New York bank printed on it.

"It's kind of you, but I'll be all right . . ."

"Sure?" His blue eyes were so anxious. "Is this show on its feet all right? Martha, I'm something of a book-keeper. Would you like me to go through the books, just to tell you in simple sums how you stand?"

"No, not that . . ." Panic thrilled her voice. If Philip saw the books he would discover that Sir Randolph's capital was backing her.

He looked at her. His eyes were suspicious. "What are you hiding, Martha?"

"My hopeless method of keeping books . . . and my debts . . ." She laughed uneasily.

Well, he, Philip, was going away and he had to get the truth before he went.

"Martha"—he leaned across the desk—"who made it possible for you to open this show? You hadn't cash of your own, had you?"

"No," she said, "I had no cash."

"Then, Michael?"

He prayed that that might be the solution

of the mystery; now he was so eager to go on his knees and apologise to her for having insulted her by thinking she had anything to do with Randolph Perry.

"Michael had no money . . ."

"Well, then . . ."

There was no need for her to answer these questions. He hadn't the right to pry into her affairs. Yet she wasn't angry. She had always wanted to tell him the truth, hadn't she?

She said, drawing her words a little: "Philip, Sir Randolph Perry backed me . . . no, don't look like that." She shook her head violently. "Philip, it's not what you're thinking—"

"And what am I thinking? How is it you can read me so well?" His voice was dark with suspicion.

Martha pleaded with him: "I didn't know at the time he offered me money; he said he believed in my business capacities . . . it wasn't until I was in too deep that I found out the kind of man he is . . ."

Philip's mingled grief and anger were a great tempest breaking loose within him. He started to speak, and the words rushed from his lips without him realising what he was saying:

"So that's what you are . . . one of Sir Randolph Perry's girls . . . and you say you didn't know . . . that's rich, Martha, but let's stop playing games . . ."

Her face was as white as death with her eyes bright like stars. "Philip, don't say that . . ."

He wouldn't recognise her anguish. He was so raw, thinking she'd deceived him. One of Sir Randolph Perry's girls . . . how that stung! He couldn't see further ahead.

"Philip, I tell you it was a business arrangement . . . he's my partner . . . he draws interest on his money." Martha was pleading again, realising how Philip must be feeling, and how weak her story sounded.

"I never want to see you again," he said. "I didn't hold it against you that you thought I was your special doorman to be used when your feet were more muddy than usual. I've suffered the tortures of the damned over that other imaginary man you can't get out of your mind, but fool that I was, I've respected your loyalty. Your friendship has meant something to me. I may have gone for you for your foolishness, but I've worshipped your courage. But now I see there was no courage; now I know why you can go on buying new machinery whether the balance-sheet justifies it or not; you've only got to—"

Then Martha couldn't stand it any more. Her indignation, her temper was out of hand, too.

"Say it and I'll strike you." Her voice had a cut to it. "Say it," she repeated.

Philip's hand was on the door-knob. He thought she was angry because he had found her out, because she couldn't count on him for the occasional meal and free advertisement "copy" any more.

"Why should I tell you what you already know?"

Usually Martha was a gentle creature. She couldn't remember ever having hit anyone before. But now her open hand shot forward. There was the sharp, quick sound of its contact against Philip's face. It left a red stinging mark from his left cheek-bone down to the left corner of his mouth.

He went, smiling the cruel twisted smile, without saying another word.

Martha slumped into her chair. Suddenly she wanted to laugh. Ripples of laughter rushed through her. She was shaking with uncontrollable laughter. And she knew

that there was nothing to laugh at. She knew that she was never going to forget those cruelly unjust words of Philip Cherington.

Then all at once she wasn't laughing at all.

Later in the morning Iris came to Martha's office. Her beautiful face was more sulky than ever.

"Miss Stanton telephoned while you were looking over Rosie's manicure. She wants a set and our special egg-pack. Recommended by Lady Dell. Can you take her? She asked for you specially."

Martha considered a minute. Then she dialled Lady Perry's number, and was apologising charmingly:

"Lady Perry, I'm such a fool. I've muddled my appointments. Can you . . . will you be merciful . . . I don't mind telling you confidentially who it is . . . Miss Stanton . . . Yes, thanks to you and your daughter she is going to give us a trial . . . If it weren't your very kind introduction I wouldn't dream . . ."

Lady Perry was flattered, as Martha had hoped she would be. Ironically, she had quite a motherly interest in Martha's venture. She was proud that she and Sara had managed to get Mona to leave "Leonie's."

"Put me down when you can," she told Martha. "To-morrow perhaps. I'm glad, dear, about Mona Stanton. She ought to be useful to you. She has so much done herself and knows so many people."

Martha said gratefully: "To-morrow. The same time, Lady Perry. I can't thank you enough."

Martha had no time to think of Philip throughout the whole of this exhilaratingly busy day.

She dined that evening with Simon Lister. Each paid their share. It was always like that with Simon. He considered her a business associate and took not the slightest regard of her sex and she liked it to be thus.

Martha waited nearly a fortnight before ringing up Sir Randolph. She was frightened and at the same time relieved that he hadn't called her. But because the business was once again so urgently in need of money, she opened the conversation:

"I hope you haven't been ill . . ."

He apologised casually for his neglect. "I've been busy, Martha," then inquired with what she imagined to be a new cautiousness: "How are things at Starling Street?"

"Grand," she told him confidently. "But there are one or two matters I'd like to consult you about . . ."

Sir Randolph muttered something about being busy and he said:

"If you could slip away and have a cup of tea here at the club with me at four this afternoon, my dear, I could spare you half an hour . . ."

She said she would do that, and guessed by his attitude he was annoyed with her . . . and that would have been fine except that the bank had refused to let her have any more money and she had to see the girls through.

She worked with her habitual methodical concentration until a quarter to four, and presented herself punctually at the Army Club in Piccadilly. She was taken through to a large room hung with bad oil-paintings of soldier celebrities.

Sir Randolph emerged from one of the enormous leather chairs. "Martha, how nice!"

She was more than ever acutely aware of his displeasure. In this new aloof, dis-

interested mood, she was more than ever at a loss to know how to "manage" him.

"It's kind of you to spare me some time."

His eyes swept from her pale, smooth face and those green jewels which were her eyes, to her slim figure. They praised in silent greed.

"More beautiful than ever," he remarked a little later as he waved her to the chair beside his own.

She thanked him for the compliment and wished that her voice didn't sound so stuffy, prayed that he mightn't read on her face how scared she was and how much she was relying on him.

She rattled off news of the beauty parlor. She had literally no time for anything but work. She gave him names of new customers.

Presently he beckoned a waiter and indicated that he required tea. She stumbled on, remembering the girls and that she had to get Sir Randolph to let her have another fifty pounds at least.

"Those new dryers are a great success," said Martha, then realised with horror she had bought them without consulting him.

"Are they?" He smiled vaguely, only she knew Sir Randolph wasn't interested in anything to do with "Martha's" of Starling Street. She had never encountered him in this preoccupied mood before, and in desperation she switched the conversation round to him.

"Have you been doing anything exciting, Randolph . . . seen any new plays? . . ."

He told her the new colored revue at the Palace was good and added with unveiled condescension:

"I'll take you some evening, Martha; I could sit through it again . . ."

"I'll look forward to it." The waiter brought the tea. She poured out, remembering he liked two lumps of sugar and a lot of milk. There were little toasted buns. She waited until he had eaten a couple and then gasped breathlessly:

"Randolph, I'm most awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I shall have to ask you for more money . . ."

Sir Randolph raised his eyebrows. "But you said just now that we were doing so well, Martha."

"I know." Her hands were clasped in her lap. "But we're short of liquid cash. I'll show you the books whenever you like. We've a couple of hundred pounds due to us; good debts," she emphasised, "but, as you know, it's fatal to press for money."

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "Though I'm not sure that you were wise to give credit so freely, Martha . . ."

"The people wouldn't come if I didn't . . . not the sort of people we want . . . and they are really very sound debts."

Sir Randolph was staring at her, and spiritually she recoiled. She was lovely, this dark, pale girl of marble. He would give a lot to get her. Only there was a little blonde . . . a trim little thing with a tilted nose and an amusingly pert way with her. His for the asking, provided there were certain considerations . . . a tobacconist shop in her suburb was what she wanted. Yet he made his last play for Martha, putting his cards on the table.

"Child, my beautiful one, you can have anything you want . . . if only you'll be a little kind to me . . . you're so cold, beautiful Martha, and that won't help you carry on with your . . . er . . . beauty business."

"Sir Randolph, you don't understand . . . I want fifty . . . No, I could manage with twenty-five pounds . . . for our business . . . I'll sign any document you wish . . ."

"It's you who don't understand, Martha." His face was flushed with temper and passion. "I'm not a philanthropist who gives away money for the fun of it. . . . I'm a business man, a pretty shrewd one, I'm told, and I expect a return from my investments. . . ."

"I'm working ten and twelve hours to make a success of it. . . ." she faltered. And Sir Randolph snapped: "I'm not asking you to work; I'm asking you to come away for the week-end with me to Paris. . . . Otherwise . . ."

Her green eyes met his, and she finished the sentence for him. "Otherwise you won't let me have any more money. . . ."

"At least we understand each other at last," he said. Oh, she had been a fool to have trusted him, even more of a fool to have believed she could manage him. How much did the wages come to? Was there a single customer she would dare to write to about her account?

She was getting up from her chair. "I'm sorry, Sir Randolph. . . ."

Martha steered the business jerkily through spring and summer, always harassed by a shortage of ready cash, scared all the time, not sleeping when they had a bad week. On paper she was doing so well; new people kept coming; she hadn't lost any except those who went abroad.

"Martha's" was a success. Her clients were always congratulating her on that. She heard on and off from Michael. Happy letters. He was having a good time. He said always that he loved her, but, as always, there was nothing binding about his love. Still, she took solace from his letters. The best part of a year had passed. . . . in one or two, then, he would be home again.

One evening in the middle of June, on her way home, she encountered Elsa, who was still manicurist at "Leonie's."

"The two girls greeted each other with some embarrassment. Then Martha suggested: 'Can you tell me any reason why we shouldn't have a cup of coffee somewhere instead of dithering here on the pavement?'"

She had always been fond of Martha, although she had thought her a queer girl in that she had seemed so much more interested in work than in young men.

"Well, Martha, you've made the grade and good luck to you," she congratulated a few minutes later, when they had settled themselves in a small cafe and ordered their coffee.

"Yes, I believe I've pulled it off," Martha's green eyes narrowed. Slits of green jewels. "How are things with you, Elsa? I mean personally. I'm not spying." She laughed lightly.

She had no need to spy, even if she had wanted to; clients told her of their own accord how "Leonie's" was no longer "Leonie's" since Martha left. They inferred that her erstwhile employer and now rival was having a pretty thin time of it.

Therefore she was somewhat dismayed when Elsa told her: "No need to make mysteries, Martha. 'Leonie's' has had the best year ever. She's given us all a bonus on the strength of it. In spite of the fact that so many of our old clients have deserted us for you," she added.

"Then I suppose I'm forgiven for leaving the fold? I should like to think that—"

"Have you ever known Leonie to forgive or forget, Martha?"

Elsa wasn't smiling any more. Icy apprehension began a slow trickle down Martha's spine. Elsa was right. Leonie didn't forgive.

They had finished their coffee and Martha was paying the bill when Elsa, all at once, very red in the face, asked:

"Tell me, Martha, is Sir Randolph still backing you? None of my business, of course. . . ."

Martha started. So that was Leonie's trump card.

"How," she demanded of Elsa with studied indifference, "did you hear that?"

Elsa shrugged and looked embarrassed. "I don't really know. It got around."

Martha forced a smile.

"Well, Elsa, it's some of it true. Sir Randolph was interested in the beauty business and he owns half a share of my place. And that," she emphasised, "is how things stand."

At home Martha found a message from Peggy saying Simon Lister had telephoned. He wanted her to have dinner with him and would wait in the French restaurant in Soho until eight.

Martha enjoyed his unemotional ambitious outlook on life. She felt easy with him because he treated her as a fellow-worker. A couple of "go-getters," that was what they were—and Simon, he had said. Good friends, but capable of becoming bitter enemies at a moment's notice if either of their interests lay that way.

She found Simon at their usual table at Gustave's. A trade paper about interior decorating lay open before him. She called a waiter to bring her some sherry, then told Simon:

"I ran into a girl from 'Leonie's'. It seems that they know about me and the Bart."

Once, morally free of her promise for secrecy, she had confided in Simon who was her backer.

He had believed her story, and although he bullied her for quarrelling with Sir Randolph he handed it to her. "You were pretty brave, sweetheart. You deserve to get away." And next day he had sent her a couple of customers and refused his usual five per cent. commission.

He looked at her now, his lips curling at the corners.

"Does it matter much," he asked, "since you've broken with the baronet?"

"I'm asking you," she spoke lightly, but her eyes were troubled.

"You're on your feet, Martha."

"Yes, but I can't afford to lose the most paying side of my clientele. Lady Perry and Co."

"Why should you?"

"I don't really know," she answered his question, still looking troubled. "It seems odd to me that Leonie hasn't used that against me long before now, don't you think, Simon?"

"I shouldn't let it worry you." Simon pushed aside his plate and signalled to the waiter that he was ready for his next dish.

His unconcern reassured Martha.

It was after eleven when Martha got back to the flat, but before she went to bed she drafted a circular announcing that her prices would be reduced during the months of July and August.

Carol had been given tickets for a theatre, and a friend of his had invited him and Peggy to supper afterwards, so Martha didn't expect her back until late.

She feigned sleep when eventually she returned. She was so afraid of hurting Peggy by not showing sufficient interest in her forthcoming marriage. She and Carol had found a flat and she was all for talking hire purchase and light bills until the early hours of the morning. Martha was genuinely happy for Peggy, but that didn't stop her envying her the smooth trail of her life and she didn't want Peggy to guess.

She had to hear about it next morning at breakfast, though. They had chosen the furniture, enthused Peggy. "At Larron's," she said. "Their terms are better than any other hire-purchase people, Carol says."

"Larron's are fine people, Peggy."

"We've definitely decided on the day," Peggy told her next. It's 8th August."

"That's lovely, darling; it's hardly any way off. . . ."

Martha sighed.

"Martha," Peggy said later, "if it weren't for the thought of leaving you in the lurch I should be the happiest person in the world."

Martha smiled quickly. "Don't let that worry you, Peg. . . . Of course I shall miss you, but. . . ." She didn't finish the sentence, and Peggy cut in:

"It's the expense I'm thinking of. I'm worried how you are going to manage with all the rent and the gas and light bills to pay. . . ."

Martha hadn't thought of that.

Automatically she made out a cheque to Peggy each month for her share of the expenses. The only bills which ever bothered her were those of the beauty parlor. She wouldn't, however, cloud Peggy's radiance with her own affairs. All this time she hadn't let Peggy know how little money she was drawing each week, and she said quite easily:

"As a matter of fact, I believe I'll get out of here, Peggy. . . . It would suit me better to live somewhere where there is service. . . ."

When she arrived at Starling Street Mary broke the news that Rosie's mother was worse and her father had telephoned asking if Rosie might have the day off.

"I said it would be all right unless you wired," Mary explained.

"Of course she must stay at home, Mary. . . . Lord, what a rotten time that poor child has!"

Martha looked so worried. She had a specially soft spot in her heart for Rosie and she blamed herself for not having inquired recently about her mother's health.

Meanwhile, Rosie's manœuvres for the day had to be switched over. It meant that she, Martha, would have to take on more work in the parlor instead of getting out and arranging with a typewriting bureau about the circular.

She managed, during the rush of the morning, to find time to telephone a large store to send some grapes and calf's-foot jelly, and looked up Rosie's address.

She re-read her circular and decided to show it to Simon before sending it. Then she went down to see Jules, who had prepared a special tanning cream for her. She approved the coffee-colored jars he showed her. It only took them a few minutes to decide that it wasn't to have a name, after all.

Just "Martha's" scrawled in sky-blue across the jar.

It was only a little after seven when Martha returned to her private office. The grapes and jelly were packed up on her desk. She had planned to give herself a cheap meal cut and to go home and write to Michael. She hadn't heard for a couple of weeks, but he had warned her he was going to be most frightfully busy and she mustn't get worried at his silence.

The pain of him had lost its sharp edge during the last months. It was, instead, a steady ache, stabbed into sudden violence by small, unexpected things like hearing a tune they had both liked, opening her wardrobe and seeing the dressing-gown Michael had helped her choose.

Now, letting loose her harassed mind towards him, she found she was in no mood to write to him. It was becoming increasingly difficult to make her letters interesting. So much had happened during that span of time which had separated them...

She leaned back in her chair, and suddenly Rosie leaped across her mental vision. The grapes Martha had bought lay in a carton on her desk. Suddenly the inspiration came to her to take them herself. She jammed on her hat and hailed a taxi in Starling Street, and gave the man the address, sinking back against the upholstery. She was tired. She was always tired these days. But she'd lost the knack of being able to relax.

The taxi had twisted its way out of London and was passing jerkily through Lambeth.

A saddened neighborhood. Grim with tawdry public-houses and cheap stores, the poverty of it flashing at you with a kind of evil triumph.

She started when the taxi drew up and the driver was opening the door and telling her: "This is it, miss..."

"Miss Martha, oh, Miss Martha, she is going to die! I know she's going to die, and I can't bear it."

Rosie was sobbing despairingly with her head buried against Martha, who was comforting her with firm words of encouragement. Rosie mustn't be a little silly. Of course her mother wasn't going to die.

"But your poor father may... of starvation," laughed Martha, "if you don't set about getting him some supper. Come along, Rosie. Make him some nice scrambled eggs..."

She bustled the girl into the kitchen. "I," she said, "will go and sit with your mother."

She found her way up the dark staircase of the shabby little villa to the invalid's room.

"I'm Martha," she announced herself brightly to Mrs. Day. "I've come to help her."

Martha thought she would never forget the Days' living-room. It was such a shabby little front room. Pathetically clean. It had an aspidistra in the window and imitation flowers in brightly-colored vases. But there was an atmosphere of reality about it. One sensed here the struggles of the Days, and held them in respect for it. They were obviously terribly poor, but they had their own pride, and held their heads high.

Rosie's father had come in soon after Martha. A little sandy wisp of a man whose eyes reminded Martha of a Renaissance painting.

They didn't waste words. The little man looked hungry. That was why Martha had banished Rosie to the kitchen. And to give her something to do. And now Martha was giving Rosie's mother hope, when she knew in her heart there wasn't any.

"You know, Mrs. Day, you've got to get better very soon. I can't do without Rosie for long."

The woman in bed smiled. It lighted up her drawn, greying, sorrow face. It gave one reason to suppose that at one time she had been, freshly pretty like Rosie.

She was trying to tell her about Rosie. "Only seventeen, miss... and we've always been so much to each other... I don't rightly know how she'll take this..."

Gasps of words. More fear spilling itself into those sunken eyes. Most of all she was scared for Rosie, because she knew all she meant to the girl.

Martha leaned forward. Her eyes had a new serenity.

"Mrs. Day, listen to me..." She'd have to be quick. The veined eyelids were flickering, breath was coming in irregular, agonising gusts.

"Mrs. Day, you've got to listen to me." Martha fought to hold the suffering woman back from death. "Rosie will always be all right. I'll see to that. I promise to look after Rosie; you don't have to worry about her."

Mrs. Day made a last effort. Those blue lips were moving. Wasted fingers plucked at the coarse cotton sheets.

"God bless you, miss, for that..." A long shudder and then there was no more heavy breathing. The fingers ceased to pluck the sheets and... the grey silence of death filled the room.

Peggy was home when she got in. As usual, she had Martha's dinner waiting for her although it was after nine. The story was quietly told.

"But it's so simple," Peggy said at last. "Have Rosie to live with you... she can come here until I'm married; and afterwards she can look after you, Martha... she'll adore that..." and Martha agreed gratefully.

Martha got up suddenly and went to her room. Her weariness beat down upon her. Her limbs ached with it. Her head was heavy and she felt dizzy. This dreadful frightening tiredness. Getting into bed, she thought morbidly of Mrs. Day, who would never have to wake up again, and envied her. Then, almost as soon as her head touched the pillow she fell into a deep, exhausted sleep.

She was awakened by a loud ringing of the bell.

She heard Peggy get up to answer it, and then hurry along to her room. She looked ghastly.

"Martha, there's a little boy to see you. It's about Rosie."

Peggy went with her into their living-room, and outwardly Martha was as calm as anything, encouraging the swollen-eyed little boy who was sitting stiffly on the edge of a chair.

"What's the trouble, Horace? ... Tell me about it..."

Horace rose to his feet. He was fidgeting painfully with a well-worn asp as he fought back his tears.

"It's Rosie, miss," he gulped. "She's done herself in. Dad said to come and tell you, miss..."

It was the middle of August—a dank, airless August with rainswept skies and the air hanging around you like a thick, sodden blanket.

Summoned one day by Sir Randolph's solicitors, Martha learned that he was anxious to dissolve the partnership.

"And he would be happy if you would accept his shares... a gift, Miss Lyard."

But Martha wouldn't have that. Hard up and harassed as she was for ready cash she insisted quietly to the elderly Mr. Horton: "I want to repay Sir Randolph—every cent; only just now I can't manage." She asked that the solicitor should work out a fair percentage of interest on the money; she would repay the capital as soon as possible.

It was towards the end of August that Simon came into the beauty parlor just before closing-time and told her in his frank way:

"You're looking a bag, Martha; you ought to have a blow of fresh air from somewhere."

I'm going down to the sea this week-end. Why not come too? I'll drive you there and back so you'll save your fare."

A spell of brilliantly sunny weather had started.

Martha visualised a satin sheet of blue sea speckled in gold. Almost, she could feel the warm, healing pressure of the sands against her nerve-racked body. Simon was right; she needed to get away from London... if only for a short week-end.

"I know a little hotel just outside Bognor," Simon was tempting. "It's as quiet as a convent. All you'll have to do is to lounge on the beach and bathe and eat lots of nourishing food."

"The price, Simon?" breathed Martha. In these days that was so important.

"You'll do the two days easily on a couple of pounds, probably less."

"Then I'll come," assented Martha. "But you'll have to get me back to London at the crack of dawn on Monday."

Simon promised.

He would pick her up at Starling Street at one on Saturday afternoon, then they'd have a quick lunch and be down at Allington in time for tea.

Peggy was relieved to hear that Martha was going away, but perturbed that her companion should be Simon Lyder.

"Is it—I mean—he's a young man and..." faltered Peggy.

"And it's a perfectly platonic week-end, you antediluvian stick-in-the-mud," teased Martha, laughing.

She contrived to get the money-lender to advance her another twenty pounds at the end of the week to cover the wages. She took three pounds of it for her holiday.

She told Simon about the loan on the drive down to the coast.

"And now I am going to forget everything until Monday morning," she finished, and leaned back against the upholstery. "This is a snappy car you've borrowed, Simon."

"I've bought it," Simon informed her. "You must be doing well."

"I'm not contradicting you there, my love."

Looking at him sideways she caught the gleam of the successful man in his eyes.

The car swerved off the main road into a narrow, winding lane rich in honeysuckle. Beyond the hedges lay a stretch of cornfields, bright yellow splashed red and dark bright blue with poppies and cornflowers. In the far distance, a misty greyish mauve blur, the downs put up a barrier between them and the sea.

"This," commented Martha, regaining her good humor, "is very, very nice."

It was very, very nice, too, when they arrived at the one and only hotel in Allington, to sit in a shady garden drinking tea as though one had all the time in the world to spare. Nice going up to the room Simon had booked for her and which overlooked the sea, and changing leisurely into an evening frock.

"Because," Simon had told her, "I am going to drive you into Brighton after dinner to dance. You'll enjoy that more than you think you will."

He praised her frock when she joined him in the lounge. It was a vivid sapphire-blue chiffon cut severely to reveal the white gleam of her shoulders.

She and Simon danced for an hour then her tiredness fell upon her. Her head started to ache and the ballroom zig-zagged giddily before her eyes.

"Can we go back?" she asked when they sat down after an encore.

"Weary, my darling? ... Simon was solicitous, which wasn't a bit like Simon."

"A little."

"It's early yet, still..."

"I know, but I don't feel like dancing any more. Let's go out on the terrace and have a drink."

She didn't want to spoil his fun. She thought she would be all right again in the fresh air.

Simon found a couple of secluded chairs on the terrace which led off the ballroom. He left her there and went in to order drinks.

"This is fine," he started when he returned with a couple of glasses; "I want to talk to you."

In the mingled light of the moon and the fairy lights, which were draped along the trellis-work, she noticed a new tenseness about his features. His jaw was working nervously from side to side. A sure sign that Simon was agitated.

"First," he said suddenly, "I love you. I suppose you guessed that."

Martha shook her head emphatically. "Honestly, I never realised . . ."

"Don't interrupt me," said Simon. "I love you. I know you don't love me. But I want to help you. You need money for your business, don't you? I could let you have a couple of hundred. . . ."

"Simon . . ." Martha felt for his hand. Squeezed it. "Simon, that's fine of you. . . ."

"Martha, don't interrupt. You want money," he recapitulated. "I want you . . . well . . ."

The fairy lights were performing crazy antics before Martha's blurred vision. The silvered patch of lawn in front of her seemed to be rising like the swell of the sea. Simon was smiling crookedly, secretly amused at what he believed to be the "act" Martha was putting on. He was prepared to play ball, though, for a little, if it pleased her.

He asked: "What's the big snag, Martha? I shouldn't have thought I was more repulsive than Sir Randolph Perry. I thought," he finished, "you liked me."

"And I thought," returned Martha next, and this time her voice was strained with sadness, "you were my friend."

"Cut it out, Martha," whispered Simon coaxingly. "You're playing your part unconsciously, anyway."

He had slipped his arm round her waist. His face was close to hers.

She mustn't faint and she mustn't cry, and she hadn't the physical strength to push him from her.

"Darling, attractive Martha," Simon was saying in a low voice, and Martha, making an effort to free herself, admonished him with a short, uneasy laugh:

"Aren't you making a fool of yourself, Simon?"

And even then he wouldn't give in.

"Martha, I'm not a marrying man," Simon tried to explain. "And I haven't noticed any big signs of domesticity or the maternal urge in your make-up. Be sensible."

"That," broke in Martha, "is exactly what I am trying to be."

"Then you'll love me?"

Martha rose to her feet. A bitter, weary smile dragged at her mouth. Even in the dim light Simon could see how angry her eyes were.

"I'd be glad," she said, "if you would drive me back to the hotel. . . ."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way. . . ."

He followed her sulkily through the ballroom to his car.

MARTHA got through August.

She told Peggy: "The gods were on my side, and I thought they had forgotten my existence. . . ."

It wasn't the "cut" prices which helped her through, so much as the unexpected cheques from clients still abroad.

Then people started drifting back to London. They needed more done than usual, after weeks spent on yachts or at the sea.

Yes, "Martha's" seemed fairly steady on its feet. But in future Martha would remember Philip Cherington's advice and keep a little money in reserve instead of splashing it about on improvements. She couldn't face another crisis like the one she had just passed through. It had been touch and go, once or twice, whether she'd be able to carry on.

Peggy was to be married the second Saturday in September. Martha's only personal extravagance, for months, was a new frock and hat for the occasion.

It was a quiet wedding. Just Martha and Carol's mother, a small, vague person who cried exquisitely into a lawn handkerchief throughout the ceremony.

They went to a restaurant in Jermyn Street for luncheon afterwards.

Peggy clung to Martha when it was time to leave. They were in the cloakroom.

"Martha, you'll be all right?" There were tears in Peggy's eyes.

Martha was so moved. But she laughed.

"I'll send you a picture postcard every day to tell you I haven't forgotten to have dinner and that I air my clothes before putting them out."

Peggy's lips were trembling.

"I hate to think of you so hurt and unhappy still, that's what's worrying me."

"Hurt and unhappy?" Martha raised her eyebrows. "Well, aren't we all? Now, Peggy, hurry, darling. Carol is waiting. . . ."

She let herself into the flat later, and tears of loving gratitude rushed to her eyes when she saw the cold meal left for her on the living-room table. She was going to miss Peggy terribly. Not because she cooked her meals and took such care of her, but because of her sweet, unsophisticated companionship.

She was getting ready to go to her movie when she heard the front-door bell ring. From force of habit she waited for Peggy to open it, until it rang again.

Then, when at length she went along, she found Philip Cherington smiling blandly upon her.

"Why, Philip, I thought. . . ."

"I thought," interrupted Philip, "you might be needing someone to cheer you up, Martha."

He spoke quite naturally, as though they had only seen each other a few hours ago and there hadn't been the bitterness of a quarrel.

"I thought you were still in New York," finished Martha lamely.

"I've been in London nearly a month," he said with a certain defiance.

Martha offered him a cigarette and took one herself. She said wearily, realising they had to refer to their last meeting:

"I didn't think I was ever going to see you again. . . ."

"If only I could make you understand how damned sorry I am, Martha. . . . so ashamed."

No, she hadn't it in her to be angry. She said she understood. Things had looked the way he had taken them. And she told him in a quiet, even voice: "I've quarrelled with Sir Randolph. He isn't my partner any more. . . . he never was my lover. I want you to believe me. . . ."

Philip came over to her. "I can't stop loving you," he said abruptly. "You needn't worry, I shan't make a nuisance of myself, but you ought to know. I do believe you, Martha, but nothing you could do can ever make any difference to me. I thought I

could stay away from you, but it wouldn't work out. I even called on your friend Peggy at her shop so as to be able to talk about you. I had to know that you were safe and well. I was glad for you that the beauty parlor was going ahead all right. But from a selfish point of view I'd have liked you to crash, so that I could have come around to pick up the pieces. . . . Sometimes I think I'd like you to be ill, so that I could nurse you back to health. There!" He stopped, and a big boyish smile spread itself across his face. "Now let's come back to realities. Will you have dinner with me to-night, Martha dear?"

Martha had listened, a new warmth stealing into her heart. But she wanted Philip's friendship, not his love. She liked him so well that she couldn't bear to think of him being hurt through her. Would it be kinder to refuse his invitation to dinner? Then she saw the long, lonely evening which lay ahead of her if she did, and realised how much she wanted to go out with him.

"Martha, are we dining?" he asked, and his tone was eager and so were his blue eyes.

"I'd like to, Philip."

"Belonti's? It'll be like old times."

She made him tell her about himself during dinner. He had made a success of his job in New York. The firm were talking of giving him a directorship.

"I make nearly fifteen hundred a year now," he persisted. "And I've a few hundred saved. . . . it's all yours, Martha. . . . if you should need it. . . ."

She did need capital, but she wasn't going to use Philip's money. She had infinite faith in her beauty parlor, but she wouldn't take that outside chance of letting Philip down financially.

She thanked him earnestly:

"You're sweet, Philip, but I'm getting along."

"I'm buying a house," he told her, "in the country."

"Nice for week-ends."

Philip looked worried all at once. "Snap out of it, Martha," he commanded in his old impatient way. "Snap out of being the clever-clever business woman and be yourself for a change. Martha, you're ill. Tired out. You're unhappy. That brute of another man, of course. Still, you'd get over even that if you would give yourself a chance. . . . You need looking after, codding and cosseting like the weary little girl you are; I wish you'd let me see to it. . . . I suppose you couldn't bear the thought of marrying me? . . ."

"Philip, don't ask me that again. You know there's Michael. . . . only Michael. . . . I hate hurting you. . . . but there it is. . . ."

He apologised. He didn't mean to be a nuisance, and he asked: "Are you just a little glad to see me? . . ."

She gave him her bright smile. "Philip. . . . very glad."

"If only you didn't look so ill. . . . Had a holiday this year?"

"No. Just a day at the sea." Her smile was twisted. A crooked streak across her white face.

"Anyway, it's something that 'Martha's' is going along all right," said Philip.

"It's everything."

They were making conversation now, afraid of silence, and she told him about Route.

"It's so unforgettable, Philip."

She shuddered, and wished suddenly that Philip had been available at the time of the tragedy instead of Simon. Philip took her back to the flat after dinner. She asked him to come in and made him some coffee.

"It's funny here without Peggy," she said.

"But I shan't be staying on after this quarter, I'm going to get a bed-sitting-room."

"That won't be very comfortable for you."

"It'll be much cheaper. . . ."

There was a thickness gathering in her throat. Tears were rushing down her face. Peggy and Carol, Dante and Beatrice, Antony and Cleopatra, all the millions of lovers who had loved by the moonlight.

Somewhere in the hills Michael would be amusing the memsahibs' prettiest daughters. It was part of his job.

She felt Philip's arm go round her.

"Let it go, Martha," he was saying. "Cry your heart out."

"It's Michael," she sobbed. "Always Michael."

Philip let her cry a little, then he asked:

"Or is it," asked Philip, "just a dream which wouldn't come true?"

Martha was seeing a lot of Philip, and sometimes she wondered at her strange dependence upon him. On the face of it they had so little in common, and were for ever entering into fierce arguments. Philip didn't believe in girls having careers. Martha thought that a girl had equal rights with a man to develop her talents.

There was no hint of her being in love with him. His good looks and splendid physique didn't stir her. His conversation lacked Michael's brilliant wit, and he was so stubborn about his beliefs and theories that often she nearly lost her temper with him. Yet on the days she didn't see him she missed him.

She was dining with him two and three times a week. On Sundays he took her driving in his solid-looking car. Casually they went to the coast. Because, decreed Philip, the sea air was good for her.

She was never, as with Simon, allowed to contribute towards the expenses.

"If and when the time comes that I can't afford to take a girl out, she stays at home," Philip had said when once Martha had tried to make him take her share of a dinner bill.

She was thinking about Philip this morning in the office while she waited for the staff to arrive.

Mary was the first one to come in. She knocked at Martha's door before taking off her outdoor clothes.

"Lady Perry telephoned while you were in the lab. last night, Miss Martha. She has cancelled her appointment for to-day."

Martha closed the ledger with a snap. She had never known Lady Perry to cancel either here or at "Leonie's".

"Did she give any reason . . . is she ill?" she queried Mary, determined not to panic.

"No, Miss Martha. She just asked me to tell you she wouldn't be coming in this morning."

Her first client had just arrived—a funny, middle-aged American—when Mary summoned her to the telephone.

"It's Lady Dell. You were going to 'perm' her at twelve, Miss Martha. She says she can't manage it. I thought you would like to speak to her yourself."

Martha cursed the swirl of giddiness which descended upon her as she staggered blindly across to the telephone. Odd, the way any sort of worry brought it on. Not that this was a real worry. It could only be a coincidence that Lady Perry and her daughter should cancel the same day. Probably they had overlooked a joint engagement.

"This is Martha speaking, Lady Dell. . . . I'm so sorry to hear you won't be able to get in to-day. As we are rather rushed just now, I thought you might like to make another appointment right away."

Then Lady Dell's voice came through,

cold and smooth as glass. "Thank you, Martha, but I'll let it stand over and take my chance." The telephone clicked before Martha had time to collect her thoughts.

She went back to the American. The woman only wanted a "set," and even Martha's cajoling couldn't lure her into trying the scent or the new face cream.

Later in the morning Martha telephoned Lady Perry. She was out. She tried again in the afternoon. The butler regretted that her ladyship was resting and could not be disturbed. Martha left it until after six. This time she was put through to Lady Perry.

"I don't want to be a nuisance, Lady Perry," started Martha, with a sort of forced wistful brightness, "but it was so unusual for you to cancel, I was afraid there was something wrong."

There was a longish pause before Lady Perry asked with some embarrassment: "Are you leaving the shop immediately, Martha? If not, I would like to come round and see you."

"But wouldn't it be easier if I were to come to you, Lady Perry?" offered Martha, and was told coldly:

"I'd prefer to see you at the shop, if you don't mind."

Within a quarter of an hour she was in Martha's office. From the moment of her arrival, futility and muddled Martha knew that something terrible had happened.

Lady Perry had heard about her protegee's association with her husband. You read it in her bewildered, hurt eyes before she opened her lips. In her frigid greeting of this girl she'd liked and patronised so loyally.

But Martha could explain. Perhaps it was just as well that the story was out at last. And such luck that Lady Perry had come to see her.

"Lady Perry," urged Martha, "it was only a business arrangement. Please won't you believe me?"

For a moment she thought she'd won, then Lady Perry asked: "If that were so, Martha, why didn't you tell me about it from the start?"

Martha had no answer to that. You couldn't say blantly: "Because Sir Randolph vowed me to secrecy, because he cheated me just as he cheats you." No; for Lady Perry's sake—and all at once that mattered to Martha more than anything else—let her believe the worst of Martha if it helped her to keep her illusions of her husband.

"I'm so disappointed, Martha, that it should be you . . . I liked you . . . I wished you well."

Blind with hatred and repulsion for Sir Randolph, Martha went on fighting for Lady Perry's peace of mind.

"Lady Perry, won't you take my word? . . . It was only a business partnership . . . I know I should have told you . . ."

She couldn't go on because of the haughty, frozen look in the old faded eyes.

Lady Perry took a deep breath. She seemed, during the last quarter of an hour, to have shrunk to half her size.

"I'm sorry, Martha, but I know my husband too well."

A bitter twist of those trembling lips. Martha understood the underlying significance of the remark. Lord, that was true enough.

Lady Perry was moving to the door. Martha followed her helplessly.

"Just one favor, Lady Perry," she begged, "though, goodness knows, I've no right . . . But how did you hear?"

Her ladyship hesitated, then she said:

"From Leonie. But I must ask you to treat that information as confidential."

"I see. Thank you so much, Lady Perry. It's no good saying I'm sorry."

Martha held the door open.

She stayed at the beauty parlor until midnight.

Cancellations literally poured in during the rest of the week.

It was on Friday that, in desperation, Martha decided to ask Elsa to meet her. Somewhat to her surprise, the other girl agreed to be at the cafe where they had had coffee the last time.

"Leonie's played her card with masterly cunning," started Martha, lighting a cigarette with a shaky hand. "Would it be against your conscience to tell me how she did it and why she waited so long?"

Elsa went very red in the face.

"One has to live, Martha. I needed money for my trousseau."

So she'd been bribed. Well, Leonie had done other dirty things before now.

"Don't excuse yourself," said Martha hurriedly. "Honestly, I don't blame you. But what happened next?"

Elsa could tell everything now. It was fortunate for Martha that she had left "Leonie's" to-day.

"I wanted a week at home before the wedding," explained Elsa.

"Quite," Martha agreed. "But what exactly did she do?"

Bit by bit she dragged it out of the shame-faced Elsa.

Leonie had had her suspicions from the beginning that Martha wasn't starting on her own capital. Then luck had played into her hands. She had seen Martha and Sir Randolph dining together. But one dared not make a mistake. It had taken time and endless patience to collect her circumstantial evidence.

Elsa had been in her confidence. Ten pounds bonus for her if she could get Martha to admit that Sir Randolph Perry was connected with her venture.

"Then," Elsa finished her story breathlessly, "she went to Lady Perry as a friend."

"What a friend . . . she's nearly broken the old darling's heart."

Martha's lips narrowed in sheer pain.

Compassion welled up within her when she thought of Lady Perry having to listen to Leonie's friendly story.

"Martha and your husband . . . I thought you ought to know. . . ."

Mary left without warning before the end of the month. Martha replaced her with a raw girl from a small shop in Oxford Street. She cost ten shillings less a week. So

"Martha's" of Starling Street staggered along somehow, and Martha herself was daring to hope she might pull through, when the money-lender crashed the business towards the end of March.

When eventually a writ was served on her she didn't understand what it was all about. Mr. Rubenstein's lawyer explained it all to her. If she didn't pay within a specified time his clients could sell her up.

"I can't pay . . ." said Martha helplessly, beaten at last.

When Philip came to collect her at the flat the same evening he found her huddled in front of the gas-fire, looking as though every atom of life had been squeezed out of her.

"I can pay off the money-lender for you," said Philip.

"Philip, it's dear of you to suggest it, but it would only prolong the agony. You can't keep going in Starling Street with a Shaftesbury Avenue clientele."

The room swayed in a frightening manner as she tried to walk across to the bedroom. Waves of black mists lashed themselves

against her eyes; there was a shooting pain at the back of her head, and she felt dreadfully sick.

"Phil . . . quickly . . . Oh, Philip . . ." she called to him, groping for a chair or table as a support. Through the swirling mist she saw Philip come forward; his face penetrated the singing in her ears. "Take it easy, darling . . . there, Martha . . . don't panic and you'll be all right."

Then suddenly the whole floor was pulled from under her feet. She felt as though she were floating through the air . . . and the blackness closed in upon her. . . .

It was three days before she came properly out of that faint.

But she had intermittent moments of consciousness. She discovered, for instance, that she was in a nursing-home and that the stout woman in white who seemed to be continually hovering over her and pushing something in her mouth was a nurse. Whenever she tried to open her eyes that ghastly pain shot through her head. She had an idea she had been sick several times, but couldn't be sure about this.

Then there was a grey-haired man who kept telling her she had nothing to worry about except to get well quickly. Nothing to worry about. That made her laugh. Only, when she tried to laugh she found she couldn't make any sound, and tears ran down her cheeks.

Then, on the third day, when she came to, she managed to stay out of her faint for quite a long while. The stout nurse was standing near her. The grey-haired man had his finger on her wrist.

"I'm all right now," she insisted crossly. "No need to treat me as though I were a child who wouldn't take its castor oil. What I want to know is what's been the matter with me and how I got here."

"You're much better, Miss Lyard," soothed the doctor. "But if you start exciting yourself you'll feel worse."

She asked weakly, "Can I see Philip?"

"Mr. Oherington?" The doctor was professionally bright.

"Yes—Philip Oherington," Martha answered amiably.

It seemed that only a very few minutes elapsed before she realised someone was bending over her; a hand touched her forehead.

She murmured: "Michael, my darling." And a voice which wasn't Michael's said: "It's Philip, Martha."

She had stopped crying, but now she started again. Somehow in the dark mists of semi-consciousness she had been certain she would find Michael when she woke up.

Then Philip was saying with an angry rasp in his voice:

"If you want Michael, you shall have him, darling Martha."

She shook her head.

"No . . . he mustn't come . . . not while I'm ill. He doesn't like sick people, Philip."

A deep drowsiness came over her. She felt safe now. She wasn't worrying. Peggy and Philip would look after her. They knew she couldn't afford to be ill.

She fell into a long, refreshing sleep.

Within a week Martha was well enough to insist that Philip should tell her exactly what had happened. He was gentle with her, but he didn't keep back the truth.

"You fainted, Martha . . . and as I couldn't bring you round I sent for a doctor. He said you needed a good rest and recommended this nursing-home. And now you're going to be sensible and stay here until you're quite fit again."

"But the bill?" demanded Martha in a panic. "Phil, I don't believe I have twenty

pounds in the world, and this place looks terribly expensive."

He smiled and took her hand.

"Martha, we're friends, aren't we? And it's the first privilege of friendship to help each other out."

"You mean, you want to pay for me, Philip?"

"I can so easily afford it . . . you'd do the same for me, Martha."

She was so grateful. And it was a relief not to have to lie awake worrying what the place was costing and how on earth she was going to settle up.

A few days later she made Philip tell her what had happened at Starling Street, and again he gave her the truth as tenderly as he could.

"My darling, they sold you up . . ."

It was from Peggy, some days later, that she learned how Philip had paid all her bills at Starling Street.

"He made me swear I wouldn't say anything, but I knew you'd find out, Martha dear. And, anyhow, Carol agrees with me you ought to know."

"Was it much?" asked Martha, going very white.

"Quite a bit, I'm afraid."

"It's pretty fine of him," said Martha.

"But everything Philip does is pretty fine."

"He loved doing it for you, Martha."

When Peggy had gone, Martha picked up a letter from her bedside-table. It was from Michael and Peggy had brought it along from the flat a few days ago. Michael wrote that he was having a glorious time. He was tops in his job. He loved India. And the top he added: Life would be completely perfect if you were here, my darling, read like an afterthought. He asked about her work, but the questions were perfunctorily worded, as casual as a remark about the weather.

She tore the letter into little shreds and dropped them into her waste-paper basket. There was a new strength to her expression, an idealistic quality burning in her eyes as she lifted the telephone and dialled the number of Philip's office. Her voice was serene, asking him:

"Please come and see me as early as possible this evening, Phil . . . I've something important to tell you."

She was paler than usual but very calm when he arrived a little after five.

"I've a lot to thank you for, Philip," she started softly; "more than I realised. Peggy told me this afternoon that you've paid all my bills at Starling Street."

"Forget it, anyway."

"It's the kind of thing one doesn't forget."

She put out her transparently thin hand and touched his. "Philip, do you still want to marry me?" she asked.

He looked at her dazed, as though he didn't understand.

"I still love Michael . . . that won't change; and Philip, I'm not flinging myself at you just because I'm out and 'broke' . . . but you've done so much for me . . . if it would be a way of showing you I'm grateful . . ."

He took her hand and held it fast. His eyes adored her.

"Martha, about Michael . . . doesn't he expect you to wait for him? . . . He loves you, too."

She said steadily:

"I don't think so . . . I don't think he has really loved me since we said good-bye . . . and if he does it wouldn't mean marriage with Michael."

He bent over and kissed her. "The day . . . it's just as soon as you are strong

enough to stagger to a registrar's office," he said.

They had been married nearly four months. But all the time they had been on the Riviera, giving Martha a chance with herself, as Philip put it, they had separate rooms and she had always been fast asleep when he got up.

She wished sometimes that those blessed, languorous, sun-drenched days need never have come to an end. By the time she had left the nursing-home she had felt so much better as to take a sort of lazy pleasure in being ill.

In those days, just after she had married Philip, she had been so grateful for his protective love, the reliable strength of him. Out in Salines, a tiny town a few miles from Cannes, she had basked in the comfort of having Philip fusing round with cushions and rugs, of scolding her if she walked too far or stayed up too late. She'd never been taken care of before, and it was a luxury to her, like the hotel bedroom overlooking the sea, and with its own private green-tiled bathroom.

But gradually she had grown restless. She remembered how, one morning, she had suddenly started to hustle Philip.

"Look here, Philip, I'm well now. What about getting back to London and taking life properly?"

But he'd insisted that they should stay another fortnight. She must be fighting fit, he said, before she started in on domestic chores and the like.

Bit by bit she learned how much she owed him. Bit by bit she dragged from him how much it had cost to wind up "Martha's"; and was shocked to find the figure was over a thousand pounds. He'd paid up a quarter's rent in lieu of the notice she'd forgotten to give when Peggy left and her personal bills—to say nothing of doctors' fees and the five weeks in an expensive nursing-home.

"I'm only letting you in on this so that you shan't think I'm stingy about going away for a while when we get back," Philip had apologised. "Of course, we could have gone to live at your flat for the rest of the lease, but somehow, I didn't think you'd get lots of fun out of that."

His tact warmed her spiritually and added to her gratitude.

The news flat. It belonged so vividly to the past . . . to Michael, to "Martha's" . . . the things which had gone wrong.

No, she wouldn't have wanted to go back there.

It was a nice flat, thought Martha gratefully and a little proud. A bit small perhaps, but very modern and easy to run and within walking distance of Philip's office in Kingsway.

Actually she didn't care much where she lived, and when Philip had discovered this new block of flats in Talton Square, just behind the British Museum, she thought it would do better than anything else they had discussed or looked over. He came in now, looking very healthy and vigorous, and sat down at the head of the table to help himself lavishly.

She made up a pleasantly busy day for his benefit. She had her shopping to do and she was going to see if the library had any of the books she wanted. Maybe she'd go to the movies in the afternoon.

"That's fine, sweet. Have a good time."

It was just nine o'clock. He got up from the table. He kissed Martha and told her to take good care of herself. He'd be home same time as usual unless he called her.

She lingered at the breakfast-table, reminding herself how good Philip was to her, until Jean arrived.

They made the beds together and Martha did a little absent-minded dusting while the girl washed up.

Dinner had to be thought of next. Martha, always casual about her own food, racked her brain daily to remember what Philip liked to eat. He had few dislikes, but those he had were very strong.

She was about to leave the kitchen when Jean called her back to remind her that nothing had been decided on for lunch.

"There's a bit of cold meat left," said Jean helpfully. "I could curry that, if you like."

Martha said that was a splendid idea and made her escape. By eleven o'clock she had finished the dusting and seen to the flowers and decided to go for a walk and drop in at the library on her way back.

Did marriage suit her? Martha wondered now, as she decided to take a bus and go up to the West End instead of walking. She was standing outside Austin Reed's, trying to work out whether her housekeeping money would run to one of those entrancing foulard ties in the window—because Philip really did need some new ones, when she heard Simon Lester's low, silken voice greeting her.

"Hullo, Martha . . . tell me, are we on speaking terms, or shall I pass on quickly?" She turned, Simon, with an impish smile on his lips, was looking more successful than ever in an extremely flashy suit and an exaggeratedly pale-grey felt hat.

He held her hand longer than he need have done.

"For you," he said, "I will break one of my fastest rules and drink a cocktail before six. Let's be dashing and go to the Ritz."

Martha withdrew her hand. Her eyes were frightened.

"I haven't time."

"My car is round the corner."

"Even so, I can't manage."

He didn't press her any further, but said gravely:

"I'm sorry for what happened to 'Martha's'. You didn't deserve that kind of break, Martha."

Yet when he had gone she rather regretted she hadn't accepted his invitation.

That evening she put herself more strenuously than ever to be a good companion to Philip. She begged him for his news, she made him rock with laughter telling him about her battle with Jean for the chicken for his dinner. She didn't pretend she couldn't get on with her knitting when he came over to her and sat at her feet with his head resting against her knees.

She remembered that she hadn't yet written to Michael. That must be done first thing to-morrow. Philip never mentioned him now. She was glad of that. She wanted him to forget that man she loved, the man she had told him she still loved, after she'd offered to marry him.

Early in the winter Peggy telephoned Martha one morning saying that she had news for her, but when she arrived she started talking about Martha instead, and it was the latter who had to remind her as she poured out tea:

"Your news, darling. You said you had news for me . . ."

Peggy blushed a rosy pink.

"There's going to be a baby," she said.

"That's grand, Peg. I shall certainly encourage Philip's idea of a cottage in the country," said Martha brightly. "It will be a godsend for you when you want to send your offspring and its Nanny packing for a bit."

Martha, scrutinising her more carefully, observed a secret fear betraying itself in her eyes. Her lips were a little unsteady, as

though she were on the verge of bursting into tears.

"Aren't you glad about it, Peg?" Martha's tone was gentle. "I thought you and Carol were all for raising a family . . ."

"So we are," Peggy straightened her drooping shoulders. "It's just that we're scared of the expense, Martha. We feel we're letting this infant of ours down in bringing him or her into the world when we have so little ready for him . . ."

"Well," Martha finished, lighting a cigarette. "I do think there's a lot of truth in the saying that a baby doesn't cost anything the first year or so. You can count on me for the layette, Peggy. . . . We'll have lots of fun choosing adorable tiny vests and bootkins and brushes made of pink celluloid with 'Baby' scrawled over them. We'll have an orgy of shopping, Peggy, for our little kid."

Peggy colored, and her eyes were ashamed.

"It's sweet of you, Martha. But I wasn't hinting for help . . ."

"I know," Martha's voice was so kind.

"But I'm begging openly to be allowed to."

There was silence after that, and then Peggy changed the subject.

"I think a lot about you, Martha," she started, with her direct simplicity. "Sometimes you seem so happy with Philip, and at others there's a sadness about you which makes me afraid . . ."

"Shall we say I'm terribly grateful?"

"There ought to be more in marriage than that for you, Martha . . ."

"There's Michael," she said slowly. "Loving him doesn't hurt any more. I'm being honest with myself at last. 'Martha's' never really took Michael's place. It was just a merciful drug. Nothing and nobody has ever mattered to me since I knew Michael. I'm more sure of that every day I live. That"—her lips trembled—"is the way I love Michael. That is the way I shall love Michael until I die. I think of him last thing at night and pray I shall dream about him. When I buy a new frock I think to myself, now, what would Michael have to say about it? If I hear anything amusing, I imagine how Michael would laugh at it . . ."

"And Philip?" interrupted Peggy.

Martha's eyes were very soft; it was as though a film had been drawn over them to dim their brilliance.

"It's because I love Michael so much that I can make Philip's life a fairly happy one. Michael is a watertight compartment. He's all my love, all my emotions." She flung out her hands wildly. "But my reason, my friendship . . . my respect . . . they all belong to Philip. So far as he's concerned, the rest of me is dead. We never mention Michael's name," she added.

It was nearly a year since Philip had called for Martha at the nursing-home and driven her to the registrar's office.

He believed her to be happy. He believed that if she thought at all about the man who had held her faithful heart to captivity so long, it was sentimentally, as someone who had died—a sweet, unfulfilled dream. He believed, too, that her affection for him was becoming a warmer emotion. He no longer felt ashamed of himself when he made love to Martha. In his eyes she was more beautiful than ever. Her loveliness had perhaps, a less disturbing quality, but it was more real, nearer to him.

He was waiting for her now in their pleasant living-room while she got ready for the cinema, when the telephone-bell rang. There was an extension in their bedroom and she called to him:

"Phil, I'll answer it."

It was some time before she joined him. Philip thought she was looking paler than usual. Her glittering eyes had a burning quality. He hoped that she wasn't sickening for one of her feverish colds.

Then she apologised, with a quick slash of a smile.

"So sorry to keep you, Philip . . . it was a missing glove."

And Philip asked, following her out of the door:

"Who was it telephoned?"

In the dim light of their small hall he saw the curious lack of expression on her face: it looked like a death-mask.

"Only the telephone people testing the line," she said.

Martha, unlike Philip, was a "Garbo" fan, and usually enjoyed the star's pictures immensely. But this evening she sat through the picture she'd been pestering Philip to take her to without absorbing a thing of it. Two thoughts imprinted themselves obsessively on her brain. One was that she must be sure to collect the letters to-morrow morning, because the confirmation of Michael's cable was bound to be in the mail, and the other was that Michael was on his way home.

Word for word, she reiterated silently that cable which had been read to her over the telephone just before leaving the flat.

"Arriving England three days' time. How do I get in touch with you? Shall be staying at the Pelicity. See that there is a letter waiting for me.—Michael."

When they came out of the cinema, Philip suggested that they should go somewhere for supper, but Martha said she was tired and wanted to go home. She got undressed quickly, and when Philip came in she feigned sleep.

Then she began panicking. Had she really got the cable right?

"Arriving England three days' time."

She pressed her fingers against her eyes in the darkness.

"Michael. Michael, my darling. Michael. I've been faithful to you in my own fashion."

Not that Michael would reproach her for having married. Michael would say, with that cynical smile of his:

"Glad you've done so well for yourself, angel; tell me, what are your evenings out, or have we to make the parties afternoon ones?"

She'd have to start getting used to Michael's almost brutal cynicism again. Heavens, how he was going to laugh when she told him how Philip wouldn't let her come home alone at night. She had often left his rooms in Bloomsbury at five o'clock in the morning in order to save his reputation with his landlady, and he never even bothered to ask her if she had her cab fare.

She wouldn't want to talk about Philip to Michael. But he'd drag it all out of her, and, after all, in the silence of her heart she had been telling him things ever since he had gone away.

About "Martha's."

About Philip.

She remembered how, when she hadn't recovered consciousness properly at the nursing-home, she had asked Philip to get Michael for her.

Luckily, Philip was in the bath-room when the post came next morning. There were two letters for him besides the confirmation of the cable.

At breakfast, which was now cooked by Jean, who "obliged" by coming at eight instead of nine, Philip asked Martha anxiously:

"Feeling all right, darling? You look a bit peaked."

"I didn't sleep very well," she told him. "I'll take a nap this afternoon . . ."

She was saner now. All tenderness for Philip. She felt as guilty about her undisciplined thoughts during the night as if she'd actually been unfaithful to him. Then she was angry with Michael, with this macherous trick Fate was playing Philip in allowing Michael to come back to England.

She kissed Philip good-bye with much warmth when he left for the office.

She resolved, while she lazed in a bath which smelt of wild geraniums, that she wasn't going to let Philip down. She'd write to Michael, she'd see him once. And then finish it all.

He wasn't worthy to shake Philip by the hand, she insisted. She was shallow, contented, and Philip was the salt of the earth; no girl could have a finer husband. Philip had looked after her, and Michael had gone away, not caring what happened, keeping their love the light, unbinding thing he'd always meant it to be.

But all this argument against him didn't lessen her love. She fought valiantly with her reason; but her senses clamored for him with a fierce, unappeasable hunger. Bits of her life with Michael came back to her during the day with such vividness that it seemed as though she were living them all over again.

That first week-end they had spent together. Her surrender to Michael and the billing ecstasy of it. She remembered the days they had had together in Paris and how Michael had got so amusingly drunk on pernod, and she'd been scared and hadn't let him guess it.

Soon after that she had lived through the aching worry of getting used to the fact that Michael wasn't going to marry her. There had been that futile striving to see his point of view and a fierce uncertainty of him.

She knew now that their relationship had never fully satisfied her. But she had pretended so well to herself she believed she disliked the idea of legal ties as much as he did, that there had been times when she wouldn't have married him at any price.

She would never be able to break the hold he had on her. It wouldn't really be safe to see him. And yet this was irrevocable if she stayed in London.

But Philip had promised her Egypt some months back. That would be the solution. She must persuade him to get away at once. He was more or less his own master and could take his holiday when he chose.

She tackled him, with a barely concealed nervous frenzy, as soon as he returned from the office that evening.

"About Egypt, Phil, dear . . ." started Martha as soon as she had poured out his before-dinner drink.

"You still want to go?"

Philip was reading his evening paper.

"Terribly," urged Martha. "Couldn't we start at once, Phil? It's such fun doing things on the spur of the moment, and I do feel that that sea voyage and the Pyramids are going to do me a whole lot of good."

She laughed, and its brittle, unreal sound dismayed her.

Philip agreed thoughtfully. "It is fun just to go off. I see your point. But it's impossible, Martha darling. I've a big

contract to handle . . . I can't get away for another two months."

"If you love me, you'll take me away at once," she insisted, and there was hysteria in her tone, a wildness about her green eyes.

Philip let his paper slide to the floor.

"Darling," he said, "this is the first time I've ever known you to be unreasonable."

"All the more reason for pandering to me."

Philip shook his head. He looked sterner than usual and a little worried.

"I'm sorry, my dear, but it's quite impossible. If you really need a holiday at once, why not go away on your own for a few weeks?"

Martha's face was as though it were carved in some rough stone.

"That wouldn't be the same thing. Still, it doesn't matter. Sorry, Philip, for being so silly. Of course, you can't leave your contract. I understand."

Though she was sitting perfectly quiet, he sensed her inward restlessness. Her clasped fingers were twitching and her eyes were fluttering. He got up and came across to her. He put his arm round her shoulders.

"What's the big trouble, darling?"

Martha stared beyond him at the window.

"There isn't one." She made herself speak lightly. "I just had the idea, that's all . . . I don't believe now I want to go away, anyhow . . . not until you're ready."

Philip looked puzzled. "You're in a crazy mood to-night," he complained. "What is wrong in your life?"

"I've already told you. Nothing! Oh, I know—I saw some posters . . . of Egypt . . . the South Sea Islands I forget which, in the window of a travel bureau; this is where advertising hits back at you men who make your living at it . . ." Her laugh was steadier now.

"We'll go to Egypt before very long," Philip promised, and picked up his paper again.

In two days' time she would see Michael.

She said after dinner:

"I've a letter to write," and went over to the desk.

She wrote only a brief note:

"I'll telephone you on Thursday at twelve, but, for my sake, don't try to get in touch with me—Martha."

Philip offered to go to the post for her, but she said she needed a breath of fresh air.

MARTHA thought her voice sounded muffled, as though she were speaking through layers of gauze, when she asked at the reception-desk of the Pellety Hotel for Captain Michael Halla.

She heard the clerk, whose voice also sounded muffled, telephoning to Michael's room, and announcing her: "Mrs. Charington to see you, sir." Then he asked her to go with a page.

She followed the small boy across the vestibule, which was crowded, to a very ornate gilt lift.

She was thinking a little wildly, I've got to be casual. It will never do for Michael to see how excited I am. I've come to see him to tell him this is really the end, the real good-bye.

As the lift shot upwards she went through a frenzied rehearsal as to how she was going to greet Michael.

She must remember, from the minute she entered the room, and make Michael remember, too, that she was married, and he must be made to see it was a happy, unbreakable marriage. She had attempted

to impress this upon him when she telephoned him this morning.

"Michael," she had said, "things aren't as they were, you know. I'm married. I'd rather not see you."

And Michael had pleaded:

"Darling, darling, please just this once, come to tea; bring your husband if you must; only, Martha, I've got to see you . . ."

Michael was waiting and led her to an easy chair, settling himself on the arm.

" . . . So that I can have a proper look at your profile," explained Michael. "You remember, my sweet, I always used to say you are better in profile than full face . . ."

Her lips fluttered into a faint smile. Everything Michael had said in the past was much more vivid than his present remarks. She had played the game of make-believe for so long that it was hard to realise it had come true.

"Glad to see me?" he asked next, and Martha replied truthfully:

"I don't know."

"Marital scruples, my darling?"

He was scoffing at her just as he used to. She wished he wouldn't. She wished he would do something to dispel this atmosphere of anti-climax. Then, honest with herself, she owned that it wasn't so much Michael who was disappointing her as that she was disappointed in herself.

She knew that her senses should be responding recklessly to his proximity; she reminded herself feverishly: This is the moment you have been looking forward to for two years. You're with Michael again. This is Michael sitting on the arm of your chair. Michael is going to get irritable if you don't say something loving soon.

She shifted round so that she could see his face. Except for his tan and a few new lines round his eyes he hadn't changed.

"You look well, Michael," she remarked.

"What pleasant weather we're having, quite hot for the time of year, isn't it?" mocked Michael. "Darling, haven't you anything more original to say to me than that after all this time?"

Her color rushed to her cheeks for a minute, then left them paler than ever, with the waxy quality of white rose-petals.

"It's so odd"—she strove to be natural with him—"being here with you, trying to pick up the threads . . ."

"We never really dropped them," said Michael hurriedly. "Believe it or not, my darling, there hasn't been a day or hour or minute that you've been out of my thoughts . . . you've haunted me in my dreams . . . you, with your Chinese eyes and silly, trailing mouth . . . Goodness knows how I ever had the courage to leave you . . ."

"Michael, if only you hadn't! . . ."

"Does it matter now that I'm back?"

The little Michael . . . She used to love it when he looked at her like that, quietly demanding all she was so eager to give him. His hand lay on his knee and she had only to reach out to feel its smooth strength. But she didn't. She said:

"I'm married."

Michael laughed quite happily.

"Does that make any difference to us, Martha?"

There was a subtle challenge in his voice despite the carefree lift. He got up from the arm of the chair and rang a bell.

"You'll want some tea," he said politely,

Martha was glad of the interruption. While the waiter came for the order, returning with a tea-wagon, she tried to sort out the chaos of her emotions. She felt smothered with an extraordinary mental inertia.

The waiter had arranged the tea-things in front of her. He hadn't brought any lemon. She asked him for some, because Michael always drank his tea without milk, and with two slices of lemon in it.

"It doesn't matter, Martha. I don't want any tea."

She poured out her own and he helped himself to a glass of ice-water from a carafe standing on a small table in the window.

"You've changed," he jerked at her suddenly. "I am trying to find out how much."

"Well, I'm two years older, to start with." "As though age makes any difference. Don't talk for a little while, darling; I want to absorb you."

Under his close scrutiny, Martha felt the color rising in her cheeks. She wished she hadn't come. She remembered something Philip had said to her once, asking: "Is it the man you're in love with or just a dream?" Even now she couldn't be sure what the answer was, but if it had only been a dream she didn't want to wake up from it. There would be such an emptiness in her heart, a new frightening loneliness, if there were no Michael to be loved.

"Perhaps I'm shy of you, Michael. . . . It's been such a long time . . . so much has happened to us both . . ."

"I hope to Heaven that's it."

She recognised his irritation piling itself up in his eyes. That impatient intolerance of Michael's against everything ordinary and normally traditional.

"I was afraid," he went on, "that it might be you were in love with your husband."

Martha shook her head. Her expression was indescribably sad.

"No," she said firmly, "not that. I've never loved anyone but you."

She hadn't meant to say that; the words just slipped out, and directly afterwards she was so ashamed of their disloyalty to Philip.

Michael's irritation cleared.

"That's better. That's much better."

He came over to her again. She shivered in anticipation of his embrace, but when she felt the sharp pressure of his mouthache against her lips there was a coldness within her where there should have been fire.

"Why," he asked, releasing her, "did you marry at all?"

She had expected this question. She had planned to prevaricate, to emphasise her liking and admiration for Philip, but now she heard herself confessing the begrudging truth:

"One might call it a debt of honor."

"I don't believe in such things," retorted Michael.

"I do."

She met the sneer in his eyes with defiance.

"I suppose," went on Michael with astonishing insight, "this bloke paid your bills when your shop went shut . . ."

"That's it," Martha assented, and remembered she had never told Michael she had been ill.

Michael frowned.

"Honor, honor, honor! The number of lives that false emotion has ruined," he snapped.

He moved away from her and began walking up and down the room. He was taking

short, quick steps just as he had always done when anything annoyed him. This characteristic which had worried Martha so much in the past now only irritated her. All at once, while she watched Michael, she realised he was playing a part. Ever since she'd known him he'd acted with her . . . his love . . . it was nothing more than a few poignant lines out of a play. There was nothing real, nothing which went deep in Michael except his devotion to himself.

A great sadness came over Martha. For over two years she'd been waiting for this . . . for the return of Michael. These last few days her heart had sung his name. Yes, for Michael, for this affected good-looking man who was pacing the room rather in the studiously calm Gerald du Maurier manner, she'd been prepared to leave Philip . . . to fling his goodness back into his face with a triumphant: "Michael is home again; I'm going to Michael . . ."

She hadn't admitted this to herself until now. She'd believed in her own honesty when she pleaded with Philip to take her to Egypt; she'd believed in her loyalty when she started out for Michael's hotel, this afternoon, only now her eyes were open and she knew she'd been cheating her conscience, cheating Philip ever since she took Michael's cable over the telephone.

Only there was no Michael. Nothing was left except the ashes of a dream, a crazy illusion.

There was nothing left.

Philip . . . one's safe, attractive home . . . one's friends . . . Peggy and Carol and the baby Peggy was going to have . . . but it was so drab and colorless without the background of that secret ecstasy of loving Michael.

He was pacing the room, and she knew a faint sorrow for him. Michael would be so bewildered at her coldness; he didn't quite believe in it yet.

A clock struck six and Martha said:

"I've got to go."

Michael stood still. He looked dazed.

"Go?" he repeated abruptly. "But where?"

"Home to my husband. He always likes me to be in when he gets back from the office." She was suave, sure of herself with Michael for the first time.

"Then don't let me detain you," he said frigidly. "Is he a rich man, Martha?"

"He's got a good job. We don't starve."

She hated talking of Philip to Michael. He came close to her and took her hands. His eyes searched hers gravely.

"Tell me honestly," he began. "Are you really happier with this man than you were with me, Martha?"

She gave him the truth.

"No . . . I've never been as happy with anyone as I was with you . . . I don't hope ever to be so happy again . . ."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

He leaned forward and was about to kiss her, but she turned her head. There was a deep sorrow in her voice as she tried to make it all clear to him:

"Michael, if we're waiting for anything, it's for a miracle . . . a miracle which has never been known to happen . . . the revival of a love which has died . . . All this time I've loved a memory, Michael . . . you haven't been real; I see that now . . . You . . . The something I've been faithful to is only part of myself . . . my growing up, if you like . . . They say that one's first love leaves a mark on your soul all your life . . . not

the actual person, but the emotion itself . . . that's what I've been loving, Michael . . . if I hadn't come here to-day I should still have it . . ."

A harsh sob broke in her throat. Michael dropped her hands.

"You . . . love the man you're married to . . ."

"No—I wish I did."

There were tears in her eyes.

Michael went to the door. He said:

"So this is really good-bye, Martha . . ."

"It's really good-bye . . ."

And in a different way it hurt as poignantly as that last time she'd said good-bye to Michael. She'd kissed him and clattered down the uncarpeted stairs of a Bloomsbury boarding-house. But then pushing its way through her anguish, there had been also a great hope. Now there was none. Only a chill and a loneliness where there should have been ecstasy.

Michael opened the door for her. He said:

"The lift is just to your right . . ."

Martha turned. Looking at him with brimming eyes, she knew she was never going to see Michael again. Never again was Michael coming to her in her dreams; in future when Philip should hold her in his arms, there would be a great loneliness instead of the vision of Michael.

She said impulsively:

"Michael, I didn't think it would end like this . . . in ashes . . ."

He shrugged, but his eyes told of his own suffering, and to Martha it seemed all so ridiculous that Michael should be loving her, wanting her and she had nothing of herself to give.

He said:

"I stayed away too long . . ."

"You shouldn't have gone . . . or if you had to, you should have taken me with you."

"I agree . . . Martha . . ."

He held out his arms, but she pretended not to see the gesture. She thought she heard him calling her name as she hurried, blinded by her tears, along the passage to the lift, just as she'd heard him calling her last time she'd said good-bye to him.

Philip wasn't home when she got back to the flat. It felt eerily empty and chilled, as though someone had just died in it. In the kitchen Jean was singing woefully. "What a difference a day makes, ah, ah, saah!"

Martha agreed whole-heartedly with the sentiment, but wished Jean might express it more melodiously.

She went through to her bedroom and, taking off her hat, studied her features in the glass with a certain detached interest. Her beauty struck her now as cold and without purpose, because it no longer belonged to Michael.

She powdered and rubbed a little more eye-shadow on her eyelids and everything she did was like starting something completely new, and she had to keep reminding herself: I've seen Michael and I don't love Michael any more. It's finished . . . and I don't know what next . . .

Then suddenly she saw Philip's face reflected in the mirror and gave a start. He'd come into the room so quietly. She gathered herself and said brightly:

"You're home early, aren't you?"

"Yep . . . nothing much doing." He eyed her critically. "Too much of that, isn't there, darling?" He pointed to her little round box of green paste. "I like a woman to make up . . . it's part of her trapping, but you are overdoing those green smudges."

Martha meekly rubbed her eyelids. She knew Philip never cared for heavy make-up.

"I've news for you, Martha," he said.

"News?" She looked at him vaguely.

She took a grip on herself, and made herself smile expectantly. "Is it nice news, Phil?"

"Is it not?" Philip said excitedly. "We can get to Egypt a month sooner than I had hoped. That contract I told you about is as good as sealed and signed. . . . nothing for me to hang around for."

"That is nice, Philip," Martha picked up her powder-puff and dabbed her face.

Egypt. . . . Philip. . . . it all seemed so far away, and she was back in Michael's sitting-room at the hotel, being kissed by Michael and feeling nothing except amazement because his kisses didn't mean a thing any more.

Philip was pressing for more enthusiasm from her.

"Martha, that's what you want, isn't it. . . . Egypt?"

"Yes, yes, Phil, I want it terribly. . . ."

Martha ran a comb feverishly through her dark hair.

"We can get away in three weeks' time," Philip said triumphantly. "I'll be able to let you know the exact date to-morrow."

"Thanks, I'll need a bit of time to get clothes."

"And a bit of money."

He put his hand in his breast pocket and took out a folded cheque. He said, putting it on the dressing-table:

"The profits this year have exceeded even my optimistic expectations."

Martha picked it up and saw it was for fifty pounds. Her color came to her cheeks.

"You're much too decent and generous to me," she said unsteadily.

"It's my idea of fun," he laughed it off; but she knew how pleased he was that he could afford to give her so much. "Will you be coming along for a cocktail soon?"

"Yes, Philip. Be a darling and go and mix it for me."

All at once she was desperately anxious to get him out of the room. She couldn't carry through with the bluff much longer. It was on the tip of her tongue all the time to tell him, "Michael is back. I've been with Michael this afternoon. Oh, Philip, I'm so desperately unhappy because I don't love Michael any more, and there's no love in me for anybody." And her shame was upon her again when she recalled how she'd been all prepared to hurt Philip, to walk out on him and go to Michael.

She found herself scrutinizing her husband with a new interest all the evening. And there was more to it than mere interest. She felt tender, oddly protective towards Philip when she thought what he'd been up against with Michael. She didn't hate Michael; she hadn't it in her to feel a strong emotion; she merely quietly despised him.

After dinner, Philip was telling Martha about his work.

There had been a special board meeting to discuss the half-yearly balance sheet.

"And does it read well?" declared Philip boyishly.

She gathered that the increasing prosperity of the advertising agency was due to his efforts. Philip, of course, wouldn't own to this outright, but he told her he had been voted an extra one per cent on the profits.

"No wonder," praised Martha, "they made

you a director when you came back from the States," and she was proud of him and she felt safe, married to him.

Philip had a future and there was a lot she could do to help him. He'd said he relied completely on her judgments when it came to entertaining. In the advertising world, her cocktail-parties, her small, exquisitely planned dinners had become "news." They were a good team, she and Philip, she reflected, but the hunger in her heart cried out for more than that. For over four years she'd lived with the anguishes and the ecstasies of the love of a woman for a man, and now that it was gone she was lost and spiritually empty.

Philip stopped talking about work. He said he'd only done his bit of bragging to assure Martha that they were on easy street, and he went on:

"About that cottage in the country, how keen are you, Martha?"

He smiled, and she admitted what a charming smile it was and it seemed such a shame it didn't move her.

She was enthusiastic about the cottage.

"It would be lovely, Phil, but let's not get in too deeply. Let's wait and see how much we spend on the Egyptian trip."

Philip laughed: "That's just the kind of warning I used to give you, Martha. . . ."

He turned on the radio. By a queer freak of fate, some band was playing selections from Noel Coward's songs. Martha drew in her breath sharply when the soloist began to sing the famous waltz from "Bitter Sweet."

. . . In my heart will ever lie
Just the echo of a sigh.
I shall love you till I die . . .
Good-bye . . .

"Mumk," ejaculated Philip, who liked a song to have a cheerful slant.

"Rather rubbish," agreed Martha. "The words, I mean. . . ."

She remembered how she had cabled them as a message to Michael. But she didn't love Michael any more. . . . It hadn't lasted. "I shall love you till I die." She had cabled that to him, and she'd believed it, and her love hadn't lasted four years.

She relaxed in her chair. She talked about their trip with Philip. Outwardly she was so serene, the wife of a successful advertising man, planning ahead with him for future successes. . . . fond of her husband. . . . proud of him. . . . and knowing that his kisses could never stir her, that the touch of his hand gave her only the warm reminder that he was her friend.

They went to bed early, but Martha couldn't sleep. Her mind was going round in frenzied circles. She didn't recognise herself any more. . . . Martha Lyard who was now Martha Cherington with an empty place in her heart instead of the glow of her love for Michael.

From now onwards she would have to do without Michael. Without the memories of him and her hopes, and she knew that she was going to miss these more than she had missed Michael himself, even in those first nightmare days when he had gone to India.

For, as she saw it now, though she'd tried to accept their separation as final, she had never really believed then that she and Michael had finished with each other. All the time she had first planned, then fought, for "Martha's," she had been subconsciously expecting that cable from Michael.

"Arriving England in three days' time."

Or in a month, two months, the time

made no difference. Then, in a way, she had had the imaginative proximity of him to that inner part of her which loved him. It was for this reason that her marriage to Philip never seemed real or very important and lasting. She knew, now that it was all over, she had never stopped waiting for Michael. . . . feeling close to him in spite of the miles of land and ocean which separated them.

But now there wasn't any Michael, and there was no love, and she felt as though her heart had been torn out of her body.

"Michael. . . . I loved you so much."

Her lips framed the words and guilt was all over her soul because she wasn't faithful.

She drew on her intelligence to try and discover the reason of this great change which had come over her. She was asking herself fearlessly: What exactly had she loved?

She had known all along the kind of man Michael was.

Ruthlessly, she began to separate the truth from her visions, and she saw now how little union of mind had existed between Michael and herself. Though she had done her best to agree with his casual irresponsible philosophies, deep within her she'd condemned them. She hadn't even been able to regard marriage as a bourgeois, unnecessary institution. Those years she'd been with Michael she'd never been completely happy except in those brief moments when their love-making drowned every other emotional sensation.

She turned on her side. . . . Philip's big form was just visible. She put out her hand and touched him, and all at once she wanted to talk to him. She wanted to tell him what had happened between Michael and herself, to assure him: "What's left of me is so completely yours. . . . The crisis has passed. . . . you need never be frightened of losing me. . . ." But he was so soundly, so peacefully asleep and she didn't wake him.

Martha had been with Peggy all day. They had done the first shopping for the baby and because Carol had to be out until late and Philip had a business dinner, she had taken Peggy to dine in Chelsea and to a movie afterwards.

It was a little after ten when Martha got home. . . . ten days since she'd gone to Michael's hotel but it seemed like a whole eternity in the past. Sometimes it was even as though it had all been a dream. . . . that furnace of love which had been blown out just as easily as the thin flame of a candle.

This nice flat was her home. She glowed and took her first conscious delight in it. Everyone said what a nice flat it was, and how artistically Martha had furnished it.

She was so lucky that a man as young as Philip could provide her with this kind of expensive home.

It came to her suddenly that she hadn't known what it was to be short of money since her marriage. Philip had talked of economies while they were in France, but there had been no pinching and scraping for Martha. Ever since her marriage she had everything she wanted within reason. If her nursing-home bill and the holiday at Salinas and her debts had crippled Philip financially for a while, Martha hadn't been the one to feel it.

She ought to be infinitely grateful to Philip.

"But I am, I am," she cried, and groped mentally for the comfort of the dreams

which had suddenly crashed into nothing ten days ago. As though fearful lest her material comforts and her appreciation of them were crowding out her real feelings, she made herself think of Michael. Had she been in too much of a hurry . . . had she been unnecessarily cruel to him?

But no . . . no, it wasn't anything like that. She had simply stopped loving him, and the poets who wrote about the eternity of love didn't know what they were talking about.

She read a few pages of a new novel, and then, restless all at once, she went into the bedroom.

She found Michael's letter, placed by Jean on her dressing-table. She held it for a minute or so, not knowing whether to open it or tear it, unread, into little pieces, and there was sadness upon her because of those days when she'd watched for the postman to bring her news from Michael.

She slit open the envelope and drew out a single sheet of notepaper. Michael had written discreetly. He started "My dear Martha" and ended up "Yours, Michael." And he told her he was going back to India almost immediately and that she wasn't to be very surprised if she received a piece of wedding-cake within the next few days. "The bride-to-be is a blonde. Her father owns half Bombay," said Michael.

There was a strange smile on Martha's lips. So it was all working out as she had feared when she said good-bye to him over four years ago. Michael was making a "good" marriage, and if there was any pity in Martha's heart, it was for the girl who was to be his wife.

As for herself . . . A low laugh came from between her parted lips . . . "I'm lucky," she said aloud. "So lucky to be really free of Michael . . . to have said the final good-bye."

She tore up his letter and dropped it into the waste-paper basket.

The telephone bell rang just as she had thrown the pieces from her.

"Is that Mrs. Philip Cherington speaking?" asked a strange male voice, and next:

"This is Charing Cross Hospital. Would you come at once, please? I am sorry to tell you that your husband has met with an accident."

"This way, please, Mrs. Cherington . . . mind, there's a little step just here."

Martha was following a short, thin, mottled-faced nurse through an endless labyrinth of passages. She had never been inside a big hospital before, and it inspired her with the same awe as the inside of churches had when she was a child.

She struggled to piece together everything she had done since receiving the telephone call.

She hadn't behaved foolishly. She was certain about that. Only for a second had she given way to a frenzied panic. No, she'd kept calm. She'd got into a hat and coat, and she had gone along to Jean, who now slept in, and told her what had happened.

She hadn't liked doing that much. She hadn't wanted to let anyone in on that queer writhing panic she'd had to fight so hard to keep under control.

Philip might be dead.

All the way to the hospital she had been feeling herself to hear that news.

But to Jean she had merely explained:

"Mr. Cherington has met with an accident, and I'm going to him. I thought you'd better know in case I don't get back to-night. I hope you won't be nervous in the flat alone."

She hadn't listened to Jean's hysterical rush of sympathy and questions, except when the girl asked:

"Is there anything I can do, ma'am?"

Then Martha had told her to telephone the taxi-rank in case the porter couldn't find a taxi quickly, and to give the driver a couple of shillings and send him away if she, Martha, weren't waiting in the hall. But the porter had found a taxi in less than no time, and there had been good luck with the traffic lights, so Martha was at the hospital within twenty minutes of receiving the telephone call.

She had been received at the entrance by a man in uniform, who had inquired in a very bored, tired voice her requirements.

"Someone telephoned for me," Martha had enlightened him aloofly. "My husband, Mr. Philip Cherington, has met with an accident."

The man became more human when she asserted in the same aloof voice that that was her husband's full name.

Then he indicated a bench opposite the inquiry box and asked if she would like to sit down, and she heard him using the house telephone, but she couldn't catch what he said.

Presently this small, thin nurse had appeared.

"Are you Mrs. Cherington?" she asked of Martha kindly.

"Yes . . ."

Martha had risen to her feet. She had begun to get angry, wondering how many more times she would have to identify herself before anyone deigned to tell her whether Philip was alive or dead.

She quickened her steps so that she was walking beside the nurse instead of just behind her. And she had to know, steeling herself for what the answer might be:

"My husband—is he very bad?"

The reply was ominously guarded.

"We can't say yet. Would you like to see Mr. Cherington first, or the doctor?"

Martha decided:

"My husband, please," and they passed the lift and turned into another corridor, which smelt even more strongly than the rest of the hospital, of disinfectant.

"This is the ward." The nurse stopped outside a double door. "He's unconscious still," she warned, casting an anxious glance upon Martha's very white face.

Martha felt as though she was being followed by thousands of pairs of curious eyes as she followed the nurse past the double row of beds to the end of the ward.

She hardly recognised Philip at first, he was so heavily swathed in bandages. She took Philip's hand, which was the only part of him visible which wasn't bandaged. She held it loosely in hers.

He moaned without opening his eyes.

"Phil," said Martha, leaning forward. "I'm here."

She felt protective towards him for the first time. She was dimly conscious of trying to convey to him her own strength, and was glad for his sake that she wasn't making any fuss; she was holding, for herself and for Philip, her growing anguish, that crazy fear that Philip was going to die before she could tell him how terribly she minded.

Philip moaned again. What she could see of his face was a whitish grey. There was hardly any color in his lips.

Martha's fear crowded down upon her like a fog. She was telling herself in silence what had happened.

Philip had had an accident. Maybe Philip was dying, and it flashed upon her suddenly that if anything happened to Philip she would be much, much lonelier than she had ever been before.

The nurse laid her hand on Martha's shoulder.

"I think you should see the doctor now, Mrs. Cherington. There's nothing you can do for your husband until he comes round. We'll tell him you have been with him."

"A large Daimler," explained the doctor presently, as gravely as though the make of the car had an important bearing on Philip's accident. The taxi-driver had escaped with scratches and a broken wrist, and the driver of the Daimler was in a critical condition. The doctor indicated delicately that he had been under the influence of alcohol when the crash occurred.

"The force of the collision must have thrown your husband forward with his head against the glass of the front of the taxi," he continued, stroking the broad black ribbon from which dangled his pince-nez.

She asked how soon she might see him again; might she telephone as often as she wished for news?

The doctor smiled kindly. He liked this beautiful, well-dressed young woman, who was obviously upset and so anxious not to be a nuisance.

"That depends how seriously ill he is," he said aloud.

He took her along to the lift and said kindly she mustn't worry more than she could help, and when he had left her to the mercies of the lift-attendant she realised that she knew very little more about Philip's condition than when she had arrived at the hospital.

She was scared when she reached home. So scared that cold trickles of fear ran idly down her spine. Her upper lip and the backs of her knees were moist with the perspiration of stark, unhoping fear.

Supposing Philip never wore those pyjamas again; supposing he didn't sleep in that bed again . . .

How she would miss Philip!

She didn't love him. Not in the way she had loved Michael. She would never love again like that. But she knew that nothing Michael had done to her had hurt with quite the same hopeless pain as this nagging fear of being always without Philip.

She undressed automatically and got into her own bed. She tried to sleep, tried to forget, but as soon as she closed her eyes her brain became alert and restive. She began to review the two years she had known Philip and realised in dismay that she was thinking of him in the past . . . Yet she laughed with tenderness when she recalled their arguments and saw how Phil had always been right. She remembered that time when she had slapped his face and how she had cried afterwards, and she knew now that she hadn't wanted to lose him even then.

Philip had made a good life for her out of the chaos she had created for herself. She had never realised quite how much he had helped. In his quiet, straightforward way he had brought to her a serenity; his design for living was more stable than anything she had ever sketched out for herself.

And she was going to lose it . . . Philip . . . the strength of him, which, without making any fuss about it, had given her back her own. At last she began dimly to realise how much being married to Philip counted with her: his easy, considerate

companionship, her nice home and the blessed freedom from financial worries. There was a placid, comforting satisfaction in the knowledge that his friends and clients liked coming to the flat better than being entertained by him at restaurants. It gave you a sense of usefulness, in a queer way, a sort of completion. Being the wife of a fairly well-to-do business man, looking after his home and entertaining his friends, it wasn't dangerous and romantic like it had been between her and Michael; it hadn't the spectacular achievement of being Martha of "Martha's" of Starling Street, but it was so safe, so right.

In the beginning Martha had found it difficult to get on any sort of terms with the wives of the men whom Philip did business with, and who came to bridge evenings with their husbands and asked Martha to teas and luncheons.

But lately she'd been more tolerant, more in sympathy. As a young married woman herself, she began asking advice on domestic matters. Why, only the other day she had found herself in earnest discussion with Lucy Alton, wife of Philip's managing director, on the subject of souffles. One had been served at dinner at the Altons' and Martha confessed neither she nor Jean could follow the cook-book recipes with any sort of success. Mrs. Alton thought it wonderful the way Martha managed Jean.

"Her cooking, my dear, is far more intelligent than my Mrs. Soper's—and she's supposed to have half a dozen diplomas."

Martha had liked that, but she had laughed.

"You've got it all wrong, Mrs. Alton; Jean manages me."

But this wasn't really the case any more. Martha knew as much about the price of meat and vegetables as any other housewife, and thought it much more fun to do her own shopping than to order blindly by telephone.

She had secretly studied cook-books, and, although she hadn't dared risk fancy cooking she knew enough to tell Jean where she went wrong in her casserole dishes, which were her weak spot. She bought the women's magazines and read the domestic articles with intelligent concentration.

She had had an inward laugh when Philip praised her floral decorations at their last dinner-party. She had thrown masses of twigs into a brightly-colored bowl and had arum lilies massed closely together on a table in the window, where they caught the light from the standard lamp.

"Clever of you, Martha," Philip had said, and she hadn't given herself away. Clever of "Cornelia" of "Modern Life," you mean, my dear.

Now, thanks to a drunk and his Dalmier, all safety might be going to be lost to her. The happy security and undemanding companionship of her marriage.

Lying in the lonely darkness, with Philip's empty bed within her reach, she tried to find some semblance between Philip's wife and Martha of "Martha's" of Starling Street. She remembered, too, her hazardous association with Sir Randolph Perry, and she thought: I wouldn't have believed it possible that anyone could have been such a fool.

Had she changed, then, so drastically that she didn't recognise herself any more? She had married Philip Cherington out of gratitude, because it was the one thing she could do for him, and now if Philip died

she didn't believe she would have the courage to live.

Next morning, while she waited for news from the hospital, she tried to explain the revelations which had come to her during the night, to Peggy who had come round soon after Martha had telephoned her about Philip.

They were in the living-room, drinking a lot of hot coffee.

"I feel safer," Martha was saying. "In my soul, I mean. I don't feel anything could ever hurt me again. Perhaps this happens to everyone who has been really badly hurt once . . ."

Peggy focused her gravely with her large blue eyes.

"I don't think you've changed a bit, Martha," she asserted in her quaintly determined way. "You've just found your real self . . ."

Martha raised her eyebrows. She looked faintly disgruntled.

"I don't see—" she started.

"I mean," said Peggy, "all the time with Michael, and while you were half killing yourself making a go of the beauty parlor, you were just pretending . . . first you were the girl Michael wanted you to be . . . then you changed your game and became the sick careerist. It was nothing but a kind of spiritual dressing-up . . . you hadn't it in you to be either of those things any more than you had it in you to be what Sir Randolph wanted . . . Most women play games of make-believe to help them through a crisis . . . I expect that's why we can stand a bad break more easily than a man . . ."

Peggy stopped abruptly, remembering that Philip was seriously ill and thinking that this was no time for discussing generalities; but Martha urged:

"Go on, Peggy dear; tell me how does the make-believe help us?"

Peggy said:

"I'm not awfully good at expressing myself, but it seems to me like this . . . We are so apt to take consolation in dramatising ourselves. In your case, when Michael treated you rottenly you subconsciously took a look at yourself and thought: Let's play at Martha taking her knock-out like a gentleman and giving herself to making a great big career, and subconsciously you settled down to play the part. Then you thought: Now Martha is going to be one of those modern-minded young women with an ecstatically unhappy love-affair, and you did that role rather nicely, too. Even to keeping the beloved's photograph hidden in a drawer . . ." laughed Peggy.

"And what," asked Martha softly, "is the role of the moment?"

"There isn't one . . . You're just being Martha—yourself—because, until this wretched accident, you were completely content . . ."

The hospital telephoned Martha later that day. Philip was to live! Odd, the way the ordinary routine of life went on in all sorts of circumstances. You had to eat; you had to sleep. You powdered your face and rouged your lips and took buses even if your heart was broken or your pride groveling in the dust. She remembered how she had dyed and set Lady Perry's hair the morning after Michael had told her he was going to India.

There were other things to see to now besides her own and Jean's meals. Philip's office to telephone to, for the first thing.

She did so next morning, asking to speak to Mr. Alton.

She telephoned Peggy in the afternoon, thankful she could be frank with her. "I just can't face people, not even darlings like you and Carol, Peggy . . ." And her heart added monotonously: "Because Philip won't see me. He doesn't want me; he's made the doctor promise not to let me in . . ."

She took herself to a small restaurant in Soho. She and Philip preferred it now to Belton's. She forced herself to concentrate on her choice of a meal, but when she had ordered she was seized with a sudden nausea and didn't know how to swallow a mouthful of clear soup.

It seemed strange, she reflected unhappily, to be sitting alone at this table without Philip there to see to things for her. Just as strange as the flat had seemed when she lay awake next to his unslept-in bed. She had missed his singing in the bath. The breakfast-table had looked curiously naked with only the coffee-things and a plate and toast-rack.

She forced herself to eat more soup now and set herself grimly to worrying out a logical reason why Philip wouldn't see her. Peggy's explanation, she decided, was possible but not probable. According to the doctor he was feeling quite comfortable. No, there was no delirium, no fever to speak of. "But there might be, Mrs. Cherington, if you insisted on visiting him . . ." Then she assured herself there was some silly mistake. There was bound to be a message from the hospital when she got back, that he was wanting her.

And she admitted she looked to finding it more than she had looked forward to anything in years.

It came to her now, more and more each day, Philip had quietly dominated her life. She recalled removing eye-shadow that evening when she came back from seeing Michael, because Philip had asked her to. Placid was never served at dinner because it was the one fish Philip didn't like. She spent a lot of money on shoes because Philip said they were much more important than one's frocks and hats.

"When you work it out," she reasoned silently, "I'm a more successful wife than I ever was a hairdresser . . . and as a business woman I failed lamentably."

She was trying hard to be unemotional, refusing to give undue attention to the ache within her, stubborn and wearying as that of a bad tooth.

Then it flashed upon her suddenly, had he found out about Michael? Only there was nothing to find out. Besides, she had been so careful. She'd only seen Michael that once; in the two years of her marriage she'd only written to tell him about it. All she'd had from Michael was that cable, one note, and a letter saying he was going to be married.

But supposing Michael had got in touch with Philip himself. It sounded fantastic but it was the sort of mean trick Michael was capable of. Supposing he'd meant what he said, all about loving her still and wanting her more than ever. Was he only marrying the daughter of one of the richest men in Bombay because he couldn't have Martha? . . . Had he gone to Philip out of revenge? It sounded melodramatic and unreal, but it was typical of Michael.

But was Philip going to take Michael's word against that of his own wife if it came to an open show-down?

Supposing she had to leave Philip . . .

Why, one might just as well think of going through life without one's right arm. Philip was just as much part of her. She was used to him. His life was her life. To think of them apart didn't make sense.

All that she could think of to do was buying flowers to which she added a brief note:

"There's a whole lot I don't understand. These are to remind you that I love you—Martha." She waited in a taxi while they were sent in, but nearly wept when the hospital porter informed her that no flowers could be taken to the ward until the morning.

"I dare say, though, I might get the note through for you."

"Thanks a lot."

Martha unfolded the envelope and made an arrow against the word "these." "Freddie," she scribbled, "but they won't let you have them until the morning, when I expect they will be dead."

She walked all the way back to the flat and when she got to her room she flung herself on Philip's bed . . . and she wept for Philip . . . because she loved him and she didn't think he would ever sleep here beside her again.

Martha woke up one morning ten days later filled with an expectant exhilaration. Philip was coming home to-day. Four days earlier than she had expected. There had been a message last night from the hospital authorities stating that he would be leaving at twelve the next day.

And a cool note from Philip written in pencil:

"I forbid you to fetch me. Please have a big lunch for me."

It was the first time she had heard from him. She had no idea how he had taken her flowers and her message. She hadn't written him again, but she had sent Freddie every day.

She got up directly Jean had brought her her orange-juice.

"I was thinking, ma'am, I might do a nice roast chicken for the master's lunch . . . he's fond of that and it isn't too heavy."

Martha laughed.

She laughed quite a lot as she went about her daily tasks. Philip was coming home. No matter what he had against her, he was coming home to face her with it, and if it were Michael who had stood between them ever since his accident, she would make Philip see the truth.

He would only have to look in her eyes and he'd see she'd finished with Michael, and that he, her husband, mattered more to her than anyone else in the world.

She saw his taxi drive up to the main entrance of the block. It was a little after twelve and she had been at the window since ten to. She drew back quickly as he got out, shy of letting him see that she was watching for him. The atmosphere was suddenly charged with uneasy drama.

Then she heard his latchkey in the door and Jean rush out of her kitchen to greet him. Martha found it difficult to drag herself across the room because her legs felt so heavy and useless.

"Well, well, well—here I am again, Martha,

my dear. I am sure your maid nurtures a secret passion for me," said Philip from the doorway long before Martha had reached it. He came to her and kissed her. Just as he always kissed her, lightly on the lips, when he got back from the office, and then everything seemed normal and ordinary again.

Martha gave him a little hug and pushed him away from her.

"You look all right," she commented.

"I feel grand. Heaven knows why they kept me in this last week," grumbled Philip.

"And heaven knows," said Martha sharply, "why you wouldn't let me come and see you."

Philip pushed his hair off his forehead and she saw a long streak of a red scar. It stirred her senses and flooded her with a new fierce tenderness for him. It was perilously near the right eye. She wanted, all at once, to run her fingers gently along that red scar.

Philip was staring at her, and all at once his mouth was hard. He looked thinner, she noticed . . . thinner, and with a haggardness which might or might not have been caused by his illness, dragging at his eyes. He said:

"Michael Hallie is home . . . that's why."

"How did you know, Philip?"

Anger against Michael surged within her . . . but she had to keep calm. Philip might mistake anger for fear. He told her briefly:

"I saw him in Piccadilly . . . the same afternoon as my taxi got into the crash . . . nearly knocked him off the kerb, in fact."

"I didn't know you knew him . . ."

"I've seen his picture . . . in your handkerchief drawer . . ." Philip's mouth was stretched and thin. "Martha, if you want Michael . . . you understand why I wouldn't have you in hospital . . . I couldn't be sure of facing . . . what you might have to tell me until I was fit again. . . . Martha, if you want Michael . . . if you only wrote what you did because you were sorry for me . . ."

Martha lifted his arms and put them round her neck. She said: "Now listen . . . listen to everything I should have told you over a fortnight ago . . . and if you believe me . . . hug me, Philip . . . hug me very tightly. . . ."

After lunch they sat close on the wide settee and Martha gave Philip the news. Peggy was fine and Carol had had a rise, which was eating things for them financially. She told him who'd telephoned to inquire about him, and made him rock with laughter at her descriptions of Jean in her pink flannellette wrapper the night he was hurt. It was all so easy, and she knew they weren't going to get emotional again. They'd been married two years, and everything was set and smooth for them.

Jean brought in the evening paper with the tea. Philip glanced at it. Then he made a sound of dismay.

"Martha . . . look . . . this . . ."

He pushed the paper into her hand. It was open at the front page.

"Read . . . Martha . . ."

He had to leave it to a newspaper reporter to break it to her that Michael was dead. For the life of him, for the very love he bore her, he couldn't tell her in his own words.

Michael was dead.

Martha, reading the newspaper column, saw that Michael had died saving the life

of a careless child. It had happened in Trafalgar Square. A small boy had broken away from the school party about to mount the wide flight of steps leading to the National Gallery. Michael had seen the reckless dash into the middle of the road . . . he'd seen the lorry charging straight at the child . . . The boy had escaped, but it had caught Michael, who darted off the pavement to push him out of danger.

Philip said gently:

"Darling, don't try to hide things up . . ."

She shook her head.

"There's nothing to hide. . . . I'm glad it happened like that . . ." Then she said, "I'm glad it happened before there was time for him to hurt that girl . . . the one he was going to marry . . . for her money. . . . You wouldn't understand, Phil darling, but that's the sort of man Michael was . . . he'd break a girl's heart, he'd take her money, her very life, and he wouldn't see anything wrong in it . . . he was so certain he had the right to take anything he wanted . . . he was scared of so many things—of being poor, of getting tied up in marriage when he loved someone—but he wasn't scared of risking his life to save that of a child . . . and yet he never wanted children of his own. . . ."

Philip put his arm round Martha. He wasn't going to rob her of her last illusion about Michael; he wasn't going to destroy her picture of his splendid courage by saying that an impulsive gesture like dashing out into the road was really no great courage at all, but only the blind obedience to instinct. Let Martha, who was a woman, enjoy her sentimental belief that Michael had died a hero. So all he said was:

"I think I understand all right . . . I think I understand you . . . and Michael."

She cried silently with her face pressed against his rough tweed jacket. But they were not bitter tears which she shed . . . they weren't guilty, either. And she wasn't crying entirely for Michael's death, but also for that of her which had gone with him . . . the glitter of her youth . . . the dawn of her womanhood.

And when she looked up, smiling at Philip, she was smiling at the future which lay ahead of them . . . at something safe and unchanging. . . . She said:

"I'm glad Michael died like that . . . always I'm going to think that was the real Michael . . . the man who gave his life for that of a strange child. . . . And, Philip—she gave a long gasp and then hurried her words—"don't let's ever speak of Michael again . . . let this be"—her finger touched the paragraph in the newspaper—"let this be . . . good-bye."

Philip picked up the paper. He tore up the first page into small pieces. Then he held open his arms.

"Martha . . ."

She went to him. If there was no ecstasy, none of the complete oblivion to all except the nearness of him in his embrace that she'd found in Michael's, there was a deep serenity . . . a blessed sense of safety. . . . She leaned against him exhausted, but completely at peace.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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